

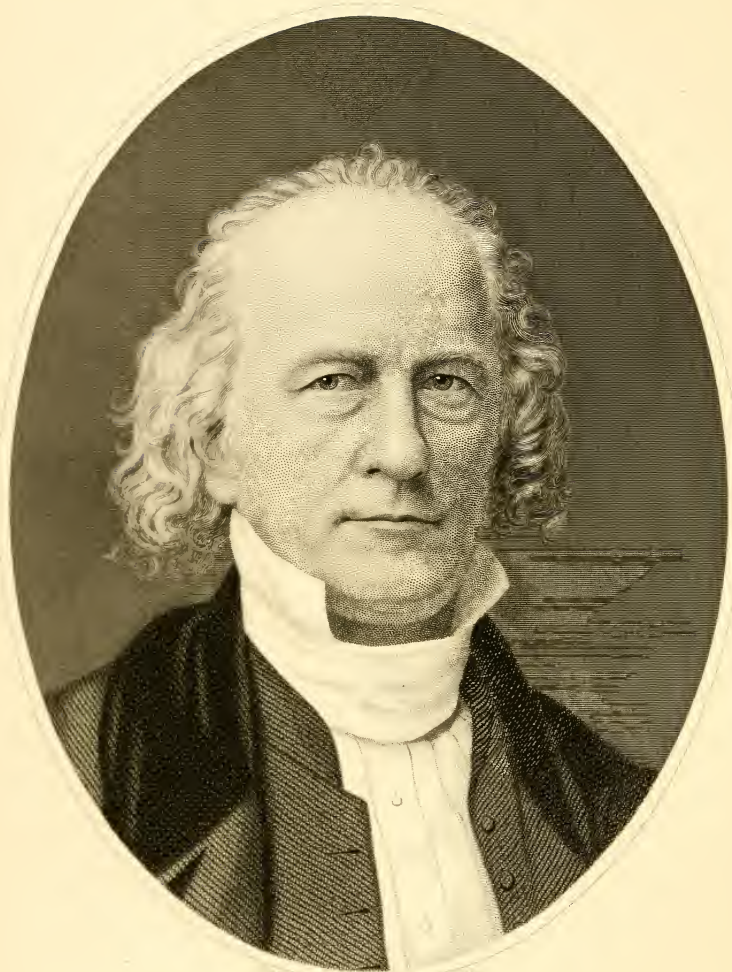
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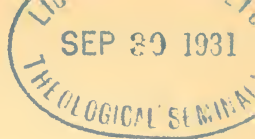
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Goodhue,
Bishop of New Jersey



THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE,

D.D., LL.D.,

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY.

CONTAINING HIS

POETICAL WORKS, SERMONS, AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS;

WITH

A MEMOIR,

BY HIS SON,

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
346 & 348 BROADWAY.
LONDON: 16 LITTLE BRITAIN.
1860.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by
THE REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE,
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District of New Jersey.

A.

MEMOIR

OF THE LIFE OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE,

D.D., LL.D.,

BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY:

BY HIS SON,

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE.

“Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd,—
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.”

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
346 & 348 BROADWAY.
LONDON: 16 LITTLE BRITAIN.
1860.

TO
THE BLESSED MEMORY
OF THE DEAD;
AND THE DEAR LOVE
OF THE LIVING.

P R E F A C E .

A WORD or two seems needful, as to the plan adopted in the pages that follow. When the work of preparing this Memoir, was first suggested to the Author, he shrunk from its difficulty ; and only undertook it, upon the advice of those, whose judgment he is bound to respect. The delicacy of his own position, the difficulty of the task, the responsibility involved in it, the very large material, to be selected, condensed, arranged, all these have only grown upon his mind, with the progress of the book, which has been prepared under personal sorrows, and sickness, and the added disadvantages of haste, and a change of home. It was a work, especially demanding the Horatian rule, to be laid aside, at least, to the *ninth* month, that its birth might be after the *full* time. But this could not be.

An order has been adopted, in the arrangement of materials for the Memoir, consulting, rather, principles, than time. It is hoped that this has not created any chronological confusion. If it has, it is suggested, that our common estimate of great lives, measures them by their doings, and not by their years. The mere miles, that measure distance, are lost, in the absorbing beauty of a landscape ; and a life's milestones, if it be a great life, are its achievements, and not its age. And though this method must give an appearance of diffuseness, to portions of the work, this, too, is natural. There are deeper currents, and wider reaches, here and there, in all streams, except canals. And a great soul, possessed with special aims, overflows a deeper fulness, upon certain portions of its life, that are specially consecrated to those aims. It will readily

be seen, that MISSIONS, and CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, as the two points most dwelt on, in this Memoir, were the broadest and the deepest places, in the broad, deep current, of this life. To bring this out, and to develop the beautiful unity of my Father's life, I have taken up these points, and traced out, without interruption, his whole connection with each of them ; returning, after a review in each case of his whole life, (in one bearing of it,) to the date, from which the opening of the subject began. The reader is asked to remember this. The Appendix, in some degree, but not altogether, relieves the seeming confusion.

The order of the Poems, as far as possible, is that of time. Most of the original " Songs by the Way " are reprinted ; and as many are added, as could be, with a proper regard, to the sacredness of personal affection.

The order proposed for the Sermons, combines subjects, and time. Under the head of Episcopal Sermons, are included many preached, parochially. But my Father wrote no sermons, for his visitations, except in cases of Institution, Ordination, or some special service of that sort. His confirmation sermons, and those ordinarily preached at visitations, were written for his own people of St. Mary's. A few of these visitation sermons are included. The Baccalaureate addresses, and the addresses to the graduating classes of St. Mary's Hall, are reserved for the fifth volume.

To the many friends of my Father's, whose tributes to his blessed memory adorn these pages, the Author personally owes a most pleasing debt, of grateful affection. To the Rev. Dr. Mahan, who was for many years my Father's most trusted and beloved counsellor and friend, the Author gladly acknowledges his obligations, for suggestions and services that have been invaluable to him, as well as for the graceful words, that introduce this volume. And there are kind hearts and hands, that have helped on the labour of this writing, whose love is its own best reward.

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INTRODUCTION.

A BIOGRAPHY of Bishop Doane needs little in the way of elaborate introduction. The title-page alone is sufficient to commend it to the favourable attention of a public, which, however divided in sentiment it may have been as to the religious and ecclesiastical merits of a distinguished prelate, has always shown itself ready to appreciate his benevolence and public spirit, to admire his brilliant talents, to sympathize with his extraordinary trials, and to give his name a high place among those which are to be handed down to posterity as honourable representatives of the times in which we live. Believing this to be the case, it is with unfeigned diffidence and reluctance, that, in compliance with the friendly urgency of a beloved brother in Christ, the author of these Memoirs, I have undertaken to say something by way of preface to his labour of love. The Life itself is vastly more interesting than any thing that can be written to commend it. It is the more incumbent, therefore, in the few words that flow naturally from the pen, to aim at brevity rather than at any merit proportioned to the dignity of the subject.

It was about twelve years ago, that a casual remark of one of the noblest and truest of Christian men, the late Rev. Martin P. Parks, first opened the mind of the present writer to a knowledge of one of the grand traits of Bishop Doane's character. Dr. Parks had been on a visit to Riverside; had spent several days

there in that cluster of busy lives—the Episcopal residence, the Hall, the College, the Parish Schools, the Church; returned full of enthusiasm from his visit, and, urging a brother clergyman to go and see what he had seen, added the following inducement: “You will meet,” says he, “a man, who does habitually the work of three or four men, and yet is as light and gay under it, as if he had nothing at all to do.” This was quite new to me at that time. My acquaintance with the Bishop had been but slight, and casual; extending hardly beyond a knowledge of some of his literary efforts: those sparks thrown off from the rapid movement of his mind, the articles in prose or verse, that appeared occasionally under his signature in one or other of the papers. These admirable little gems, which are collected in the present volume, I had taken as an index of the whole man, rather than, as they are, an index of the mere exuberance of an extraordinarily warm heart, and fervid imagination. It is true, that wherever a real worker exists, there is a spring of lively poetic feeling, somewhere near the spring of action, which occasionally wells up in spite of all efforts to repress it. But in this country, generally, earnest workers are apt to be grave workers. The weight of responsibility is laid upon our shoulders at so early a period, and the wear and tear of life is so continuously going on, that men in serious employments are liable to have their cares written upon their faces; or, if in any case it chances to be otherwise, something of the sort is at least expected of them. We have a great dread of “fancy men:” but, in a wholesome dread of “fancy,” we are apt to separate the poetic temperament from the working temperament, to conceive of strength and beauty as mutually antagonistic, to attribute grace and buoyancy to mere want of solidity and strength. It is no discredit to Bishop Doane’s memory, though doubtless it was a source of no little inconvenience to him in life, that he was peculiarly liable to misapprehension on this score. He was a Bishop, and a Poet: two characters, wide as the poles asunder in popular imagination, and both of them frequently misunderstood by contemporaneous judgment. It may be said, that

he was *naturally* a Bishop and a Poet; intensely both. Whatever prejudices exist against either of those characters he had to bear in their full brunt. Those who were drawn toward the Bishop found the way to him entangled with poetic "extravagances"—as they deemed them: those who would have admired the Poet found the mitre and the crook staring them in the face. It was only on more intimate acquaintance, to those who saw him at Riverside, in the centre of his innumerable and fruitful labours, that the seeming antagonism was fully reconciled; and it was seen, that for his two great vocations, feeding the sheep of Christ and *feeding His lambs*, the peculiar *heartfulness* of the Bishop, his playful and ready fancy, his buoyancy of spirits, his promptness to see good in everything and in everybody, his versatility of mind, and variety of accomplishments, and, pervading all this, his tremendous power of work, strong will, and indomitable perseverance, were not in the slightest degree redundant or superfluous, but were all needed for the burden which divine Providence had given him to bear.

It has been the writer's privilege, without any more intimate connection with the subject of these memoirs than would naturally arise from sympathy with his work and respect for his character, to have had many opportunities of observing him in that genial centre of his labours and home pleasures. The reader will pardon a reminiscence, which, trivial as it seems, may serve perhaps better than more elaborate description, to give an idea of the spirit that reigned there. The scene is Riverside: the time, the first morning of a visit to that place. To this the reader may add, in imagination, a late arrival the night before; an unceremonious reception; an evening elongated into morning—as was usual in a house which seemed never to go to bed; a short interval of repose; and an awakening before sunrise: the prayer-bell of St. Mary's and innumerable singing birds having conspired to murder sleep. It is a dewy spring morning. Neither the bell nor the birds are disposed to be quiet yet awhile. We make a virtue therefore of necessity, and start out of the house for an early glance at its surroundings. The

door is barely reached, when the Bishop, pen in hand, and in full working gear of study-gown and slippers, sallies out from the library, and joins us in our excursion. He has evidently just risen from work, but as cheery and full of spirits as if hearing the birds sing were the sole business of his life. He does not linger long, however, in the open air. With a pleasant word or two, and with an appreciative glance at river, trees, and sky, he plunges into the library again, from which about breakfast-time he emerges with a bundle of letters and other papers, that show plainly enough how the time has been spent there. In this simple outline the reader has the germ of a day at Riverside. He has the secret of that wonderful amount of leisure that the Bishop had always at his disposal, for friends, for casual droppers-in, for social calls, for parochial visits, for church-going to an extent quite unparalleled among men of active habits; for a life, in short, divided and subdivided into so many engagements, that it seemed impossible for any man to do justice to them all. But it was only his time that was thus divided and subdivided. The man himself was a unit, never divided or distracted. Whatever he did, whether for a moment, or for an hour, he did it wholly, with full attention and full might. For many years past it has been a matter of constantly recurring amusement to the large dinner parties gathered around the Bishop during the short interval between the morning and evening sessions of Convention, to be suddenly aroused to a sense of the lapse of time by seeing his chair at table vacant. Whenever this appeared, no one was at a loss to know where to meet him. Repairing to the church, as rapidly as possible, the company always found him there, in full robes, seated in his place, and with the Convention organized, however few might be present, and going on with business. This promptness, and close attention to each matter in its time and place, marked all the Bishop did. The same spirit pervaded the whole of life at Riverside. A visit there always recalled the meaning of those old salutations "The Church in thy House"—for Riverside was eminently a church in a house. To spend a week there was a moral and spiritual tonic.

One left the place with renewed faith and hope of the good time coming, when the kingdom of God and His righteousness shall be more an object of daily care, and of more engrossing interest, than the now absorbing business of the mart or the exchange.

These things were most striking, when the home at Riverside was all sunshine; when, to add a charm to cheerful and well-ordered industry, the unceasing labour of love, there was the inspiring presence of one now but recently departed to her rest, whose childlike simplicity of character, buoyancy of spirits, unbounded benevolence, and uncalculating self-devotion, made her a fit companion for Bishop Doane. It pleased God to bring a shadow over the house, by which half of its light was eclipsed. Mrs. Doane, a prey to a malady, which required constant travel to alleviate her sufferings, was obliged to leave the home she had so long graced, and finally received the tidings of her husband's death, and not long after her own summons to meet him, in a foreign land. In connection with this subject it deserves to be recorded, though it touches on sacred ground, that in the latter years of his life one of the few things that annoyed the Bishop, and about which he *seemed* a little unreasonable, was the custom in Church papers of printing "Episcopal Acts" in *small type*. And why? The reason of his annoyance once partially escaped him in his remonstrances with an editor: it was because the paper *went abroad*: namely, it came under the eyes of one, to whom that little paragraph, "Episcopal Acts of New Jersey," was the first and chief object of attraction. Trifles of this kind—if they can be called trifles—reveal glimpses of that element in the Bishop's character, which made him in his own family, and to those who knew him best, not an object of admiration only, but of the most tender and unwavering devotion. To return, however, to the subject of the opening of this paragraph: though Riverside suffered one great eclipse, and other shadows fell heavily upon it in the latter years of the Bishop's life, its brightness and cheerfulness suffered little apparent diminution. It had lost much that once enhanced, and seemed almost to constitute, its

light. But with every apparent or real loss, it was seen the more clearly, that Faith, and Hope, and Charity remained.

Matters of this kind bear chiefly upon the Bishop as a man. The memoirs that follow, taken in great part from his own innumerable writings, have a broader and deeper interest as the life of a public man: a life, which as if instinctively conscious of its interest to posterity, recorded itself from earliest childhood, and left at every step its own memorials. It is rare to find a life so thoroughly consistent, so true to its own instincts. But to enlarge on subjects of this kind is to go beyond the limits of a mere introduction: it is to forestall, in some measure, the judgment of the reader—a thing the less necessary, in this case, as the materials for forming a correct judgment are so plentifully provided.

M. M.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, *January 2, 1860.*

M E M O I R .

THE history of an age finds often its best record, in the life of one man. In Church and State, in Cæsar and Alfred and Washington, as well as in Cranmer and Laud and Seabury ; the living, thinking, working spirit of a generation, stands incarnate, before our eyes. They are the foci, in which divergent rays unite ; and while we best see, in them, the combined results of all events of their time ; their characters are the best standpoint, from which to note the varied means, by which God works out the orderings of His minute and manifold Providence. That my father was one of such men, a man whose life is the history of a most eventful period of the American Church, larger heads and less loving hearts than mine, have readily acknowledged, even in his life. First Seabury, and then Hobart, and then he ; the asserter, the definer, the defender of the faith ; surely these three names, all in one century, the representatives of its three generations, are even to our eyes, and must be more and more plainly, through the receding vista of years yet to come, the living, thinking, working spirits of the age ; the incarnations, of God's making, into which He has breathed the life of this period of the American Church. To a certain degree, these pages must be looked at in this light. Yet they do not venture to undertake such a work. The writer would shrink from it, even more, than from the easier effort, to portray, with the pencil of intimate and reverential love, the character of the Individual, the Bishop, Pastor, Teacher, Poet, Man. And biography, in this historical view of it, must

not be contemporaneous. Another generation must climb, from our footsteps, still farther heights of time, to get the unconfused extent of the great panorama of the past. We, for our very nearness, cannot grasp it in our limited horizon. Its actors, we cannot fairly distinguish, in the dust of the busy present, and in the inextricable maze of mingled interests, and combined instruments. Neither of the two great Bishops of the American Church, who preceded my Father, have risen to their historic level, or found yet their historian biographer. Nor does he, in these pages—only they may be the material, out of which that history can be wrought. Unequal utterly, they must be. None ever was readier or truer, or more appreciative of other men, than he, in the many notices, he wrote of their lives and deaths. Who is there, that can do it for him ; could he have done it, equally, for himself?

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE—INDICATIONS OF CHARACTER—SCHOOL AND COLLEGE—CANDIDATESHIP.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE was born in Trenton, New Jersey, May 27 A. D. 1799. His father, Jonathan Doane, was a man of mark in his day, as a master builder and contractor. He died in the same year, that his son graduated, leaving the homestead unfinished, and most of his hard-earned livelihood, in an unsecured debt, which was never realized. He was a man of singular perseverance and high principle, commanding and handsome in his appearance, most loving and devoted in all his home relations, and very proud of his son. But my Father's strongest points of character are his, through his Mother. She was a noble woman, heroic, and self-denying; full of the wise instincts and great impulses of her nature; earnestly religious; and most careful and affectionate in the training of her children. Over her deathbed, as his hand lay upon her breast, and life's last pulse died out, he said to himself, "*great heart.*" It was her best description. And his unvarying love, and admiring appreciation of her, have their record on the grave-cross which he put at her head, "The Bishop of New Jersey to the best of Mothers." In days when the Church in America was weak and small, she had a brave woman's loyalty to its distinctive features, which moulded, in no small degree, from early boyhood, the earnest promptness, and the bold uncompromising energy of character, that made him a "*defensor fidei*" in life and death. She was one of the women of the revolution, no whit less heroes, than its men. And she had with it all, a maiden's modesty, which is the true background of real courage; on which it may fall back from the snares of self-consciousness, or cruelty. This rare union of modesty and bravery, her son derived from her. Men *saw* most of the latter, for modesty becomes immodest by public gazing. But those who knew him well, remember the quick and ready

blush ; * the almost humility, with which he undertook a new subject, before an untried audience ; the unconsciousness with which he welcomed approval ; and his disavowal of any praise, for what he thought accidentally successful, in what he did ; his gesture or his voice. I remember so well, asking him, at dinner, on last Washington's birthday, whether his oration before the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, which he that moment, had finished, was "fine." He said "that is for you to say." And when I asked him if *he* were satisfied with it, his answer was "I never was, with any thing of my own." And in that noble oration, in which orator and subject were equally met, he proved this feature of his own character, by the quick accuracy, with which he detected,† and the earnest admiration, with which he regarded, it, in George Washington. Through his Mother's blood, and in his Mother's milk, God adorned his soul, with the glory of courage, and the grace of modesty. It was the great boulder, carved into a column, with its chapter of leaves. And none owned more gratefully and constantly, than he, the debt he owed to her. I have beside me now, the Bible and the Prayer Book, which she gave him when he went to College. Carefully he treasured them, and when she had gone, touched them with almost veneration. How they are doubly consecrated now. The Bible is an old and worn book, "hoary with time." And on the fly-leaf, he had kept these lines, copied in his boyish hand.

LINES WRITTEN BY MY MOTHER WHEN I WAS AN INFANT.

He who the ravens' wants supplies
For all his creatures will provide ;
To Him, I raise my ardent eyes,
In Him, my trembling lips confide ;
And He, if all my friends were dead,
Would give my boy, his daily bread.

How beautiful the faith of the Mother's love.

His home with her was the house of all home pleasure and delight. And when he left it at his marriage, his care and devotion to her were unintermitted. His Mother and sisters lived always near him. He was, every day, in her house. The first copy of his pamphlets, that went out of his own home, was hers. The flowers, that they loved so together, and the vegetables of his garden, must be shared with her. His daily care was, that the newspaper went to her regularly. And while his energetic

* His great diffidence and modesty, in college, which always raised a blush upon his cheek, every time that he recited, and prevented him from finishing a single declamation which was required of him, alone gave him the second, instead of the first, place, in a class of more than ordinary ability.—*Church Review*, Oct. 1859.

† See pages 12 and 13 of "One World, One Washington."

youth, was the stay of her widowhood ; his loving manhood, and his playful tenderness, were the comfort and delight of her age. Through her long and painful illness, his coming was the pleasure of each day. No day so weary, or overborne with work ; no night so late, or dark, kept him away. He was her Son, her Pastor, the Father of her second childhood. And the dearest human love had God's own hallowing, in his frequent and earnest administrations of the Holy Eucharist at her bedside, and in his daily prayer, with her, teaching her poor slow lips the prayer he learned from them, in childhood ; "Come, Grandmother, let us say 'Our Father.' " The sorrow of her death was a shadow, that lay upon his heart, till it has passed away in the peaceful light of Paradise, where they are together. And those two graves lie side by side, far sooner than we thought ; but no sooner, than they wished. I could not speak of the germs of my Father's character, without this reference to the one,* whose hands God used so wisely, in planting them, in him. And his devotion to her, was a beautiful thread, in the web of his manifold† character, which broke most painfully, a year ago last March, and which death, that separates so many, tied again for them, fourteen months after.

His first lines to her, that we have, and his last, are the uniting ends, of the life-long circle of his love.

TO MY DEAR MOTHER.

In a copy of "The Winter's Wreath" given to her, Christmas, A. D. 1830.

My Mother, many a winter's wreath
Thou'st twined, around my brow ;
And 'tis my pleasure, and my pride,
To twine thy temples now !

O many, many winters more,
That joy to me, be given ;
And then, be thine, a fairer wreath,
That never fades, in Heaven.

And then twenty-eight Christmases after, the first and the last Christmas for him, without her, this was his carol.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS WITHOUT MY MOTHER.

"One who mourneth for his Mother."

Sweet Mother, eight and fifty years,
Thy Christmas blessing crowned my brow ;
Thy seat is vacant, by my side,
And Christmas comes, without thee, now.

* "After all the Mother has the making of the man."—*Address on the death of General Harrison, by the Bishop of New Jersey.*

† ποικιλην, "many-coloured."—1 *St. Peter*, iv. 10.

A shadow creeps across my hearth,
 The cypress twines the holly bough;
 I cannot frame the Christmas phrase,
 For Christmas comes, without thee, now.

Along the line of threescore years,
 In gifts and prayers, like tracks in snow;
 I trace thy ever-living love;
 And Christmas comes, without thee, now.

And yet, sweet Mother, though the thought
 Will choke and tear my bursting breast;
 And tears o'ercast this joyous day,
 I would not call thee from thy rest.

Safe in the Paradise of God,
 Thy home is with the holy dead,
 Where Christmas boughs, are ever green,
 And the Christ feast, is always spread.

RIVERSIDE, Christmas, 1858.

How young and fresh, the heart, under those white hairs, whose love welled up, from the same deep fountain, nearly thirty years apart, in such spring-tides of song.

Moving from Trenton, when the State House, and other public buildings, were completed, my Father's second home was in New York. He was a mere boy, when he went there, so young, that the venerable Dr. Barry took him daily, by the hand, from home to school, and back again. How many memories gather about this name. Dr. Barry was among the first teachers of his time, and among the first scholars, of any time. There was great love, between master and scholar; a love that lasted through life. And the modest dignity of the good Doctor changed its position most gracefully, when the relation changed, and the pupil became his Teacher's Bishop. Often, when the clergy were gathered, at Riverside, he repelled the playfulness, that *would* remind him, of the one whipping he administered. An older boy than my Father, had insulted General Washington's name; and he could not brook it; but immediately gave him a sound whipping. When he went back, to school, bruised and uncomfortable from his victory, the Doctor, upon practical principles of justice, discovering that the other boy had received his flogging already, punished my Father severely. The patriotism and courage of the man, proved their existence early in the boy.

It was the habit in book-stores then, to leave the books opened, against the window. And the little boy lingered on the way to school, not to play, but to read the two pages that were against the pane; looking the next day, if some chance had not

opened them, at a new place. Leaving New York, he lost the benefit of Dr. Barry's teaching, but never the pleasure of his friendship, and never his love for him. "He was my Master," (so he wrote, in his Conventional Address, in A. D. 1852, the year in which Dr. Barry died,) "my oldest friend; my father; though my brother, and my son." I have elsewhere* poured my heart out on his ashes. A finer scholar, a more perfect gentleman, a more pious and benignant Christian, a Minister of Christ, more Christ-like is nowhere left among us. "Help Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful are minished from among the children of men." The lamb and his first Shepherd, the Pastor and his Pastor, how are they folded now, by the Good Shepherd, in the green pastures of Paradise.

About A. D. 1808, the family removed to Geneva. It was only a quiet home life, with rather more incidents, than come now-a-days, into the life of a country town. But the only marked record of his life here, is connected with his school. Dr. Axtell, his teacher, was a Presbyterian Clergyman; and the boys learned and recited the Shorter Catechism of that Society. On the first catechising day, after my Father went there, in answer to the question, "What is the chief end of man?" he disavowed any knowledge of such a catechism, and utterly declined learning any other than the one his Mother had taught him. His determination was disobedience, and he suffered for it; being whipped and disgraced. But the spirit was not quelled. The offence was repeated, and upon his being sent to the seat of disgrace, near the door, so many boys, who knew only the Church Catechism, took their seats beside

* In the address at his funeral, in which, with beautiful tributes to him, as a man, a Christian, and a Pastor, he speaks of him as *a* teacher, and *his* teacher, in these words:

"It may be doubted if any teacher ever was more successful, in attaching his pupils to himself; in imbuing them with high and holy principles, and impelling them forward in the path of duty and of honour. To him, his kindness, his influence, his example, the present speaker clearly owes it under God that he has had a part in 'the ministry of reconciliation.' The partiality of his dear and venerable Master, habitually designated him, when he was not ten years old, for the sacred office: and he never ceased, during the twenty years of their relation to each other, as Bishop and Presbyter, to dwell with affectionate delight, on the period of their connection, as Master and Scholar, now six and forty years ago; and to trace out the course of providential orderings which had so intimately knit and consecrated their reunion. * * Dr. Barry was an accurate and varied scholar. The languages of Greece and Rome were, as it were, vernacular to him. Though free from every shade of pedantry, their choicest idioms were ever bursting from his lips, in his free intercourse with those who could appreciate them. He was pre-eminent in his vocation as a teacher. He loved it. He lived it. He rightly judged of it, as only not a priesthood. He was a dull boy, whom he could not imbue with his own ardent spirit. He inspired his pupils. He made men of them. And if they did not quite withstand the grace, which he invoked for them continually, he made them Christians. More than to all other teachers, the present speaker owes to him and this, although he was scarcely more than ten, when he had ceased to be his pupil."

him, that the law was repealed, and a separate class recited every week in the Catechism of the Church. It is a little thing; but it has in it, his perfect loyalty, his confident devotion to the Church, his patient courage, and the instinctive leadership, the being *born* a king, which grew into the great powers of his manhood. Of his Church-training at Geneva, he has thus written:

The Rev. Dr. Orin Clark was the Pastor of my boyhood. The wax was soft, and the impressions are deep. My Father went to Geneva in 1808. The Church, what little there was of it, was then "a stranger in a strange land." Geneva was an outpost. "Father Nash" had been there, and the venerable Davenport Phelps. These were the pioneers of the Church. They came, once a month. I can see him, a perfect gentleman of the old school, as he rode up, on his white horse; putting me in mind of General Washington. The intervening Sundays were supplied with lay reading, by two most excellent men, John Nicholas, and Daniel W. Lewis. Judge Nicholas was prominent in political life. Mr. Lewis was a sound and learned lawyer. He came to Church on horseback, with his niece and adopted daughter, now Mrs. Shelton of Buffalo, on a pillion behind him. There was no church built when we went to Geneva. Indeed my Father was the builder of Trinity Church. The Rev. Orin Clark, then a young man, came in aid of the Rev. Mr. Phelps. He struck me then, and the impression remains, as very like Archbishop Tillotson. I had seen his portrait, in some old folio. I was catechised by him, and prepared by him for confirmation.*

Here, too, the indications of his love of books, are more and more prominent. The shop window, which was his library, in New York, expanded with his growing interest into Mr. James Bogert's book-store, in Geneva. This was his daily resort, in all leisure hours. Nor did he ever forget the kind interest in him, which gave him a welcome place, in that store-house of information and instruction. In those days, books were scarce and dear. And my Grandfather had just that sufficiency of means, to live with every comfort, and by some care and saving, to secure an academic education for his son. It was a great gift, therefore, and an unforgotten kindness, which offered to the hungry student, the varied stores of food, in a well-selected book-store. In 1841, my Father, in a published notice of Mr. Bogert, made some allusion to it, and the following extract from a letter of Mr. B.'s to President Hale, (of Hobart Free College, Geneva,) proves his continued interest and pride in his boy friend:

Certainly if he derived any advantage or gratification from the privilege afforded him, at that remote period, it is to me a pleasing reflection, which I may be allowed to acknowledge, without assuming

* Sprague's Annals of the American Episcopal Pulpit, p. 543.

to myself any particular credit for it. Indeed, I was more than compensated for it, at the time, by the presence of his cheerful countenance, for I became much attached to "GEORGE," as styled in his boyish days, and admired his fondness for reading, especially "*good books*," and the eager desire manifested for obtaining useful knowledge. I always looked for him, as a thing of course, to spend his leisure moments in my store, in his usual employment, and frequently would leave him in charge, while engaged in other matters. For some time his Father's family occupied the dwelling part of the building, in which my business was conducted; and usually, if George's presence was required there, he was sought and found in the store.

The notice which called this out was in an article in the New York Churchman, A. D. 1841, headed "Babble about Books." I am indebted for it, to the kindness of my Father's old and very close friend, the Rev. Dr. Seabury. "These were the days of few, but those good books, and never shall I forget, never *can* I repay, the debt I owe, to James Bogert, then the publisher and editor of the Geneva Gazette, and the chief bookseller in the West, for the kindness, with which he gave me access to his more than treasures. May goodness and mercy follow him all the days of his life."

My Father never did forget him. His name was familiar to us as his old and faithful friend; and his long lists of persons, to whom he should send pamphlets, all included his name.* And the forgetfulness seems mutual.†

* Since this was written Mr. Bogert writes to me from Geneva: "Your Father, was in the practice of sending me, most if not all of his publications; his Oration on Washington, delivered on the 22d February last, I found here on my return from Brooklyn on the 19th of April, addressed to me by his own hand."

† In the same letter Mr. B. writes, "Gradually I became better acquainted with George. He was of a fine, manly bearing, always cheerful and engaging, and I formed a strong attachment for him. Afterwards I removed from the lower to the upper part of the village, and Mr. Doane's family occupied the dwelling part of the building in which my business was conducted—the Book store, and Printing Office being in front. Finding George had a taste for reading, and as Books at that day were costly and not so abundant as now, I gave him free access to my store and to the books in the old 'Geneva Library' then kept by me. Here he was to be found at almost all times when not engaged in School. His Mother often remarked, that when George was wanting they knew where to look for him. The old Academy was situated exactly opposite to me on the west side of the Square—now dignified by the name of 'Washington Park;' and from thence, at noon and evening, George and his excellent Preceptor, Rev. Andrew Wilson, might be seen crossing directly over to my store, to indulge in what they seemed to consider an intellectual repast.

"Mr. Wilson died 26th of June, 1812, and was succeeded by Mr. Ransom Hubbell, at whose school George continued. I had such entire confidence in George that I frequently left him in charge of the store while engaged in my labours in the Printing Office, or temporarily absent on business. It afforded me great pleasure to see his mind expanding with his advance in years, and to observe his inveterate love for books and thirst for knowledge.

"I recollect few striking incidents in connexion with George, altho' there may have been many now forgotten. His general demeanour was such as to win friends, and he was naturally graceful and polite. I have seen him rise from his seat at his

After preparing for College, under Mr. Ransom Hubbell, in A. D. 1816, the schoolboy entered the second term of the Sophomore year, in Union College, Schenectady,* under the Presidency of the venerable Dr. Nott, "the best President, (or Prex, as the boys call him,)" as he writes to his Father, "in the United States." Our only records of his College life are in the College bills, and his own letters. The former are witnesses to his uniformly correct obedience to the laws; but one fine being recorded against him, during his life there. And the latter, lying before me with the crowding memories of his young life, and the Mother's love that treasured them so carefully, bear witness to his filial devotion, his manly love, his constant self-denial, his utter unselfishness, his early love of books, his studious habits, his deep and quiet religious feelings, his faithful Churchmanship; the corner-stone, in truth, of that great building, perfect in strength and usefulness and beauty, of his ripened and perfected manhood. The unconscious and unstudied familiarity of a boy's letter home, is the unflattering mirror of himself. Here and there comes in, the bud whose maturity of flower and fruit, we have seen and tasted. And while the intellectual character gives promise of its greatness, in the love of books, and faithful devotion to study, which mark his College days; there are beautiful promises here, which all his life fulfilled, of the freshness and tenderness and thoughtfulness of his love. The head and heart, that grew together to an equal and unequalled greatness in the man, were singularly balanced in the boy. Free from the impure indulgences, which turn so much love into foreign and fatal channels, and yet not hardened by his engrossment in study; his heart gave always the fulness of its abundant affection to his home darlings, the faithful Father, the devoted Mother, the companion Sister, and the little home pet, on whom he lavished (as once more he did in later life) love's most inventive vocabulary of pet names.

own fireside when his sister, younger than himself, came into the room, and tender her a chair, and admired him for this mark of respect to the sex, even when a boy.

"The family of Mr. Doane, removed to New York in the Spring of 1816, at which time my intercourse with the future 'Bishop' was interrupted, and I only saw him occasionally on my visits to the city on business, when, if in town, George would call to see me. Since that period I never saw the Bishop, until he called to see me, with his family, (as you doubtless recollect,) about the year 1845, when on an Excursion to the Falls."

* "I well remember the first time that I ever saw the expression 'Alma Mater.' It is now fifty years ago. It occurred in a curious anecdote of Dr. Isaac Barrow, recorded in a book which it is probable, no one here has ever seen: 'Maternal Instructions, by Mrs. Elizabeth Helm.' I knew no Latin then, nor for three years after; but I was struck with the look of it; guessed out its meaning from the context, and never forgot it. I have scarcely seen the volume since; but those first Latin words I had ever met with impressed me, with a desire for Academic Education, and kindled in me a love of learning, whose flame in half a century, has never flickered."—*Baccalaureate Address.*

Any, who have escaped the temptations of a College life, or, by God's mercy, have been in later years delivered from their influences, will bear me witness how rare this is. He was too great not to be natural, and the false shame, and coward manliness, which, in our day, count disrespect, and indifference, to home duties, and home relations, the mark of independence, had no place in him. He was working out, thus, his own description of General Washington, his own reality of himself, the perfection of our nature "when the strong man is blended in, with the loving woman."

I do not believe you will forget me, my dear Mother. I wish that dear little — *could* come here. I miss her sweet little prattle greatly. * * * As for her part of the letter, though I have not learned her language well enough to read it, I can guess what it means. * * * When I wrote last—I forgot to put you in mind, that the day before that on which I wrote was dear little lovey-dovey —'s birthday. * * * Mother must not forget to write that long letter, when puss is asleep.

This bears the date of February 13, 1816. How few older brothers now would write from College so; longing for the interruption of his close study, by the prattle of a child; remembering her birthday, and pleased with the unmeaning marks of a baby's postscript to a letter. No fear that such eyes would lose their tenderness, in poring over Greek. How it recalls to us, the closest thought interrupted, the most hurried and important work laid down, to show a picture to the baby of his old age; and take delight in her childish admiration and enjoyment. In the same way he writes:

You say, you count the days till I come back again. Now I must show you that I can count too; and I think it will be just about 95 days, before I see home. * * * * *

And again:

I have gone to the post-office every day for about two weeks, always with the hope of getting a letter. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and I can truly tell what sort of sickness, the royal author of the book of Proverbs means. I entreat of you all, Papa, Mamma — and — jointly and individually, that you will pay a due and speedy attention to my request" (for a letter).

My Grandmother often used to tell me, that he would come home, after a term in College, with his clothes outgrown and worn out, to a very shabby degree, the money sent for them having been spent on books. He writes in April A. D. 1816:

I must get a pair of new pantaloons soon, as my old ones are going! going! gone!

And again:

My old grey pantaloons begin to show the effects of much sitting; but I have patched them: you would laugh to see how handy I am with a needle.

And all this, that his library might grow a little.

With my book-case full of good books, plenty of paper, pens, and ink; and plenty of time; I think I could almost live without eating.

And yet of these very books, which he had so denied himself to get, and loved so well, he proposes "to sell every one," fearing that his demands and expenses were uncomfortably large at home, although he says, "they are all worth much more than I could get for them, and I intend that none of them shall be useless." They were all brought home, and are the nucleus of a noble library, which ampler means gathered about him, more for the use of others, than for his own crowded time. A copy of Johnson's dictionary, with his own signature, "Union College, 1816," was often by him and is near me now.

Of his habits of study, his letters home give ample proof.

I have sold my flute, (he writes,) as I thought if I did learn to play, it would take a great deal of my time, which our extensive libraries here have a better claim to.

I can safely say that from the time I get up, (generally about six in winter,) till the solemn hour of twelve, I lose not one hour unnecessarily. Not that my studies require all my time, but as my time here is growing short, and there are many sources of information here, which afterwards I may not have, I feel it a duty and a pleasure, to embrace them.

I get up every morning before daylight, soon after which we have breakfast. By sunrise, I get home, make a good fire, and sit down to reading, or writing, and stick to it till I hear the clock strike 12 (at night). Except what time we are at dinner and at tea, which you may believe is not much, as students are famous for eating fast.

This was his vacation, spent at College.

One of his later letters, I must copy more at large, for its bearing on this point of his studiousness,* and as an evidence

* Speaking of Shakspeare's description of Cardinal Wolsey, "He was a scholar,* and a ripe and good one," he says in his fourth Baccalaureate Address—"I never heard or read these words, without a strong sensation of approval and delight. Next to the spiritual graces, on which Heaven depends, and the domestic blessings by which life seems cheated of the curse, to win, what they describe was my first thought, for years. But this is personal and

* Henry VIII., iv. 2. Is there not a portrait of himself here?

He, "though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour; from his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading. * *
In bestowing * * * *
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised * *
And to add greater honour to his age,
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God."

of the pleasant way, in which he bore privations, rather than trouble them at home, or be shortened in his mental wants.

During vacation I shall stay in my room generally, as I have a good deal to do, and it is the last opportunity I shall ever have here. I think I have written and read more this session, than I have before, since I have been here, besides attending to my usual lessons. I generally sit up till 12 in the evening, (I suppose papa will scold at that,) four hours of which time are generally left after getting my lessons. Indeed, this is the most valuable part of it; for in the day time, there are so many things to be done, and it is cut up into such small bits, that it is not worth much. The only difficulty, I find in sitting up late, is that I get hungry. Our three meals are all crowded together into seven hours, the remaining seventeen from 4 P. M. to 9 A. M. we do as we can. Since I have got my new stove however, we have done pretty well. It has a little oven in it, which we shut up with a board, and it answers for baking very well. Now it came to pass, that Chum had an old hat, somewhat the worse for wear; and he though a Dutchman being somewhat of a Yankee for trading, we bargained it off, for half a bushel of potatoes. With these, and a little salt, we make a pretty comfortable meal about ten in the evening. So you see we learn to "make shifts" here, as well as other branches of useful "eddcation." * * * I want Mother to hold this leaf of my letter up to the light, and examine it particularly. Being out of paper, I begged this on purpose that she might see the face of her old friend Buonaparte.

I send you here a little book, &c., &c.*

I don't suppose it is a striking likeness, any more than that of old John Rogers in the Primer, but it will do well enough to keep him in memory. The letters round it are, "Napoleon, Emperor, and King;" on the other side round the eagle, "God protects the empire."

Who, that was ever at the table, at Riverside, cannot taste, through these long years, the salt of ready wit and playful conversation, that seasoned, the baked potatoes, for their well-earned appetite. And what a thought, of youth grown old, of freshness blooming into decay, is there in the old yellow sheet, that still reveals "held up to the light" the profile of Napoleon.

His Mother's Churchmanship, in him, proves itself often in these letters:

This is Good Friday—and although we do not have holiday, all good Churchmen, like myself, fail not to attend service.

past. And now, the sere and yellow leaf on which my life has fallen, finds its best compensation in the attempt to realize in others, what I might not be myself."

* "I send you here, a little book

For you, to look upon;

That you may see, yr Father's face

When he is dead and gone."

Old Primer.

And again :

The first Christmas, that I have ever spent from home, is gone. I went to Church, in the morning, when Mr. Stebbins preached an excellent sermon. The Church is not decorated half so well as ours used to be. They know nothing about it.

I have been to Church this forenoon. Mr. Stebbins preached a charity sermon, for the benefit of Bishop Hobart. I added my little mite. It was small, indeed, but it was all I had.

The earnest simplicity of his religious character, is often brought out.

I know nothing about the situation of affairs, and can only hope that the great Disposer of all events, who deigns even to notice us and regulate our affairs, will direct all things to the best advantage.

And again :

I wait, I hope patiently, for the "moving of the waters." Nothing doubting, that as we ever have been, so we ever shall be, protected and supported by Him, who, in the plenitude of His mercy, gives to faith and hope, their sure reward.

There is great beauty too, which was so beautifully made real, in his grateful appreciation of the home efforts and sacrifices, for his advantage.

Should kind Providence ever place me in a more active and more useful station, my endeavours shall not be wanting, to render myself a comfort and a blessing to you ; a protection to my sisters, and of some use to mankind.

And again—

I have never, for a moment, lost sight of your earnest and anxious struggles for my welfare, and if I am ever able they shall be as much as possible, repaid, hoping, that what may be deficient, in the act, the intention may supply.

I have quoted these letters, so largely, as having the evidence, in them, of the man that was in the boy. It is the unfinished statue, striking in its promise and proportions; the soul, great and beautiful even now, in the beginning of that painful carving, by which God should bring it, to its glory, with the instruments of suffering and persecution.

In 1818, in his twentieth year, he graduated, taking an honour. The * Salutory was assigned to him; but he could

* His subject was "In Republicâ, amorem bellandi, omnino reprimendam, et in eo efficiendo, cultus animi et literarum efficacissimum instrumentum est." And this is the peroration :—"Macte igitur, novis virtutibus, Patres reverendi, fundare academias et dotare collegia. Pergite fortiter, animos nostrorum juvenum amore scientiæ imbuere; exsanguem ingenii rivalitatem instigare, et placidum studium famæ hederatæ suscitare, donec per nostram patriam, per totam orbem terrarum; 'cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ.' * * * Pagite in hoc vestro opere caritatis, et quum, vos et omnes desinatis; tum vos ad splendidas domus Pacis Principis, ascendetis, *salutati* ut surgitis precatone faustâ, Christi ipsius Salvatoris, 'Beati Pacifici, quoniam ipsi, filii Dei vocabuntur.'"

not return to the Commencement, to deliver it. That he had to work for it, he says himself.

He that aims to excel in a class like ours, where there are so many excellent scholars, must not only get his lessons well, but he must recite and understand them perfectly; besides which he must attend to his other duties with scrupulous regularity.

He had no fine, in his College or Society bills.

* And so he left the quiet studious atmosphere of Schenectady, to enter, sooner than he thought and more responsibly, into the thickest battle of life. He never lost what he had gained there. But in after years, when study was impossible, and reading very desultory, he was as fresh in his classics, for the aptest quotation, the most pointed rendering, the most accurate recitation, as though he still turned them over "*Nocturnâ manu*" atque "*diurnâ*."

In A. D. 1845, I went back with him to the pleasant home of his academic years, to the semi-centennial anniversary of the College. There were but few of the old faces to greet him. The venerable President was there, and three of his classmates, the Bishop of Pennsylvania, then a Professor in the College, being one of them. But the old place; his room; the buildings; was still the same; and to our great interest and his own delight, he recalled the memory of his life there.

Leaving College at the end of the term, he went, at once, to New York, whither his father had moved; to cultivate still further the seed of his Collegiate sowing, that it might bear fruit for the good of others.

He had no thought, that God would ripen it to maturity, under the genial influences of the Holy Spirit, that it might refresh the *souls* of men, and show forth His Glory, and be gathered in the Heavenly garner. Nor had he any thought, of the burden, that was to be laid upon his shoulders. But it was a wise and gracious Providence, good for him, to bear the

* As the door is open out of College into life, through which, God helping him, my Father carved no easy way; his description of William of Wykeham, in his third Baccalaureate Address, so perfectly describes his past and future, that I will insert it here. It is not often, that a great painter draws himself. I change only one sentence. "*Manners makyth man. There was a Bishop, that was filled and fired, with a desire to benefit his kind. He was of poor parentage. His opportunities of education had been small and few. But, he had faithfully improved his gifts. And he attained to great, and well deserved, influence; the greatest, and the best deserved. He was not without its surest tokens, in a wicked world; malicious and vindictive enemies. But, he escaped their clutches. And he out-lived most of them.*" "*He was the Bishop of a large and powerful Diocese. Yet his noblest memorials are the two Colleges, which he founded, and the Cathedral*" which he built. "*It was not till he had earned it, that he used a coat of arms. And when he did, the motto was, 'Right Onward.'*" "*It was a teaching text, and his life was its best Commentary.*"

yoke in his youth, good for how many others, in consecrating his great powers, to the "office and work of the Ministry." He had seen ahead, dark clouds, of anxious uncertainty as to his future. He longed, in some way, to relieve his Father of the burden of his support, and to aid him in the care of his family. But his simple faith cared not to see through them. The "kindly Light" shone in the darkness of his soul, and he was content.

I do not ask to see

The distant scene—one step enough for me.

He had the consciousness of power within him, and confidence in God's strength about him. He was in the full flush of youth, fresh-hearted, able-bodied, strong-souled. Of singular beauty, with a commanding form and noble head, even then, (for they both grew, the form, to the burden that lay on it, and the brow, to the incessant creations that were born under it,) he bore God's seal upon him, in his youth, of prominence and power. Ruddy, and of a fair countenance like David, his face was the token of the freshness and beauty of his heart; and his goodly person, like Saul's, "higher from his shoulders and upward," than the common size, was the figure of his mind and soul, that towered beyond the intellectual power of his years, and reached up to the higher mysteries of the Divine Science. And so he entered life, at twenty. Not knowing what manner of spirit he was of, he devoted himself to the study of law, and "was entered as a student of law in the office of the eminent and venerable Richard Harison."* He remained here only a few months. It was no fickleness of purpose, that led him to abandon his first plans for life. I believe that God's grace was working in him, leading him from his youth up, by strange and hidden orderings, to the far higher honours and responsibilities of the Priesthood. The Hand that led him, was laid most heavily upon him, in his Father's unexpected death, which occurred in November A. D. 1818. He felt the pressure of it then, and the crushing of his heart, in its first sorrow, brought out the fragrance of that incense, with which he offered it to God. Brought near to Him, as "the Father of the fatherless," drawn to Him by the very Hand that took from him, his earthly Father, he heard more clearly, the voice of the Divine Master, calling him to take up the cross; and saw more clearly, by the light of God's closer Presence, the mysteries of His Providence, and the bent† of his own life. Surely the seals of his ministry, the spiritual children that

* Sprague's Annals of the American Episcopal Pulpit.

† How often, public men have said to him, "If you had been a politician, you would have been President," as though that were the first round, even, of that ladder, to whose very top he climbed, and entered so to Paradise.

God hath given him; the souls that are his "hope and joy and crown of rejoicing," the amazing harvest that he reaped from seed sown in tears; these are witnesses that it was no inconsiderate fickleness, no unreasoned change of purpose which led him to give up the path to human distinction and comfort. I have heard my Grandmother say, often, that the dread of prosecuting a murderer, when he once heard a speech of that kind made, was a very prominent reason, in his mind for leaving the profession. And I can readily imagine it to have been the case. But, that higher claims of duty, heard in the silence of his first sorrow, were the final reasons for the step, is plain enough. And so in early life, God's plan of moulding him through suffering, is developed. We shall trace it all along. In bringing this son to glory, the way was in the footsteps of "the Captain of our Salvation."

Of course the first step to be taken, in his new way of life, led him to Bishop Hobart, then Bishop of New York. In his Sketch of Dr. Orin Clark, "the Pastor of his boyhood when the wax was soft and the impressions deep," he says "he and the Rev. Mr. Phelps both made up their minds that I would be a clergyman." This was a little seed, sown deep, whose presence attested itself, for years, by no outward token. It was on Mr. Clark's solicitation that he went to Union College where he became acquainted with Dr. Brownell,* now the venerable presiding Bishop.

Of Dr. Brownell, he writes in the same sketch, "he was my friend while there, and coming to New York as an Assistant Minister at Trinity Church, his personal kindness and the great acceptance of his public ministrations, *humanly* regarded, turned the current of my life towards the Priesthood." In his private diary, the record of the day of his consecration

* Bishop Brownell writes me under date of July 5th, A. D. 1859: "Being now in the eightieth year of my age, with greatly impaired memory, I am unable to afford you any aid in your proposed work, which I am happy to hear you are preparing. I can only recollect that in College, your Father and Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania stood at the head of their class, and that to the former was assigned the Salutatory, and to the latter the Valedictory. I also recollect, that on the establishment of Washington (now Trinity) College in Hartford, it was my first object to get your father appointed a Professor, and that he distinguished himself, as such, in the department of Ancient Languages and Belles-Lettres. In the course of my long intercourse with him, though witnessing many imprudences and occasional faults, I may safely say, that he retained to the last my affection and esteem." The same hand had written before, in the first days of our anxious suspense—"I have been pained to learn to-day that your Father is alarmingly ill, and I am exceedingly anxious for more particular intelligence. There are none of my old friends, at the mention of whose name my heart beats more warmly, than at that of your honoured Father." I am deprived, inevitably, in this way, of the aid of those who knew and loved my Father best, from early, till his latest life. The venerable Rector of Trinity Church, who was among his first and last, his most faithful and most loving friends, is hindered from writing by a serious affection of sight: and other than these two, many went first to welcome him to Paradise.

bears out this statement, that in St. Paul's Church N. Y., and about it, his first meditations of the sacred ministry, were entertained in the year 1818.

In A. D. 1819 he became a candidate for Holy Orders in the Diocese of New York, and sought, in teaching, support for himself and his family. For some time, he was employed in a large school, in the city. Then he thought of going as an assistant, in the Rev. Dr. Rudd's school at Elizabethtown. This was never accomplished; but thinking of it, brought him closely in contact with Bishop Hobart, under whose directions he was studying. Writing of a visit to Elizabethtown, in his sketch of the Rev. Dr. Rudd,* he says; "Having become a candidate for Holy Orders, I was seeking employment for the support of myself and those whom my Father's death had left dependent on me. Dr. Rudd had a school, and wanted an assistant. Bishop Hobart advised me to go there. He appointed to meet me at St. John's Parsonage, and did so. We spent the night there. Early the next morning, he drove me to Jersey City. His conversation was most interesting. His counsels most instructive. Among other things he advised me to read every day some portion of Bishop Horne's Commentary on the Psalms. From the ferry, he gave me his cloak to carry home; playfully putting it on my shoulder. I thought of Paul's cloak, which Timothy was to bring from Troas; and was happy, if not proud."

The period of candidateship is ordinarily uneventful. It is a time of promise; a time for preparation. Bishop Hobart's great affection for my Father proves the promise, then apparent, of what he realized afterward. And his previous habits of study, and life-long, accurate, well-defined knowledge of Theology, his ready and victorious ability "to give a reason of the hope that was in him;" are ample proofs of the thoroughness of his preparation. There were no such advantages then, as now for students; either in books or systematic study. An individual priest, busy with Parish cares, was generally the Theological Faculty, dogmatic, exegetic, homiletic, every thing in one. And a parson's library in those days, represented poorly, even the scanty stock of books in Divinity which America in the last century afforded. And yet, the greatest men, sound and yet practical, original and yet full of ancient wisdom, were the students of that time. Every man had to draw for himself, from the deep well of primitive antiquity. No Samaritan woman was ready to draw. The Holy Church had not yet those buckets, the books of the great teachers of this century, wherewith to offer, even to children, the cool refreshment of the ancient truth. Quota-

* Vide Sprague's Annals, page 501.

tions could not be had at second-hand, and the result was thoroughness, attained as it must ever be, by labour. My Father was used to it. His classics at Union College were "without note or comment;" * the text; the Lexicon; the Professor; these were all; and his theological reading was done in the same way. He realized, as did all the real students of those days, Bishop Pearson's consecration of the motto of Lucretius † "consulting the fountains."

The General Seminary founded in A. D. 1817, was in the feeble infancy, that has grown now to a strong manhood. Dr. Jarvis, Dr. Turner, Dr. Moore, Dr. Brownell and Dr. Wilson, were his principal instructors,‡ and no seminary could afford better.

His own description, of his studies, given so pleasantly a year ago, tells the story best.

I was an alumnus of the Seminary, so to say, of the most ancient date, an alumnus before the other alumni began. I was one of those, who studied and recited, when the whole Seminary was accommodated in a second story room over a saddler's shop, down town.

Both Mother and Son have grown since then. And that was not the first "upper room," that sent out Apostles to work and to martyrdom. But there were strong marks made upon his life at this time, by other things than his studies. One of his most wonderful faculties was developed here; born, I might almost say, in the travail pains of necessity; and an intimacy began here, with a heart, that, while it beat, lay very near to his; and coloured, with its own depth, his character and life. During this period, began his work as a Teacher, and his acquaintance with Bishop Hobart; both alluded to above. These are two threads, that are woven into his very nature, and whose presence asserts itself, everywhere through

* When my Father and Dr. Ogilby drew up the very thorough course of study for Burlington College, where more is done, than most Colleges attempt, the rule was appended to it, and adhered to; that all editions, of the Classics used, must be without notes, ordo, or translation. And when, as a boy, I read Virgil and Homer from Anthon's text, as the best for accuracy, the notes were pinned up; and it was an unlucky rendering, that savoured of the Doctor's paraphrase.

† "Juvat integros accedere fontes
Atque inde haurire.—*Lucretius*.

"Qui divino theologiæ studio operam datis, antiquos *fontes consulti*, ad antiquitatem confugite; ad sacros Patres redite; ad ecclesiam primitivam respicite."—*Bishop Pearson Concio I. ad Clerum*.

‡ "The first class under the supervision of the Rev. Dr. Jarvis and myself, during the greater part of the years 1819 and 1820, while the original General Seminary continued in this city, consisted of six members. Their names are as follows: Lawson Carter, James P. F. Clark, Geo. Washington Doane, Benjamin Dorr, Manton Eastburn, and William Hinekley Mitchell. With the exception of the last, all are still living and well known in the Church."—*Note to Dr. Turner's Address, Oct. A. D. 1858*.

his life. We can see them better, where they enter into the web, in the Hands of the great Weaver, than we could, in mid life, where their fullest glory was reached, mixed with so many others ; or at the end of all, when all the threads were gathered up, by the same Hand. I leave for awhile, the place and time, to deal with these *two points*.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN NEW YORK—BISHOP HOBART—EDUCATIONAL PLANS AND WORK.

OF Dr. Barry, my Father said “he rightly judged of his vocation as a teacher, as only not a priesthood.” And he always felt, and often said, and realized it in many cases, that the grace of orders, gave power, and principle and motive, to the teaching of secular things, which made it most important. This was the groundwork of my Father’s theories and practice, and wonderful results. He owned education to be, the *drawing out of a man, in the fruit of sown seeds, the richness of the soil of his soul and heart, as well as of his mind. The mere rudiments of knowledge, were to him, the thing man sowed, which could not quicken, except it die; which could be quickened only by the Holy Spirit of God; which, being quickened, brought forth a fruit, governed in kind by the seed planted; every seed having its own body; and yet depending for its excellence, and the peculiarity of its character, upon the depth and richness of the soil, prepared by skilful care, kept by constant watchfulness, blessed by Almighty God. Cramming knowledge into people’s heads, to draw it out again for mere show, came never into his ideas of education. And he was, in every sense a great Educator. Great, in breadth of principle; great, in height of motive; great, in the glory of his object; great, in capacity of adaptation; great, in unfaltering patience; great, in most blessed results. His greatness was great enough, not only to be patient with other people’s littleness; spending hours of every week, in careful corrections of school-boys’ and school-girls’ compositions; but it was great, in no display of itself; in no overburdening questions with learning; in no effort to puzzle and shame, but always to help and encourage a scholar. He measured the length of his rope, by the depth of the well, from which he was drawing. His first teaching was in New York, where he

* *Educere.*

established a classical school for boys, which yielded ample support. His success and popularity were so great here, that he attracted Dr. Brownell's notice, who secured him, for a Professorship in Trinity College, to which he went in A. D. 1825; and remained there three years, with very great distinction. At a later time, his absorption in parochial work withdrew him for a while from the sphere of teaching, except in the pulpit, and at the chancel-rail. There, as everywhere, as a teaching-preacher, and a catechiser, he was unrivalled and unequalled. But, no sooner had the full commission to St. Peter "to feed the Lambs," been given him, in the Apostolic office, than he returned, with renewed earnestness and further reaches, both of effort and success, to the great work of education. Those noble foundations, St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College; the increasing parochial schools, throughout his Diocese; and the care and attention, paid all through our Parishes, to the duty of catechising, are witnesses to the truth of his own estimate and use of his life, as the instrument in God's Hands, to found,* and promote, and perfect, the great work of Christian education, in the American Church. I may begin here, what as soon as may be, in this memoir, I shall adopt and keep up, the plan of letting my Father write his own life, in the record of his works, and in extracts from his writings. And not intending to make *Education* and *Christian Education*, mean two things, I may still introduce his advice, upon the practical points of teaching, first. The "Counsels for Teachers," which are gems of proverbial wisdom, both in expression and in their truths, were published in "the Missionary," mainly for the Teachers in the College and Hall. And few of us, have not felt our unworthiness, in contrast with their standard, which he not only taught us, but lived before us. They were at once the results of his experience, who had worked up, every step from the lowest to the highest; and they were his unvarying habit, in all their severity of detail, until his last class. In this way, their weight was immense, while he lived; and their value now is untold, as pictures of himself, in the class-room, where so many have learned so much, and *all* learned, to love him.

COUNSELS FOR TEACHERS.

I. The Catechism, in explaining the Commandments, classes "teachers," with "spiritual pastors and masters;" and puts all under the protection of "the first commandment; with promise." "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land,

* "For myself, I ask no words upon my grave,—the only land that I can ever own—but the record that it holds the dust of him, whom God employed, to found St. Mary's Hall."—*Address to the Graduating Class at St. Mary's Hall.*

which the Lord thy God giveth thee." This is very significant. It shows, that the teacher is in the place of a parent ; that the office of a teacher is pastoral ; that it has "exceeding great and precious promises," for its encouragement : as, in Daniel, (xii. 3,) where the margin reads, "They that be *teachers*, shall shine, as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever." Let every teacher think of these things ; and ever strive to realize the weight and tenderness of a relation, which combines the parent, with the pastor. Parental interest, parental tenderness, parental patience ; pastoral watchfulness, pastoral diligence, pastoral faithfulness.

II. Children are tender, in their nature. It is the petulance and impatience of parents that hardens them : and teachers too often complete, by captiousness, what parents have begun. A child is a tender thing.

III. It should always be presumed, with children, that they tell the truth. To suggest that they do not, is to help them to a lie. They think, that, if it were so bad a thing, you never would presume it.

IV. From want of sympathy with children, much power with them is lost. You traverse a different plane, from theirs ; and never meet.

V. That is well, which is said of Agricola, by Tacitus, "*Scire omnia, non exsequi* : " he saw every thing ; but *did not let on*. This is great, in managing children.

VI. Teachers under-estimate their influence, with children. In this way, they, commonly, lose much of it. A child is instinctively disposed to look up to a teacher, with great reverence. Inconsistencies weaken it. By unfaithfulness, it is lost.

VII. Every thing is great, where there are children ; a word, a gesture, a look. All tell. As, in the homœopathic practice, to wash the hands with scented soap, they say, will counteract the medicine.

VIII. Nothing is more incumbent on teachers, than perfect punctuality. To be late, one minute, is to lose five. To lose a lesson, is to unsettle a week. Children are ready, enough, to "run, for luck." They count upon a teacher's failures ; and turn them into claims. At the same time, none are so severe, in their construction of uncertainty, in teachers, as those who take advantage of it. It is with children, as with servants ; none are such tasking masters.

IX. Manner is much, with all ; but, most, with teachers. Children *live* with them, several years. They catch their ways. Postures, changes of countenance, tones of voice, minutest matters, are taken and transmitted ; and go down, through generations. Teachers should think of these things. Carelessness in dress, carelessness in language, carelessness in position, carelessness in carriage, are all noticed ; often imitated ; always ridiculed. Teachers should have no tricks.

X. There is great need of prayer, for teachers. Parents should pray for them. Their scholars should pray for them. They should pray for themselves, and for their scholars. That is well for them to do, which the Son of Sirach says, of Physicians : "they shall also pray unto the Lord, that He would prosper that which they give, for ease, and remedy, to prolong life." When teachers lament small progress.

with their children, may it not be, as St. James saith, "Ye have not, because ye ask not"? Pastors and teachers, beyond all others, should be "instant in prayer."

XI. Few things are so important, in life, as a just estimate of the value of time. Every thing, in a course of education, should promote its attainment. It will be learned or unlearned, *practically*, every day. If a teacher is in his place, at the minute; if he has every scholar in his place; if he has all the instruments and apparatus ready, down to the chalk, the pointer, and the blackboard wiper: if he begins at once; if he goes steadily on, without interval or hesitation; if he excludes all other topics, but the one before him; if he uses his time up, to the last drop: such an one is teaching the true value of time, as no sermon can teach it.

XII. Gossip is the besetting sin of some good teachers. The thread of their association is *slack-twisted*. It is *apropos*, to every thing. Gossiping should be banished from every recitation room.

XIII. Nothing can be more radically wrong, in education, than the attempt at false appearances. It rots the heart of children; and makes them chronic hypocrites. And it fails of its immediate end. The children know, and tell, it. The teacher, who has *crammed* his scholars, for an examination—assigning this proposition, to one, and that passage in an author, to another—is like the silly bird, that hides its head; and thinks, it is not seen.

XIV. In all good teaching, "*multum, non multa*," is the rule; *not many things, but much*.

XV. Teachers must not lose courage, at slow progress. The best things come, little by little. "*Gutta, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo*."

XVI. Teachers that *are* teachers, cannot be paid. Alexander's conquests would have been no compensation for Aristotle's instruction. Their name is written, in heaven.

XVII. Irony, sarcasm, and the like, should never be employed, with children. They only irritate. Oil softens better than vinegar.

XVIII. Teachers err, by giving too long lessons, at first. If necessary, occupy the whole hour, with a single sentence, or a single rule. The next hour, you can take two or three. Let nothing be passed, that is not mastered. It will seem slow, at first. Afterwards, it will be fast. "*Festina lente*."

XIX. There are teachers who say the lesson *for* their pupils. They learn the trick of it; and lean on it. They have but to hesitate; and the master gives the word. It is, partly, from impatience, in the teacher; partly from over-easiness. Such a master will spoil the best scholars. It is the office of a teacher, to help his scholars: not, to do their work.

XX. To be a teacher is either the most odious, or the most delightful occupation. It is the heart, that makes the difference. The years, that Jacob served, for Rachel, seemed but a few days, to him. The reason was, *he loved her*.

XXI. To teach, for pay, is to teach, for prey:

To teach, for love, is paid from above.

These are first-water jewels, clear, and pure, and real, and

pointed. The very concentrations of ripe wisdom and earnest experience. So extensive and varied are the published expressions of my Father's educational views, that it is difficult to make a selection. In a future publication of his sermons, and addresses, they will develop themselves, jewel and setting, fully ; so that here, I may take up but two points ; his views of Christian education, and of Female Christian education. His views of Christian Education ; which are stamped, I trust, indelibly upon his Diocese, were broad, and deep, and high. Broad enough, to take in, all cultivation of every grain of soil, in a man's whole nature ; deep enough, to lay the foundation, strongly, in the soul ; high enough, to raise the cap-stone of the glorious building, among the great mysteries of the Christian faith, in the clouds that veil, and yet disclose, the Throne of God.* He had no faith in

* Of this it may be said, that as chairman of a Committee, he published an address to the people of New Jersey, on the subject of Common Schools, sustaining the system. Any one who will read it, will find, how fully it is based on the idea of training children "to render unto God, the things that are God's, as well as unto Cesar, the things which are Cesar's." And based on this, its argument is not for what Common Schools are now ; not, for what is called a "*Non-sectarian*" plan of education. His argument is, that men owe to each other the duty of securing and extending knowledge, and that "every free State must provide for the education of her children ;" and still further, that there ought to be no distinction, between rich and poor ; against the "narrow notion, that there is to be an education *for the poor as such*." "Has God provided for the poor a coarser earth, a thinner air, a paler sky ? Does not the glorious Sun pour down his golden flood as cheerily, upon the poor man's hovel, as upon the rich man's palace ? Have not the cotter's children as keen a sense of all the freshness, verdure, fragrance, melody and beauty of luxuriant nature, as the pale sons of kings ? Or is it on the mind, that God has stamped the imprint of a baser birth, so that the poor man's child knows, with an inborn certainty, that his lot is to crawl, not climb ? It is not so. God has not done it. Man cannot do it. Mind is immortal. Mind is imperial. It bears no mark of high or low, of rich or poor. It heeds no bound of time or place ; of rank or circumstance. It asks but freedom. It requires but light. It is heaven-born, and it aspires to heaven. Weakness does not enfeeble it. Poverty cannot repress it. Difficulties do but stimulate its vigour. And the poor tallow-chandler's son, that sits up all the night, to read the book which an apprentice lends him, lest the master's eye should miss it in the morning, shall stand and treat with kings, shall add new provinces to the domain of science, shall bind the lightning with a hempen cord, and bring it harmless from the skies." "The Common School is *common*, not as inferior, not as the school for poor men's children ; but as the light and air are common." He does not touch the Godlessness and irreligion, which the System has grown to now. If he had, he would not have spared it. His address, "Female education on Christian principles," as quoted further on, bears date in this same year, and it gives no uncertain sound. Perhaps he may have hoped to mould the system to the truth ; thinking it only imperfect, and not erroneous. But thistle-down never grew up to corn. But to those who still will see an inconsistency, I am free to say, that my Father's name in 1858, would never have been signed to this, which was written in 1838. All that is there, he believed always ; but the evils of the system, as wrought out now, would have constrained him, to say more or to say nothing. Then, his plans were but beginning ; and the poison, in the other system, was undeveloped. But now, after his mature meditations under the shady leaves, of the fair tree of Christian training, that grew up from his soul ; now, since infidel New England, careless America, licentious Young America, have graduated from our public schools, he would have urged the danger, and suggested the one

irreligious systems of teaching. All, that God put *in* human nature, must be drawn *out*.

And, to forget and forego the culture of the soul, while military training exercised the body, and mathematics trained the mind, he felt to be the boyishness, that tends butter-cups and daisies, in the wheat-field, but gives no care, to the prospective beauty of the legitimate crop. At the same time, he proposed no violent abolition of Common Schools. He felt that nothing, yet, was ready to be substituted for them. And to him, it seemed unkind, to point a seventy-pounder at a thing, whose innate and inbred poison was killing it, by inches. He would strengthen and perfect Christian schools, till, by their own attractiveness, they drew in all the rest. He would build the ark, rather than hasten the flood; confident, that the public safety would drown, with its tide of mature feeling and experience, the hasty erections of mere earthly wisdom; and then, souls would float into it and be saved. In this, as in all else; he was never busy, either abusing old theories,* or opposing new ones; he was never impatient of existing evils; but he was engrossed in true and earnest work; maturing and executing plans, whose presence and perfection must do away, with all rival theories. But his purposes were earnest; his assertion of them, incessant, fearless, and forcible; his execution of them, laborious and most successful.

In his first appeal to Parents, for Christian education, in A. D. 1837, at the establishment of St. Mary's Hall, he wrote thus:

Why is it, that the infidel, who can find no flaw or failure in the perfect system of eternal truth, is enabled to set up his stronghold of offensive warfare, in the utter failure of its due results? Why is it, that the heathen, to whom Christ is preached, crucified for their transgression, are emboldened to turn back the bleeding argument of the Saviour's dying love, with the keen and merited reproof, "Go first, and be at peace among yourselves!" It is not from any famine of the Word that it is so. For the sacred Scriptures are sown, broadcast through the land. It is not accounted for, by the want of public religious instruction. For the house of God throws open, everywhere, its peaceful portals; and sacred knowledge, like the waters from a mountain spring, flows freely through our streets. These, unquestionably, are great, inestimable blessings.

corrective, if he had urged the thing at all. The labour of his life, and the memories of his death, witness for him, against an unfair wresting of a single outburst of eloquence so long ago. Since then, his wisdom and his work have come of age. "For an immortal nature," he writes in 1837, "there can be no proper education, which is not founded in, imbued with, and sanctified by, religion."

* One of his favourite stories, was of the man, who drew an elephant, in a lottery; "What should he do with it." He never did this. He *drew* no elephants, for he did nothing by chance. If he had to have one; he built his stable, and selected his keeper, and appointed his work, before he got him.

Were it not for these, the light, which now shines "in a dark place," would leave us, in unmitigated gloom. But these are not enough. The seed of God's word may indeed be sown; but to what purpose, if it fall "by the way-side," or "upon a rock," or "among thorns?" The fountains of salvation may be freely opened; but to whose advantage, if men thirst not, neither turn aside to drink? There needs a previous preparation. The soil of the young heart must first be fitted, to receive "the good seed," and "keep it," and bring forth fruit unto perfection. The new-born babe must, from the birth, be nurtured with "the sincere milk of the Word," that he may learn to love it, and his "appetite may grow by what it feeds on." In a word, to have Christian men, we must bring our children up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." It is of the child, who is trained up "in the way he should go," that we have God's assurance, "when he is old, he will not depart from it."

And again he writes in the same address;

For such a purpose, celestial influences must be combined, with what is best of earth, and our newly-constituted family must form a Christian Household. Last of all places, to be left without "the care of souls," is a seat of female education. Fullest of promise, in its present influence, and in future, permanent results, will be the exercise, in such a fold, of the pastoral relation. The father of the family will, therefore, also be the shepherd of the lambs. The priestly and the patriarchal office will be again combined. Every morning will be consecrated, and every evening blessed, with prayer. The Word of God will be daily read, and its sacred truths enforced, in the hearing of all. The careful study of the sacred text, will be furthered by encouragement and assistance, in every proper form. The habit of private devotion will be promoted and cherished, to the utmost. And pastoral care, knit with parental love, will wait, and pray, and watch, to "warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all."

Nor was this Christian influence so vague in its bearings, as to be unreal. His catholicity embraced no form of falsehood. Apostle's doctrine in the Apostolic fellowship was his idea. And so this teaching was dogmatic, positive, plain and unmistakeable.

* Upon our Christian household, for its growth in grace, and in

* Female Education, pp. 15, 16. In a third edition of this address, in a note to a quotation from Bishop Beveridge, "the prayers would be read twice a day in every Parish, as the law requires;" he says, "so in the Church of England; and distinctly contemplated, as to the practice, in our branch of the Catholic Church, for which there is provided, 'the order for *daily* morning prayer' and 'the order for *daily* evening prayer.' God grant it may one day universally be so. *It is so at St. Mary's Hall.*" This was written in 1840. The daily service was begun at the Hall in 1838. I believe it to have been the first in the country, after the General Theological Seminary. In connection with it, my Father said of Mr. Winslow, who died in 1839; "He did live to see the Daily service established at St. Mary's Hall, and to hear, in his sick room, the daily chants." How many hearts might have the comfort now; "but they will not."

the knowledge and love of God, it is our purpose to bring to bear, to the fullest extent, the institutions, the ordinances, and the influences of the Church. It will enjoy the benefit of constant and immediate Episcopal supervision. Its worship, whether in the Chapel, or in the Parish Church, will be of kindred character; and divine service will be attended, not only on the Lord's day, but on all the festivals and fasts of the Christian year. 'The doctrines, constitution, and liturgy of the Church' will be subjects of constant and diligent instruction. Preparation for the apostolic ordinance of confirmation, as indeed for the due reception of both the sacraments, will be kept constantly in view; and, in short, nothing will be left undone, to imbue every mind with the principles, and every heart with the piety, of the primitive ages of the Church; and to render St. Mary's Hall, a nursery of pure and undefiled religion. It is thought best to state, distinctly, this characteristic of the Institution, that there may be no disappointment and no dissatisfaction. The doors will be open for all. All who desire instruction will be welcome, whatever be their religious birth-right, or the profession of their parents. But all who come, will be instructed in the same principles, accustomed to the same worship, and trained to the same discipline. There will thus be no division of interest, and no collision of feeling. Serious interruptions will be avoided. Unprofitable comparisons will be prevented. Important influences will be secured. There is, as Paul assures us, but "one Lord, one faith, one baptism;" and it will be our constant prayer and effort, "to keep the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace."

And this was boldly and prominently avowed. There was no concealment of the one great end in view, to edify the body of Christ, and build in, "the polished corners" into the spiritual temple of the Church, raised upon the one "foundation laid" in the grave of Jesus. It invited all, to make all Christians, in that unity of the faith, which marked the first, who bore the name in Antioch.

In an address "to the friends of *Christian education in the Church*," he writes;

It is to such that the appeal has always been made, and is now; St. Mary's Hall having been founded, and uniformly conducted, as a Church Institution. No pupils indeed are rejected on account of their religious profession. All are welcome. And a large number of its inmates, have always been, of such as did not profess and call themselves, Churchmen. But its training and tendencies have always been, and will always be, in accordance with the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church: and it is matter of devout thankfulness to Almighty God, that from within its walls many have gone out, to carry with them, the principles which were, here, imbibed, or confirmed; and, "adorning in all things the doctrine of God our Saviour," to promote, we trust, in the stations in which Providence shall place them, the same sacred influences in others.

And again;

St. Mary's Hall is recommended as a Christian Institution, under pastoral and episcopal supervision, in which there are daily worship, and instruction in sacred things; and in which the knowledge of salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus, is held and taught to be, the most desirable knowledge; and growth in grace, through sanctification of the Spirit, the great end of human life.*

This spiritual growth was made the first object, and yet, intellectual advancement was not secondary. It was not so, in fact; as thousands can testify, parents and children and friends, for nowhere, is the groundwork more thorough, nowhere, all details of the building-up more careful and complete, nowhere, the beauty of polish and the graces of ornament more delicate, than at St. Mary's Hall. Nor was it so in his plan.

At Burlington College, these rules of study, carried out, assert it. While its course of study, *which is used*, assure it. "Subjects to be studied rather than authors. To read entire works, and not fragments. None of the studies to be optional, except those of the 'extraordinary course.' No Student to be advanced to a higher Form or Class, until he has completed the studies of those below it. At the end of every division of a work or subject, the whole portion finished, to be rapidly revised, before proceeding further. The previous lesson to be always briefly revised, before taking up that of the day. Lessons in the languages, in the revise, to be translated, and not construed. The editions of the classics employed, to be without notes, ordo, or translations."

And these rules apply, to classical reading, begun in Arnold's system, and carried through Cæsar, Virgil, Sallust, Cicero, (letters and orations,) Horace, Tacitus, Juvenal and Persius; and through Xenophon, Homer, Hesiod, Demosthenes and the three Tragedians read in full; to mathematical study; from the tables, through Algebra, Geometry, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry and Conic Sections, to Calculus, both differential and integral; through a most complete and elegant course of English, which my Father adorned with his rich appreciation of his own language, and thorough acquaintance with it; and through all the Modern Languages carefully studied.†

* A. D. 1841.

† "It was not my duty as a trustee of Burlington College, which alone caused my attendance at this examination. I must plead guilty to the motives of curiosity and self-interest.

"This Institution professes to meet the demands, and to supply the wants of the present age; and with this view has made innovations upon prevalent usage. Among other points, it gives to modern languages an important position,—a position to which the state of the world, and the intercourse between its various nations, owing to the activity of commerce, and the passion for travel, have given them a just title. Modern languages then, have been made an important depart-

* For the daughters of this Christian household—he writes of St. Mary's Hall—securing first, so far as lies in us, that they shall be brought up “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,” *the best teachers* in every department of *science, literature, and the fine arts*, proper to such an institution, are procured, and every possible facility is afforded, that its pupils, duly improving their opportunities, may become well instructed and accomplished Christian ladies. In directing the education of young ladies, it is a nice matter to distribute, in their just proportion, *the useful and the ornamental*. It is our aim to make the useful, ornamental, and the ornamental, useful. The hardest woods receive the highest polish. The elegant accomplishments of the sex are never seen to such advantage, as when they crown and grace a well-cultivated, a well-stored, and a well-balanced mind. It is not our purpose to state in full detail, the system of instruction. Suffice it to say, that development, rather than mere acquirement, is regarded as the end—that to be thorough and accurate, will always be required in every undertaking—and that, in all departments, the chief reference will always be to the practical purposes of life. All teachers and officers, will be constantly responsible to the Bishop of the diocese, as Patron and Principal of the establishment.

It is rare, where many things are pursued, that some are not subordinate to others. There are angles, and rough edges, and sharp points, in almost every thing. But of all the things

ment of study in this College, while a high standard of instruction in the Ancient languages is also aimed at. The doubt that I felt and expressed a year ago, was, whether a command of modern idiom could be obtained, without neglect of Cicero and Demosthenes, of Virgil and Homer. I must confess that I supposed the one course must be abridged to make room for the other; and that the study of Ethics, Physics, and Mathematics, if coupled with a general view of European Literature, would leave little time for Hebrew, Greek, and Roman scholarship. I was curious, therefore, to witness the operation of this system, and to criticise what seemed to me to be a Babel mixture of tongues. Of a truth, after twenty years of teaching, there remains something for the teacher to learn. The experiment has been made, and after scrupulous and jealous examination, it seems fully ascertained, that a general acquaintance with the German, French, Italian and Spanish languages, is by no means incompatible with the thorough study of the Ancient Classics. In giving my testimony to the proficiency evinced in every other department of study, I must assert that the progress made in language exceeds my utmost expectation; and I am now ready to grant, that the usual time appropriated to a College course is sufficient for the acquisition both of the Ancient and Modern languages, as well as for the study of the Sciences usually embraced in a full Collegiate course.

“I said that self-interest was one of my motives in attending this examination. A new Institution must needs be an experiment; and to commit a near and very dear youth to the hazard of an experiment, requires no small exercise of faith and nerve. It was then, with fear and hesitation, that one near and dear to me, was sent here. Now, however, I rejoice that the trial has been made. I congratulate parents who have made a similar trial. In view, not only of the studies, but of the moral and religious training, of the internal regulations, and of the thousand minor details that bear upon, and form the character, there seems to me to be no want that has not been foreseen, no requirements which have not been met. Had I fifty sons to educate, they should all come to Burlington College.”—*Speech of G. P. Macculloch, Esq., of Morristown, at the closing exercises of the first Academic year, A. D. 1848.*

* Appeal to Parents, 5th edition, A. D. 1841.

sought and secured in the plan of Christian training here, no one "stuck out." Each ran into the other, or grew out of it, so naturally, that the result was the smoothness, and the roundness, and the completeness, of the circle. Given a great man's ideal, and it will be realized, in himself and in his work. Rather his idea, is the reflection of himself. And this was his; "a circle, the simplest of all figures, consisting of one line only, and yet, complete and perfect." So he described the character of Washington, for whom, the impulsive admiration of his boyhood, grew, with his manhood, into a steady and reverent appreciation. That he dwelt most, on the religious features of his plan, was natural and needful. It was what, men thought least of, and what, God cares most for. But being the weakest side with man, and the most unpopular, it stood the more in need, of a courageous, devoted, and persevering advocate. So, constantly and with such beautiful and tried reality, he writes of it.

* St. Mary's Hall is for Education. It is the watchword of the day. Men worship it, as some at Athens did "the unknown God." It must be feared, almost as "ignorantly." It fills their mouths, as loudly, and as long, as that old cry, which the Apostle heard at Ephesus, "Great is Diana!" But let us ask, before we join in it, what is it? What is education? Is it to read, and write, and cipher? Is it geography and history? Is it political economy, and moral philosophy, and metaphysics? These, doubtless, are all well; each, in its place, and in its due degree. The world, which God has placed us in, He meant that we should be acquainted with. The powers of mind, which He endowed us with, He meant that we should cultivate. But, are these all? Are these the chief? Will all that ever was attained, of these, and such as these, restore in man that god-like image, which the fall defaced? Does learning, merely, make a man like God? No; these are not education. They are not, by necessity, a part of education. They do not, of necessity, minister to education. Who doubts that devils are of higher intellect than men, and with more varied and extensive acquisitions? And is theirs, education? How different the lesson of the Holy Scripture! "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." Behold, in these few simple words, the art and mystery of education: defined with truth and fulness, by an authority in lexicography,† to be "the exercise and training of the powers of the mind," not only, though these also must be exercised and trained, but "the passions, affections, dispositions, habits, manners." It comes before instruction. It accompanies instruction. It outlasts instruction. It is never done; but still goes on, and will go on, in infinite progression, through eternity; its pattern and its mark, as perfect men, being no other and no less than this, "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Edu-

* Address at laying the Corner Stone of the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, Sept. 25, A. D. 1845.

† Richardson.

education is the forming of the character. It is its rescue, first, from ignorance and sin. It is its advancement, then, in knowledge and virtue. It is its transformation and conformation. Its transformation from its native guilt, the issue of the fall. Its conformation to its original brightness, in God's image, the purchase of the Cross.

*Education, to be true and real, must be Christian Education. Would any one call that an education, which should only cultivate the body? However perfect the physical development might be, in health and strength, in vigour and in grace, if that were all, would any one call that, an education? Why not? Because there is a mind, within the body, which is its better part. Because the body might attain, as in the ancient hunters of our native woods, the stature, and the bearing, and the beauty, of the Apollo Belvidere, and yet the mind be wholly unimproved; and all its noble faculties lie in their native ignorance. But, is the mind, the man? Is it the mind, that loves? Is it the mind, that worships? Is it the mind, that takes in God, and so becomes god-like? No. The highest reach of mental culture may be won. The fullest stores of intellectual riches may be gained. All heights of poetry, and the profoundest depths of all philosophy, may be attained; and yet the heart be unconverted, and the soul be lost. The physical is not the man; the intellectual is not the man. The moral, the spiritual, the religious, in these consists the God-likeness on earth; to these belongs the immortality of Heaven. This is what God asks; "My son, give Me thy heart!" This is what Jesus Christ has taught us, is the all in all of being: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

If there be a soul in man; if it be that which, at the first, was in God's image, and in which His image must be re-created, that it be not lost forever; then, most obviously, as it is He that made, that sanctifies, that saves, so it must be He that is to educate, and train, to renew, and to transform it. And He does so, as in the first creation, so, in the second, in the way which He himself ordains. He took no counsel with man, before the world was framed. He takes no counsel with him now, upon that greater act, its restoration to holiness and happiness, which it has forfeited by sin. For that, He sent His only Son, to die for us. For that, He sends His Holy Spirit to dwell with us. For that, He gave His blessed Word. For that, He gave His blessed Church. For that, the ministry was ordered, the sacraments ordained, the blessing given to prayer. And to separate Christian Education from any of these: to hope to train a soul by human means; to seek the new creation of the heart by temporal aids, and secular influences; or, worst of all, to leave it to the new creation of itself; is farther, far, from reason and from hope, than the attempt to feed the body upon air, or mould the mind by hydrostatic pressure. "There is a spirit in man, and the Almighty giveth inspiration," only as it is sought for, in His Holy Word; only as it is sought for, in His Holy Church; only as it nourishes itself, with the grace of Holy Sacraments, and struggles toward heaven, upon the wings of faithful prayer,

* Sermon at the Consecration of the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, A. D. 1847.

is there a promise of its attainment, or a hope that will be realized. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Even by taking heed thereto, according to Thy Word." "Ye have not, because ye ask not." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." "Except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of man, and drink His Blood, ye have no life in you." "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for correction, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness." "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved." "Whoso eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." These are our arts of education. This, "our armour of righteousness, on the right hand, and on the left." In our unworthy hands, the gracious Lord has richly blessed these means of grace. Trusting in Him, we still go on, using what He ordains; in the exulting hope of that great day, when we shall stand before the throne, with all the sons and daughters of our heart: Behold us Lord, and the children which thou hast given us.

Turning to the same feature of the College plan, we find the principles urged there, with equal earnestness and eloquent variety.

* The home-feeling is to be our magnetism. And it shall be a sacred magnetism. It is a Christian home that we provide for them. We shall gather them under the shadow of the Cross; and our great care shall be to keep them there, through faith, unto salvation. Burlington College is a Church Institution. Its doors, like those of the Church, will be always open, and to all. It is designed to be a shelter and a refuge for the young. Its atmosphere will be serene and sacred. And the more cheerful, for its serenity and sacredness. Holy Scriptures will be daily read. Holy Prayers will every day be offered. And it will be every day's desire and effort to realize the truth of Holy Scripture, and to live the piety of Holy Prayers. The motto of Burlington College is designed to be its history. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." To take the little ones, as Jesus did, into our arms; to feed them with "food convenient" for them; to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" to develop their capacities, physical, intellectual, and moral; to store them with all useful and elegant attainments; to accomplish them in every grace of manner and of mind; above all, to ripen in them their religious nature; and fit them to be holy upon earth, and happy in the heavens, is what we aim at; with continual prayer to Him from whom all blessings come. We engage not in this enterprise without a careful counting of the cost. We claim the benefit of long and wide experience. We are undoubting in our confidence. We cast ourselves without reserve upon the promise, and mean that nothing on our part shall be wanting to its fulfilment: "train up a child in the way he should go; and

* Address of the Trustees of Burlington College, A. D. 1846.

when he is old he will not depart from it.” * We have not rounded, as a nation, yet, our century of years. Brief as our past is, it is full of warnings and of lessons. No warning more alarming, than the ascendancy of party spirit, as the test of strength, and passport to all power. No lesson more emphatic, than the necessity of a return to the simpler manners, and sterner virtues of the first and purest days of the republic. What hope of this, but in the training of our children, in the love of man, and the fear of God? What hope that he can rule a nation, who has never ruled himself? What hope, till waters learn to rise above their source, that public manners will be pure, and the public virtue elevated, while hearths are unblessed by prayer, and altars are desecrated or deserted? Nothing truer, in the Word of perfect and unerring truth, or written on the face of nations, with a broader, deeper, track of blood and fire, than that, “while righteousness exalteth a nation, sin is a reproach to any people!”

Therefore, as that, without which all the rest were vain, it is our design, at Burlington College, to bring up Christians. The Word of God is daily read, at morning, and at evening. At morning, at noon, and at evening, we kneel in daily prayers. The precept of the wise man is continually regarded, “Catechise a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.” The means of grace are constantly employed. The hope of glory is steadfastly proposed. The pastoral feet are constantly in motion, in our sacred fold. The pastoral eye is constantly alert, to watch and guard our lambs. The pastoral voice, in admonition and reproof, in encouragement and consolation, is never still. And every yearling of the flock is made to feel, in constant acts and offices of love, the beatings of the pastoral heart. We have set up the Cross before us, as the magnet of our souls. We bend before the Holy One, who died upon it, to beseech Him, that He will draw us, by it, to Himself. It is our constant “heart’s desire and prayer to God,”—and He has promised both to hear and answer it—“that our sons may grow up as the young plants, and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple;” and, that, serving Him, “without fear, in holiness and righteousness, before Him, all the days of our life, we may be ‘a people prepared for the Lord.’” † But, full of tenderness, and high in sacred trust, as is the nurture of the infant, it is but the shadow of that which falls upon the heart of parents, teachers, pastors, in the training of the child. There cannot be a text more pregnant, more impressive, more exacting, than the words of Holy Paul, to the Ephesian parents: “bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” They tell us of the soul. They tell us of its fearful alienation from the God who made it. They tell us of the obstacles which hinder its return; of the tendencies within, by which it gravitates towards eternal ruin; of the unseen foes, which, from the cradle, dog its track, and to the grave, pursue their prey. They tell us, that, as the harvest, so the garner; as the seed-time, so the harvest; as the spring, so the full circle of the eternal year. And, if they left us thus, they would pronounce a

* The Ends and Objects of Burlington College, A. D. 1848.

† Nurture, a sermon preached in St. Mary’s, Burlington: written for “the Women of the Bible.”

blessing upon childlessness, and make the grave more gracious for our children, than the cradle. But the divine Creator knows our frame, and cares for all its wants. He leaves us not un comforted, in any of the trusts, and trials, which He lays upon our hearts. In every duty, and in every danger, of our lives, He meets us, with His love. The "blessings of the breasts and of the womb" are blessings, which take in the soul, and go with it into eternity. None of His promises are more explicit than those which sanction the religious care of children. His praise of Abraham turns expressly on His domestic piety: "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him; and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." And the benign and gracious Saviour, while He won, by every charm and charity of love, the "little children" to Himself, opened a world of comfort and encouragement, to hearts of parents, and of teachers, and of pastors, in those mysterious words: "I say unto you, in Heaven, their angels do always behold the face of my Father, which is in Heaven."

The Christian parent, that desires salvation for his children, need not greatly fear. God has provided, in His Church, all needful helps, and means, to gain, through grace, that great and gracious end. There stands the Font, with its regenerating wave, to wash him from his primal sin, and give him back, new-born, "of water, and of the Spirit." There, ever sounds, in tones of ancient piety, a mother's voice in her dear children's ears, the simple, yet majestic catechism. There, at the chancel-rail, the pastor of the pastors waits, with hands outstretched, to hear the meek renewal of his infant vows, and sign him with the seal of the Divine and Holy Spirit, and commend him to the cares, and toils, and trials of the life that lies before him, with the blessing of the Holy One. There, in the Bread and Wine, which He ordained and blessed, the Saviour gives Himself to every faithful heart. There, the life-giving Word is ever vocal, with its lessons of truth, its counsels of wisdom, and its promises of peace. There, in a voice, that rolls up, round and full, from the deep caverns of the past, the faith once delivered to the old saints, is uttered in the Creeds, which martyrs moistened with their blood. There, in a ceaseless round, the prayers are offered, which have promise—from the gracious One, Who comes, wherever "two or three" are gathered, in His name—of answer and fulfilment. And from every consecrated stone, and every charmed spot, and every word of faith, and penitence, and praise, as from His garment's hem, when in the flesh, virtue comes forth to heal, to strengthen, and to bless, to all who kneel to Him, in meek, obedient faith."*

† And, in his last address to the Graduates of the Hall, the thread, on which he strings his purest pearls of thought, that

* See Appendix A.

† "What address to the fair daughters of St. Mary's Hall was ever more sparkling, more imaginative, and yet more profound amid its play of sunny wit and wisdom, than that exquisite legacy he bequeathed to the last graduating class?"—*Rev. Dr. Mahan.*

hold Heaven's light imprisoned, is still this same principle, when he writes—

. My children, upon this devious and eventful pilgrimage, you are to enter, now ; unshielded, by the sacred home, which has, so long, been your shelter. From its privacy, its peacefulness, its purity, its piety ; the sound of its continual scriptures, the music of its continual songs, the fervour of its continual supplications, the fragrance of its continual sacraments : you are to go out into a world, which cares, but little, for these things. I thank God, for the inestimable confidence, that their roots have taken in your hearts. I look, to Him, to water, with His grace, those plantings of His Word. I beseech Him, mercifully to grant, that they may live, and grow, in you : nurturing your souls, with spiritual and immortal food ; sheltering your young heads, with their broad, cool, shadow, against the hot blasts of temptation ; and cheering you on, with their refreshing fragrance, through whatever He may order, for your chastening, as His children, until they bring you, where, the palms of Paradise spring up, forever green, by the pure river of the water of life. Remember, my beloved, you have not these inestimable blessings, for yourselves, alone. You hold them, as a sacred trust, for your homes, for the Church, for your country, and for your kind. "The times are out of joint." Corruption stalks in our high places. Licentiousness has, well nigh, lost its shame. Infidelity is bold and brazen-faced. The wave of barbarism is rolling back, upon us. For these things, your own sex is greatly answerable.

They forget their Bibles. They neglect their Prayer-Books. They are women of fashion. They are women of the world. What else they are, is rather shaped, by opportunity, than by themselves. In this way, home is stripped of its sanctity. In this way the female atmosphere loses its freshness and its fragrance. The woman is, no longer, what she was made to be ; "a help-meet" for the man. And man ceases to be, what God designed him for ; her partner, her prop, and her protector.

I am well persuaded, by the report, which comes, to me, from every quarter of the land, that the women, who have gone out, from before this altar—counted, now, by thousands—are, for the most part, women of another sort. I hear of them, as faithful wives. I hear of them, as devoted mothers. I hear of them, as loving sisters. I hear of them, as obedient daughters. They are centres of good influence in society. They are stays and ornaments of the Church. It may be said of them : "Many daughters have done virtuously ; but, these excel them all !" To join this hopeful company, beloved ones, you are to go out, now. You go, with the instructions, by which their minds were moulded. You go, with the influences, which God has sanctified, in the transformation of their hearts. You go, with the prayers, which have won down, from Heaven, for them, the consolations of the Comforter. You go, with the blessing, which has commended them, to the care, and keeping of the Holy One. "Be strong, in the Lord," dear children : "and in the power of His might." Keep your Bibles, ever, in your hearts. Have your Prayer-Books, ever, in your hands. Be true, to yourselves. Be true, to your homes. Be true, to your

Church. Be true, to your God. Follow, after her, who sat down, at Jesus' feet and heard His word. Follow after them, who left His Cross, the last; and found His grave, the first. Follow after her, whose sacred legend gleams upon you now; now, it may be, for the last time; "behold the handmaid of the Lord!" Remember, always, that you are women. Remember, always, to be "holy women." Keep your hands, ever, on the Cross. Fix your eyes, ever, on the crown. Lambs of the LAMB, in meekness, and gentleness, and lovingness; be doves of the DOVE, in peace, and purity, and piety. Dear daughters of my heart, God bless you!

As I quote from the last expression of the love, which we have dwelt on so often from his dear lips, that set these last sad words, to so many varied, and searching, and exquisite strains; two pictures come before my eye; which, they who have seen, will recognize even through these words; which they who have not seen, cannot realize, and can never see again. A Commencement at Burlington College, and a graduation at St. Mary's Hall, were sights, worth seeing, and never to be forgotten; never to be repeated in their fulness, now that "Hamlet" must be left out. In both, one rule prevailed, which gave great decency and dignity to them. There was always a religious service, and the literary exercises. But there was a place for each. No platform, boarded over the Holy Altar, dishonoured it, and there were no sights and signs, of flags and bands, to interrupt the devotion and the sacredness, of His blessing and our prayers. The literary exercises were in the largest halls, in each Institution, and the religious services, in the one case, in the Chapel of the Holy Innocents; in the other, in St. Mary's Church. This was one half the beauty of the thing. Who cannot feel now, that ever did, the change, from the flags and stirring music and martial tread, of the Commencement procession, to the solemnity and stilling organ and silent prayer, of the entrance, into the West door of St. Mary's Church. Let us take one at a time.

My Father was a man, who always looked his office. At home, overflowing with love and tenderness—what was he not?—in Church and in his robes, every inch, a Bishop: in his Academic dress, the perfect, "Præses reverendissimus." Seated on the temporary stage in the College Hall, with flags above him and behind, he was *the* object, of a picture worth seeing. His silken robes, and Oxford cap, and scarlet hood became him nobly, and he, them. And all he said there, was in Latin, said with such grace, and dignity, and fluent emphasis, as silvered even Latin. Doctors and Masters and Bachelors and under-graduates, with their distinctive gowns and hoods, were about him. And the *first* thing, was to kneel in silent prayer. Then, when the music stopped, he

stood erect, and bowed. "Auditores docti ac benevoli, hi juvenes nostri, primam lauream ambientes, vos, per Oratorem, salutare cupiunt: quod, illis a vobis concessum, fidunt." And then taking his seat, with a bow to the Salutatorian: "Orator Salutatorius, in linguâ Latinâ ascendat." This was the signal for each, "Orator, in linguâ Gallicâ, Orator in linguâ Vernaculâ; Orator Valedictorius." When all was done, the sixth form stood before him; and turning to the audience, cap-in-hand, he said "Hosce, pueros, olim, de nostrâ Formâ sextâ, hodie in classem nostram, junior dictam, admittere proponimus, eosque induere togâ virili, Academiæ Nostræ." And they knelt for his favourite blessing, his last, that lingers in our ears, and lies upon our hearts, and must last out our lives, "unto God's gracious mercy, we commit you." After this, the procession went directly to the Church. Seated in his Episcopal Chair drawn out to the Choir steps, still in Academic dress, with the Rector and Senior Professor on either side, and the Candidates for degrees before him; after the Bidding Prayer and Litany, he delivered his Baccalaureate, with a tone that mingled the love and authority of a Father, the dignity and office of a Bishop, the earnestness and experience of an old Teacher; in a way that brought out, in relief, the severe and exquisite figures of his speech, and melted boys' hearts, and young men's, to tears. This done, the conferring of degrees began. Standing up, he addressed the Trustees, the very pattern of graceful dignity, in look, and voice, and gesture; "Curatores honorandi, ac reverendi; juvenes, quos coram vobis, videtis, publico examini, secundum hujus academiciæ leges, subjecti; habiti fuerunt omnino digni, honoribus academicis exornari; vobis igitur comprobantibus, illos ad gradum petitum, toto animo admittam." And when the answer came from the President, "Comprobamus;" he took his seat, put on his Oxford cap, and one by one, as the boys knelt before him, he gave them their degree. "Ad honorem Domini nostri Jesu Christi; ad profectum Ecclesiæ Sacrosanctæ, et omnium studiorum bonorum; do tibi (putting a Greek Testament in their hands) licentiam legendi, docendi, disputandi, et cætera omnia faciendi; quæ ad gradum *Baccalaurei in Artibus, pertinent; ejus hocce diploma sit testimonium, in Nomine, Patris et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen." And each time, as he said it, with the deepest feeling, he lifted his cap at the mention of the Triune name; and God's glory rested on his magnificent head. The Service ended, *always*, with the celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

At the Hall there was the same sacred dignified beauty,

* Or "Magistri" or "Baccalaurei in literis sacris."

adapted to the different place and persons. The reading of the compositions was in the school-room. He sat, surrounded by the class, who were dressed in white; with flowers before him; the Father at home, loving his children, in their pure beauty. There was no applause here, or at the College. He always said, the liberty to applaud included the liberty to hiss; and his simple presence, rising from his seat, checked it instantly without a word. Then he would lead the class out of the school-room; and while the audience went to the Chapel, he put on his robes, and with the clergy, followed by the graduating class, walked to their beautiful Chapel. Here after the Bidding Prayer and Litany and Anthem, he rose and called each child, by name, giving her, as she approached, her diploma; and when all were given, and they knelt before him, in their snowy row, a bed of lilies, for purity and sweetness, he overshadowed them with his paternal hands; and the benediction of his love fell from him, and lay upon all their lives, in the same words of blessing, commending them to the gracious mercy of the Triune God. They rose, and from his chair, he read his parting words to them, always with the deepest emotion. What words they were. So many and so manifold. Each one, a gem for wise and earnest affection, and all together (like the quaint device of those lover's rings) spelling the most expressive word for wisest, longest, holiest, deepest love, that should reach out to all the widest wandering of their parted feet, and bless their lives, their death, their Life.

The details of such scenes, as those described above, are worth preserving. I have written them as a keepsake. As such they will be recognized, and welcomed in many a home, by many a heart. Beyond this, they are valuable as a model and pattern for all such services; and as a proof of the decency and dignity, the graceful solemnity, and unembarrassed ease, with which my Father performed every function of his life; adapting himself to each, throwing himself all, into each, never awkward, or hesitating, or making mistakes; with that unstudied instinct of a power, that is great enough, to take in, and do well, the little things of life. So too, I may say of his addresses, of which I have quoted so much. They show him, not only in his graces of thought and word and manner, but in this same varied and perfect adaptation of himself, to every circumstance; and in the high and holy motives, the deep and wise and anxious love, with which, he discharged his trust, as the Shepherd of Christ's lambs.

While I am reviewing, as it were, these yearly issues of love, that followed the yearly issues of life, from each of the two schools, let me give his own reasons for beginning this great work, with girls.

* An appeal for FEMALE EDUCATION ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES, ought not, indeed to be necessary. An argument cannot be needed. The bare suggestion of the subject must bring conviction with it; or, if there were needed further demonstration, the practical concessions of the age should certainly supply it. An age which has adorned itself, and blessed the world, with the † *Sunday School enterprise*, and the *Infant School system*—an age, which has established, and multiplied its *Schools for Teachers*, has but another step to take, that it may reach the first fountains of our nature, and open its SCHOOLS FOR MOTHERS. The mother is the earliest teacher and the best. Long before the Sunday School, or even the Infant School is reached, she has given her imprint to the character—an imprint, which deepens with our years, and, more than all human influences, makes our present life what it is, and gives direction to the life which is to come. Regarding the sex in this, its highest and holiest relation; regarding the delicacy, the difficulty, and the responsibility which it involves; regarding the great end and aim of life, the divine image formed in the soul, qualifying it for the divine acceptance, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; regarding the sole means by which this end may be successfully pursued, religious instruction, religious example, religious influence—is it unreasonable to speak of an *Institution, for female education, on Christian principles, as a SCHOOL FOR MOTHERS*? Is it extravagant to believe, that an enterprise, which, by such means, aims at such an end, cannot in vain appeal to Christians, to patriots, to philanthropists, to men—can, least of all, appeal in vain to the parental heart?

Again in his Conventional address A. D. 1837, he says:

You will rejoice with me in the public favour which has thus far attended the new enterprise in behalf of education in our Church, on Christian principles; St Mary's Hall. In some of my late addresses, I have urged the importance of the subject, in more especial reference to the education of boys. A providential circumstance threw, in my way, an opportunity to promote that most important interest, in relation to the sex, to which we owe our mothers. I acknowledge the reproof which it conveyed; and have sought to be instructed by it, and to carry it out in practice. We should have begun there. It is upon the character of the mother that the character of the race depends. If our daughters be as "polished corners," it will not be difficult to secure, with God to bless us in our building, that "the whole temple be fitly framed together." The subject has been so fully brought to your notice in other forms, that I dwell on it now no farther; than to say, that the Institution is completely organized, and

* Appeal to Parents.

† "We have nothing to do, in this place, with the abuses of these excellent institutions. Our reference is merely to the *principles* involved in them—the conviction, felt and owned, that education cannot be begun too early; and that, for an immortal nature, there can be no proper education, which is not founded in, imbued with, and sanctified by, religion. We rejoice to record these as 'practical concessions of the age.' Shall they not be carried out to their full and glorious completion?"

ready for the reception of pupils ; that the persons charged with their care, enjoy, as they deserve, my highest confidence ; and that the plan, thus far, succeeds to my perfect satisfaction. It is commended to your pious prayers.

And in the Catalogue of the Hall for A. D. 1844, he writes :

Why should the advantage of systematic arrangement, and progression in instruction be confined to one of the sexes ? Why should a course of education for girls be less definite, less thorough, less complete, in its relation to their place in life, than a course of education for boys ? What hinders, that a plan of study for our daughters be marked out on a graduated scale, pursued, persisted in, accomplished, with the same accuracy, certainty and completeness, as for our sons ? Not that, in either case, the *education* of immortal natures can be completed in five, seven, twelve, fifteen years ; a thing begun in time, and to go on forever. But that a starting point may be fixed, a foundation laid, a line entered upon, principles settled, elements acquired, habits established, for future, constant and continual progress. These thoughts have ever been in our minds, since the first projection of ST. MARY'S HALL. To their development, our attention has been earnestly directed. The experience of seven years emboldens us to present them now, in outline. With the combination—in position, in buildings, in grounds, in teachers, in apparatus, in influences of every kind—of all needful advantages, we offer for consideration the plan which follows. In adopting it, and carrying it into execution, we must rely, it will at once be seen, on the allowance of a longer residence to our pupils, and of a large indulgence as to the time at which the studies, set down as discretionary, shall be pursued. The course of female education is disturbed and hindered, in its substantial elements, by the priority which has been arbitrarily allowed to what are called the ornamental branches ; as if the very notion of ornamental did not imply a substratum to be ornamented. It will be seen that none of these will be neglected ; but each secured, in just proportion, in due subordination to solid and essential studies. As an inducement to co-operate with us, in this attempt to systematize the education of the gentler portion of our kind, and rescue it from the frivolous control of fashionable caprice, and to fit them, through the grace assured to faithful prayers, to be Christian daughters, Christian sisters, Christian wives, and Christian mothers—in one word Christian women—we offer two subordinate advantages.

Again in his graduating address to the class of 1846, he says :

Beauty of person will attract. Grace of manners will commend. The force of intellect will command respect. Store of attainments will secure applause. But that which shall take hold of human nature ; that which shall have influence with the age ; that which shall bless society and make it better ; that which shall swell the triumphs of the Church ; that which shall gain new trophies for the Cross ; that which shall charm the earth ; that which shall shine in heaven ; must come

of Christian character, and be the work of Christian influence. And, never is Christian character so lovely, and never is Christian influence so powerful, for good, as when it wins its gentle way,—pervading like the light, distilling like the dew,—in all the nameless graces, the uncounted charities, the unconscious charms, the irresistible attractions of a modest, gentle, faithful, loving, holy, CHRISTIAN WOMAN. Go out, my daughters, in the light of Christian knowledge, and in the strength of Christian grace, to be, in meekness, gentleness, and purity, in holiness, and charity and piety, such women as St. Peter would have commended for that “ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price;” such as St. Peter’s Lord would have attracted to Him, as He did the two who dwelt in Bethany; such as were latest at His Cross, and earliest at His grave.

So in the address at the laying of the Corner Stone, of the Chapel for the use of the inmates of St. Mary’s Hall, he writes :

ST. MARY’S HALL *is for Female education, on Christian Principles.* It is to take the daughters of our race, and train them up to be its mothers. Not by the arts of flattery and vain deceit, appealing to that weakness in them, through which our primal Mother fell. Not by the useless toil, to polish, where there is no substance to be polished. Not by what is, technically, and but too appropriately, spoken of as “finishing.” But, by the simple, honest, wholesome dealing of a loving parent, with the daughters of his love; grounding them in humility, refining them in purity, warming them in piety, ennobling them in charity, building them up in holiness, elevating them to heavenly-mindedness; and striving, as humanity can strive, with constant, humble reference, in all things, to the Holy Spirit, that they may be such women as St. Peter pictured on the sacred page: their “adorning,” not “that outward adornment of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but THE HIDDEN MAN OF THE HEART, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.” In all the elements of useful knowledge; in polite and elegant letters; in the exact sciences; in whatever is called, worthily, by that much prostituted name, philosophy; in the fine arts; and in all truly woman-like accomplishments; we resolve to spare no pains, or cost, for the improvement and adornment of the girls committed to our care. With what success, thus far, with great and serious disadvantages to contend with, we appeal, with confidence, to the late closing exercises; second, in their results, as competent, impartial men have said, to no one institution in the land, for either sex. But we admit, with all sincerity, that we do prize the training of the heart, more than the storing of the head. We frankly own, that we desire, before all graces, for these beloved children of our house, the graces of the Holy Spirit. We earnestly declare, that our first wish for them, our midst, our last, is, that they be “holy women:” our heart’s desire and prayer to God, by day and night, that He will graciously vouchsafe to bless St. Mary’s Hall, to be a nursery of Christian Mothers.

And to the class of 1857 he says :

St. Mary's Hall was opened, on the first day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1837. I was young, then; and full of hope. I do not feel, now, one day older: nor, am I, one whit, less hopeful. In the early years of its existence, I was often asked—not, however, for the last twelve—why, I began* with a girls' school. It was a thoughtless question; which no one should have asked, who ever had a mother. I thank God, that the wisdom of the act has been, long since, fully justified. More than two thousand girls have gone out, from these walls. Too many of them, by far, have not stayed, long enough. But, wherever I hear of them—and they are found, in every state, throughout the Union—I hear of them, as centres of good influence; and, in the regions, where the Church, still struggles, for a foot-hold, they are welcomed, as the Missionary's most efficient helpers, or best substitutes. I aimed, at this. That they should be daughters, sisters, wives and mothers, to bless and sanctify their homes; and, that they should shed out, on the world, around them, the light and warmth of their own consecrated hearths. And, I have not been disappointed.†

He was far-seeing in his plans, which lived in hope, a long while, and in time, were almost always literally realized. The use of the College, to supply the ranks of the Clergy, and to send forth labourers into God's harvest, was always in his prayers and hopes. In its second year he wrote of it, so :

The education of candidates for orders should, for the most part, be domestic; should, as far as possible, be *Episcopal*. To put the matter into the best shape, the Bishop, in every diocese, should be enabled to collect his candidates about him. They should live under his eye. They should become familiar with his voice. They should be moulded by his hand. In most cases, he will have some about him, to aid him in their instruction. Its general oversight he will readily supply. If he has himself a parochial charge, the mutual advantages will be the greater. They will worship with him. They will enjoy his public teaching. They will be eye-witnesses of his pastoral work. In their turn, they will aid him in his schools, they will take part in the music of his choir, they will be active in finding out, and ministering to, the poor, and sick, and impotent. There can be no better SCHOOL FOR PASTORS.

It shall be frankly said, that such "Theological seminary," as is spoken of above, is expected and designed to grow out of, and to grow up with, BURLINGTON COLLEGE. To the graduates, whose hearts the Lord shall touch, to serve before Him, at His holy altar, a residence will be continued, at the College; and such helps supplied, as can from time to time be furnished, in the prosecution of their studies. The other candidates of the diocese, so far as may be, will be gathered with them. All will be expected, in return, to put their hands to what their hands may find to do, under Episcopal direction, in scholastic or parochial work. Preparatory teaching, collegiate instruction, Sunday

* Burlington College was opened in 1846.

† See Appendix B.

and parochial Schools, the music of the Church, the care and nurture of the young and sick—in one word, whatsoever can concern the comfort of men's bodies, the culture of their minds, the care of their souls—will furnish constant and sufficient work, for all the hands, and all the hearts, that can be gathered here, as to A NURSERY FOR WORKING MEN.

It may be said, without extravagance, that some of the highest uses of a Bishop, what may be called his *Providential uses*, are but very little thought of. It is not without design, that Bishops are addressed as Fathers. They are so ordained of God. Read the beautiful Epistles of St. Paul, to Timothy and Titus, as expressive of this sentiment. See it realized, wherever a Bishop has had, and given, the opportunity. See, how naturally children take in the relation. See, how the hearts of young men are drawn that way. Observe, how Candidates for Orders will spring up about a Bishop, as in a place where acorns fall; or flock to him from abroad, as doves to their windows. The trial of Bishops has too often been, and doubtless will be, between over-work, and under-means. They have had dioceses too large, and too laborious. They have had as much as they could do, to clothe and feed their own household. Yet, how instinctively, in many cases, have the narrowest circumstances been overcome; and, in some form of school, children been collected, with candidates to aid in teaching them. And no better place than this for candidates, if they have time enough for both these occupations. There is no learning like theirs who teach.

It is in this way, that, in so many dioceses, "a sort of Bishop's family" grows up. If you will observe the Clergymen that spring from it, you will find them, of our most practical and useful men. They get a real insight of the work. The Bishop's labours, cares, and sorrows, familiarize them with "hardness." The spirit of enterprise for Christ is sympathetic with them. They are adventurous Missionaries. They are laborious Teachers. They are devoted Pastors. And, in their turn, they will be glorious Bishops. Now, what I have spoken of, as *instinctive* in the Bishops, may be aided. The burden and the care should not be left to them. They should have, in some shape or other, the means of doing more of this, and doing it better. No one could dictate a plan for another diocese; still less for all the dioceses. But, undoubtedly, the "unostentatious seminary" would be the most natural mode. Why not provide, in every diocese, a Bishop's house? Where he need not have a city residence, why not have, with it, and about it, a Bishop's farm? Let it belong to the diocese. Let it be the Bishop's home. Let him have the use of it, and make the most of it. A good, substantial, and commodious house, at first, would be sufficient. As the Bishop's turn might be, and circumstances should suggest, he would collect about him those who love his work. Where there is a will, men find, or make, a way. There would be some to be taught, and there would be some to teach. As prayers grew fervent, love would be less cold. The hearts of Christian men and Christian women, would grow warm, and thaw their hands. The means to do the work of Christ will come to them who set about the doing of it. The Church House will gather inmates. The

inmates will grow in zeal. It will become a Missionary centre. The love of God, shed abroad in their hearts, as it spreads onward, will react within, and grow more fervent. The very atmosphere will kindle. Men will look to it. Men will come to it. Men will be kindled at it. It is the glory, that shall fill the world.

Nothing is easier than to suggest difficulties. Did they suppress the art of printing? If they killed Fulton, did they keep down the Steamboat? Though Stevens did not accomplish his Railroad, have not his sons done it? How much less are difficulties to be accounted of, in Church work, where perpetuity is "in the bond." A Bishop, or a dozen Bishops, may not see the work, complete; may not see even the break-water, above the tide. But they fill up! If there were any good thing that had no difficulties, one might suppose the Devil had a liking for it; and so distrust its goodness. What we have to do is to see that it is GOD'S WORK, and ON A CHURCH PLAN; and then to set about it, in His faith and fear. For all the rest, it is with Him; and He will care for it. So lived, so prayed, so laboured, and so died, the holy men, of every age before us. What if we live so, and so die? The blood of Martyrs was the Church's seed. Out of our ashes, warmth shall kindle life.

For ourselves, these things will all, in time, be furnished to our hand, through God's blessing, upon BURLINGTON COLLEGE. Not a few of those who now enjoy its tutelage, are self-devoted to the pastoral work. They will grow up to that. When they have completed their scholastic course, they will pursue, under the same auspices, and in the same atmosphere, their theological preparation. They will be taught, in teaching; in the subordinate departments of the College, in the Preparatory School, in the Parochial and Sunday Schools. They will be working men, all through. They will be knit in with the work. In their due time, so God pleases, they will be ordered Deacons.

Since then, twenty clergymen, in nine years, have been trained there; and three still are studying. Indeed, the workings of this great plan proved his success wonderfully in this way. More than to most labourers, was it given to him, to reap the increase of his sowing. Of fifty-one alumni of the College, seventeen are now in Holy Orders; and one preparing for the Sacred Ministry. Only one of the nine classes has failed to supply a Deacon. And besides this large proportion, more than one-third, the College has given, to the Church, many a young layman, with zeal and knowledge, the one, kindled at the altar of my Father's heart, and the other, stored from the treasury of his head. And it is almost an unheard of thing, that any one graduates from St. Mary's Hall not a communicant.

Wherever I hear of them, he says, with love's just pride—and they are found in every State throughout the Union—I hear of them as centres of good influence; and, in the regions where the Church

still struggles, for a foothold, they are welcomed as the Missionary's most efficient helpers and best substitutes.

Of his personal presence and power as a Teacher there is much to say. His Power was in his love, his intense love for children. He was in and out, among them constantly and intimately. His smile, his voice, the pressure of his hand, were dear and familiar to every one of them. He was drawn more and more into it, every year. *His first address was sent to them from a distance. And it was distant, for all its love. But daily they grew closer to his heart, and his heart drew closer to every child. He really loved each one of them, and knew all about them. At a Tableau, a Christmas Tree, a play, in any of their ways of recreation, they expected him, and he was there; entering into it all, no restraint upon them, but an added pleasure. As † one said of him at the 4th of July celebration at Burlington College, in the familiarity of a letter, "when I saw the dear old Bishop himself, cheering just as heartily as if he were no Bishop at all, but only a plain, honest *man*, I formed a high opinion of the system and mind that controlled Burlington College." And he was in all their work, not perfunctorily as Visitor, but with interest and animation. Beside his own teaching, and the examinations, at all of which, he always was; he was familiar with the round of the classes; going into them, ‡ to encourage, to suggest a point in mathematics, or put spirit into a French translation, or to suggest a pithy poetical rendering of *Æschylus*, or *Cicero*; the English idiom, for the original. In this way he won immensely. And so, he entered into all celebrations; taking part in them, dignifying them, and making others so happy. Year after year, he made a mark with chalk, on Washington's birthday, and on the 4th of July, welcoming the boys and girls to Riverside, making the orations, with such fire and fervour; and in every way, sharing, and so increasing a thousand fold, the pleasure of a holiday. If any were sick, no care could have been so devoted, so watchful, so wise, as his. And when they came back here, as they constantly did, or if

* He was absent on a visitation at the close of the first term of the Hall.

† The Rt. Rev. Dr. Odenheimer.

‡ Dropping into an Italian recitation of a class of five, he found three absent, Clark, and two young men named Smith, (Latine "*faber*,") and left the following on the Teacher's table, as he went out,

I am sorry, in Dante
To find you so scanty;
The shadow of Clark,
I can nowhere remark;
While *Anibo Fabrorum*
Are not of the quorum;
I am sorry, in Dante
To find you so scanty.

he met them anywhere, there was such cordiality of unforgetting love, as added a new link, to the chain that bound them to his heart, and welded all the old ones, over, with a stronger clasp. He never forgot any of them: "my boys," "my girls." As far back as his first teaching, the recollection of his affection reached. He watched the pupils of his first school, in New York, with utmost interest and pride. Seven years ago, when one of them, who deserved his love and honour, accepted a challenge to a duel; his anxiety and grief were intense. He wrote instantly, and said he would go to the place himself, if it could not be stopped, and prevent it. And but a little while ago, he asked for, and received with such proud pleasure; and kept so carefully* letters from his children that had gone out into life, that he might begin "a Family Register of his daughters beloved in the Lord." Following them, with a wise and thoughtful love, he printed, in the catalogue for 1858, "Material for a course of English Reading for the Graduates of St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College." "The Lord bless the reading" he added, "and the reader." And always, with cheerful pleasure, he left the pressure of his work, to go, to the many calls that came to him, to marry them, or baptize their children, or if need be, to lay them at rest. More I might say, but I must not, and I need not. How little I have drawn up, in these words, of the clear waters from the deep well of his great love, they know, who, for so many years, drank of its exhaustless spring. And he counted on this love, for his power and his pleasure. Once, when we went, in the formal importance of boys, asking his 4th of July oration, to publish, in 1850, his answer ran over from his heart.

It is yours, my children; as all that I can do, is yours. God bless you, and your young companions. Your loving Father,
G. W. DOANE.

And so, to a less formal note, from the class of 1845, at the Hall, asking to publish his address to them, he writes:

Yes, my dear children, certainly; with all my heart. God bless you! Your loving, faithful friend,
G. W. DOANE.

So he tells them, in his address, in 1846:

My daughters, you are come to-night, to hear my last instructions,

* "In the loving way, in which, in letters, that would make a volume, which have lately, come to me, they ascribe the good that is in them, and the happiness, which they enjoy, to their religious training here; I find an over-payment, for ten thousand times, the loss, and suffering, and sorrow, with which God has pleased to visit me."

and to receive my parting counsel. You come, as children to a father, and I speak to you, as a father, to dear children. "Why did you not call us, your children?" said one of you to me, when I had inadvertently addressed you, as "young ladies." It was a question to my heart: and even yet its pulses tremble to the echo.

It is not true, though *Shakspeare's self has said it, that, "a rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet." You would not be to me what you have been, by any other name: and if, as I well know, your hearts have knit themselves to mine, in love's electric chain, "this is the only witchcraft I have used."

This little word, the elemental tone of nature, which attunes its inmost strings, and sways the pulses of their joy or grief, contains and comprehends all I design or hope for, from God's blessing, on the work of education. I would as soon sit down, with royal Canute, on the sands of the sea-shore, and hope to bid the waves roll back, and be obeyed, as come to you, to win your hearts, and do them good, by any other term. Did I not mean to be a father to these little ones, that sit about my feet; did I not hope that they would be my children, I would send them off to-morrow, and shut up these halls; and still, at once, the hammer and the saw. Why, God Himself attempts not our salvation, upon any other terms. His revelation of Himself to us, is, as our Father. His claim upon us, for our good, is, as His children. When His beloved only Son, had purchased for us, with His blood, the hope of pardon and eternal life, we must come to it, through the second birth, in Holy Baptism; and become as little children, if we hope to be with Him, in Heaven. It is the one relation, which all human kind must own; for all, as parents, or as children, have confessed its power: and it contains all others, as the bloom and fragrance of the rose blush into beauty, and distil, in liquid odour, from the bursting bud. There is no limit to the power of this relation. It is adequate to all emergencies. It will sustain all trials. It can never fail. It springs, immortal, from the heart; and gathers, as it goes, in beauty, truth, and power. I plant myself upon it, with unfaltering foot. I am impregnable, while I stand there. My very standing-place is victory. Nature must change, and God Himself must fail, before that charm can lose its power, or virtue cease to come from it.

And now, my daughters, that I have confessed to you, as that strong man of sacred story, the secret of my strength, let me, in the few words which close this parting hour, commend to you its undecaying, and incalculable worth. Seek—as my latest counsel, with my parting benediction—to be the comfort and the charm of life, to be your fitness for eternity, and foretaste of its joys, THE SPIRIT OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

And again,

I am a man of many toils and many cares—nothing compared with those which holier men than I have borne, in every age, for the same holy cause—and, oftentimes, the load of toil and care, the anx-

* "Rather, his Juliet; for *he* knew better."

ious thought, the unequal strife, the unkind return, the yoke that galls the neck, the load that wears the brain, the iron that divides the soul, combine to overtask and crush the man. But, when I catch the sunlight of your smile; when the sweet music of your voices falls upon my ear; when I am met with words and looks of love, that carry all your heart out with them, and take mine all back, I lose the sense of weariness: I wonder that I ever thought of carefulness; I cast the load from off me; and stand up, erect and square, a match for mountains, and the master of myself. For I look out upon the face of human life. I see what our poor fallen nature is. I see what medicine it needs. And, measuring then, your influence for good with other hearts, by their electric power with mine, I feel, that, had I asked of God His choicest gift of service for mankind, I could have asked nothing to compare with that which you may be, as Christian daughters, Christian sisters, Christian women, to console, to cheer, to elevate, to dignify, to bless your kind.

And still again, to the class of 1850, he writes;

Beloved children, the time has come, when we must part. I cannot say, that "parting is" "sweet sorrow." I do not feel it so. My heart has grown to you, till you became a part of it. You have been wrought in, into the habit of my happiness. I shall miss your dear familiar faces. *I shall miss the cheerful daily greeting. I shall miss the earnest interchange of thought, and heart, in lesson, and in lecture. I shall miss you, from among the youthful band, that kneel together, here, at matins, noons, and even-song. I shall miss you from my daily, secret, solitary, prayers. I shall miss you, every where; but from my heart.† There, you will dwell, forever. And, when we wake, together, at the resurrection-morning, may you be with me, when I say, "Behold, I, and the children which God hath given me!"

Seven and twenty times, have I stood here, with words of parting, on my lips. For more than thirteen years, this ebb and flow of human life, has dashed against my feet. I have grown grey, among the daughters of the land. But there is no greyness, in my heart. It beats as high, and clear, and strong, thank God; as full of hope, and tenderness, and love, as when, on the May-day of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, these doors were opened, first: and a little, timid troop of trembling girls, now, many of them, wives, and mothers, enrolled themselves, as daughters of St. Mary's Hall. Since then, well nigh a thousand children, from every quarter of the land, have sought admission, here. So, truly, has "the little one become a thousand." And, loving hearts, among the granite mountains of New England, in the great cities of the Middle States, on the broad lakes and rivers of

* In going from the Chapel, after morning and evening services, he always shook hands, with each one.

† "Could that great heart, which now lies in St. Mary's churchyard, be opened to our spiritual sight, we should be amazed, not at the number merely, but at the freshness and distinctness of the images indelibly stamped upon it; images of *individuals*, old and young, rich and poor, ever present before his mind, the thread of whose lives had, by the exercise of a constant solicitude on his part, become inwoven, as it were, into the very texture of his life."—*The Rev. Dr. Mahan.*

the West, and by the sweet savannas of the South, are with us, here, in spirit; and, from the happy homes, which they adorn and bless, send up the fervent prayer to God, for blessings on the day. And, garnered, as I know I am, in the deep places of their warm and beating breasts, with tenderest thoughts, of gratitude and love, I count not lapse of years, I weigh not loads of care, I take no thought of evil tongues, and evil times, on which my lot has fallen: but, cheerfully thank God, that He has let me toil, and suffer, in a cause so sacred; and feel all present evils overpaid by such affection, from such hearts: while I look forward, with exulting expectation, to the day, when they shall stud, as choicest jewels, the crown, which my Redeemer has won for me, with His blood.

And, with most melting tenderness, when he had come unscathed, from the hot fires that were kindled for him in 1852, he writes to them;

Beloved ones, you stand upon the Threshold of your Life. "Some natural tears." One long, last, lingering, look. One timid, half-inquiring, forward, glance. And, it is passed. It was much less, to pass the Rubicon.

Beloved ones, while yet we stand together, on the Threshold, hand clasped in hand, heart pressed to loving heart, let me, for the last, loving time, address you, as my children. Never, before, was it so truly so. There are times—the "*molliora tempora fandi*," as a poet hints, at them; moments, when *the heart softens, to the tongue*—times of a common sorrow, times of a common danger, times of a common suffering: when tenderest natures grow more tender; and hearts, that clung the closest, cling more closely. You have been mine, at such a time; BEN-ONI, *children of my sorrow*. And, in the light of your dear eyes, and in the music of your loving lips, and in the swelling of your fond young hearts, I have found comfort, such as daughters only give. The tenderer, the truer, the more touching, the more treasured, in my heart of hearts, for all the months, and all the years, that we have lived, and loved, together; and, that some of you were laid, as tender lambs, upon my bosom, by the dear Shepherd of us all, before your months were counted, yet, in years.

Beloved ones, you are, indeed, an old man's daughters: and, for the comfort of your love, he gives you—it is all he has to give—his love, his blessing, and his prayers.*

Few men have ever loved so, or been loved, as he; "The Great-Hearted Shepherd." "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." "They know his voice."

* "The gracious Lord, who mixed for me the cup of human life, has ever mingled with it, that best of earth's ingredients, human love. Never, in fuller measure, than now, that I return to you again. And yet, it is but just that I should say,—as you will take delight to hear, it—that blessed draught, the taste of which I know so well, was poured for me, in fullest measure, at every stage of my brief pilgrimage: and I have felt the beating of the best and truest hearts of England, as I now feel yours."—*The first sermon in St. Mary's Church, Sept. 26th, 1841, after a brief pilgrimage to England.*

Of my Father's actual teaching, those of his classes, to which he gave most time and thought, will give the best idea. His classes at the College and the Hall, in composition, criticism, †declamation and debate, were a weekly exercise in both places. In my day, they were both held on Saturday mornings. At the College, we wrote compositions and declaimed, alternately, with a debate on the first Saturday of every month. This class included all the College students and the sixth form. He had great faith in a black board, as engaging the interest and attention of all the boys. The subjects for composition, he gave us, always. And they were wonderful in variety, suggestiveness and beauty. Some of his old lists are by me now. In the College list "*τω τεκοντι παν φιλον*;" All's Well; Words; Horas non numero nisi serenas; Icebergs; Filibusters; Marathon; *ὅτι, καλον φιλον αει*; *τόναρ εκ Διος*; Postage Stamps; Shells; Advent; The Collects; Cadmus; Tennyson; Bishop Heber; Il Penseroso. For the Hall, "The Skylark; Christmas Greens; Keble; All Saints; Shadows; Robin Redbreast; Did you ever?; Alexander Selkirk; The Ocean chain; Butterflies; The precious box of ointment; By and by; Jeanie Wren; The Sketch-book; Longfellow; Te Deum Laudamus; The old Arm Chair; Molasses Candy; Household words; Mother Goose." And this, in constant succession and variety, every two weeks, for years and years. We read our compositions; and gave them to him; and he took them home, to correct. This was the added task, that lengthened his work out, so late, into the night. From the two schools, there must have been an average of eighty, every week. And each one was most accurately corrected, with red ink, and marked. The next Saturday, after the compositions and declamations for the day, these corrected ones were unrolled; a boy sent to the board, and the correcting began. Nothing escaped; mis-spelling, slight inaccuracies, or inelegances of speech, false quantities, or wrong quotations. And then, the prominent sentences were selected, written down on the black board, and the boys began to suggest the corrections. This was the polishing. "How many words could be left out?" And loosely twisted threads of thought were twined, into strong and perfect strands, that led the mind on, readily, to their meaning. He was most particular, too, about points. Dashes, he never could bear. But his science of pointing was more complete, than any, I have ever known. The printers rather dreaded his revises, and thought his stops put in, with a pepper box. But there was never one, for which, he had not an ample reason. He was a noble master of English. Beautifully he dwelt on the meaning and force of derivation, catching with wonderful quickness, the

† These last, only at the College.

shades of meaning they gave ; and showing the beauty of the flower, that grew from the depth of the root and the richness of the soil, into which it struck. When this was done, came the pleasantest part of all. We must write an extempore piece, on the board, from a subject, he gave upon the spot. He would encourage us, to verse, impromptu. And he wrote, himself in his class-book. Often the subjects were quotations from the classics. When we read our rendering, he would read his. I remember his writing impromptu verses on “*Cantabit vacuus ante latronem viator,*” on “*aspicit et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos,*” and on

*Te spectem suprema mihi cum venerit hora
Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu.*

But the only verses I can recall, were on the Homeric “*Και γαρ τ’ οὐρανὸν ἐκ Διὸς.*” It was so :

The wandering Patriarch, on his clay-cold bed,
A stone, the pillow of his aching head,
Found, in a higher sense than Homer knew,
“*Και γαρ τ’ οὐρανὸν ἐκ Διὸς,*” to be true.

He translated

Tu, mihi, curarum requies, tu, nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in solis, tu, mihi turba, locis ;

Rest of my wearied heart,
My light
In darkest night,
In desert loneliness, my world thou art.

And these verses on “*Fons Blandusiae splendidior vitro.*”

Blandusian fount, Blandusian fount,
Worthy of flowers and choicest wine,
To-morrow, shall thy glassy wave
Be honour’d with this kid of mine.
E’en now, his budding front he rears,
E’en now, for love and war prepares ;
In vain—for with to-morrow’s sun,
His brief career shall all be run,
Poor wanton ! and his burning blood
Empurple, then, thine icy flood.
Fair fountain ! thee the dogstar’s rage,
At sultry noon, can ne’er molest.
The wand’ring flocks, the share-worn herds
Delighted, here in coolness rest.
And while the bard enraptured sings,
The spreading oak that o’er thee springs,
The arched rock, the rugged steep
From which, thy babbling waters leap ;
What nobler stream, wide earth, can lave,
Blandusian wave, Blandusian wave !

In the debates, he presided always as judge. The lowest class was the jury ; and he gave the subjects, and appointed the leaders, on either side, the rest taking their own sides. That this gave dignity, control, interest and improvement, more than an ordinary College debating society, can have, can easily be imagined. They were hard fought battles, lasting over two Saturdays sometimes. And they had more than half their life and point, from being fought, under his Generalship. Not one of us ever entered, with fresher interest into them, indeed into every branch of these classes, than he. When the debate was closed, the jury gave the verdict, as to which side had been best sustained. And after that, he summed up the whole, and gave his decision, on the actual merits of the question. These English classes were the gem of the College course ; the pleasantest class in the week ; to almost all of us, the very pleasantest hour of Saturday. I am sure the picture of his fresh, bright, genial face, the remembrance of the humour and point and life, he threw over what ceased to be work, can never be forgotten by any of us. He had classes at the College, beside this, in History, the History of Literature and Philosophy, in Constitutional and International Law. And most delightful of all, were the Senior recitations to him, in Criticisms of Shakspeare, and in the "de Arte Poetica." Indeed, all the recitations to him were the combination and culmination of the rest. Every week, we wrote abstracts of his Sunday morning's sermon ; which secured our attention ; and fixed his invaluable round of teaching, in our minds. There was nothing that we studied, which he did not refresh, and use in his department. He made a dish, whose dainty flavour lingers still, with all the dashes of its countless compounds ; a bouquet, whose fragrance is ever fresh, mingling the sweetness of a thousand flowers.

That he was as full of interest, and acceptance with his daughters, I have always heard. One of them, who shows the benefit of his teaching, writes thus of it. "How can my feeble pen ever describe that class ; the scene of our beloved Bishop's untiring labour ; a labour no less important, for not being known to the world at large.

Memory brings the whole, vividly before me. How bright he looked, when he came into the Saloon. The sight of the morning glow upon his cheek, was enough to refresh us. But, the loving glance, which he sent round, warmed each heart and made us all resolve to do our best. We forgot that he was a Bishop there, in the one thought that he was our father. And, when the round of duty had begun, we felt that he was our teacher, a great teacher.

He forgot every thing else, in the work before him. Into that, he threw his whole soul. One would have thought that

he had no other duty. Our compositions must, often, have wearied him, with their dulness; yet he, never, showed it. From the care, he took in the analysis and criticism of each, one might have thought, that they were fully equal to the productions of his own ready pen. The importance, which he attached to all that we wrote, made us realize the necessity of attention and earnest effort.

Ah! What a teacher he was. How intuitively he knew every disposition, and the exact progress, which each pupil was making. He saw the good and bad, in every character; and used that knowledge, with consummate skill. He always said the right thing, to the right person, at the right time. The gentle rebuke; can we ever forget it? The word of encouragement to the timid; how good it was!

His criticism was able, exact, but it had no sting. How he would urge it upon us, to say no more, no less, than we meant, and to draw from the pure Saxon source of our language.

His fertility of invention was matchless. He was constantly devising new exercises, to call every faculty into action. The origin of words was a favorite theme. The analysis of poetry was another. He made us familiar with the beauties of the poets, from Chaucer down to Browning. At home, every where, in the field of English Literature; he delighted to point us to paths untrodden by us, and incite us to explore them. Truly he inspired, while he instructed. Every thing was interesting, when he told it. How his eye would sparkle, when something would remind him, of a strain of poetry, heard, long before; and he would repeat it to us, as only a poet could.

We never ceased to wonder, at the variety of the subjects which he gave us, to write about. Nothing was forgotten. These gave him scope so ample, in teaching, that few topics were likely to be brought up, in the course of other recitations, about which, we would not know something, learned in the Composition Class.

He used to say, that to teach that class was "heart-work," with him. Truly it was done, as only "heart-work" could be done. Words cannot tell the good, which he did, in that sphere, alone. Many of his pupils, naturally gifted, are now accomplished writers. The high-toned sentiment and finished grace, of their letters, perpetuate his influence. Those of us, not so gifted, feel a debt of gratitude, which we can only slightly repay, by using our one talent well.

He not only strengthened our minds, but he moulded our morals; by the influence which he seemed to exert, unconsciously, on all who came near him. Highly did we prize his mark of approval, in the familiar red ink, at the bottom of the page. It was better than gold; for we loved him, so much.

The ease which we felt, in his presence, was only not greater than our reverence for him.

I can never say all, that I think, of his teaching. But this I do believe; that even, if he had not been the great Bishop, of his day, his wonderful power, as a teacher, would have enabled him to wield an influence, hardly less mighty.

The daughters of the Hall have much to be thankful for. Happy am I, that I can call myself one of them."

And another writes, who, though not of the class, was for many years, in it. "The Bishop's Composition Class! I wish I could picture it to you, just as it was. It is ten years or more, since he first graciously invited me, to go in, on Saturday morning. The girls, fresh from their Autumnal vacation, rose and greeted their beloved teacher and Bishop, with happy smiles and affectionate words; and, he, as heartily, replied, 'Good morning, children.' All round the long tables, on the benches, about the room, they sat with work in hand. And, pretty work they did, and much, in the snatches of time, allowed for fancy work, at St. Mary's. I dwell upon this picture, for it is peculiar to the Composition Classes at St. Mary's Hall: the hands employed, while thought is busy. That class was a domestic scene, and, yet, each, in turn, of the sixty and more, rose as alphabetically called, and read her piece, before the Bishop."

They were, at the beginning of the term, after a week's notice, called upon for a letter. This, like all the Bishop's teaching, was in the most simple and practical way, possible, to attain the end. A letter, any child can write, especially, when, far from home. How glad she is to give vent to her pent up affections. Their first pieces then, were, from the *heart*. And, such as followed were, since they might be on subjects of their own choice. After this all were; the lesson of earnestness being already learned. There was a reality about every thing done for the Bishop. He was himself too earnest to allow any, about him, to dawdle. The letters being handed in, the first day, on the following Saturday, they were the groundwork of the criticisms and suggestions as to letters. If any poor girl had written hers carelessly, or only to fill up her sheet, she had to *think*, now, as she saw it written out on the black-board, after her miserable spelling had put the class to the trouble of going, one by one, to write her "unfortunate words," correctly, and where every one could see them.

After their letters, and a piece upon subjects of their own choice, half a dozen themes were announced, each successive fortnight. One, a historic subject, another, a proverb, or a religious subject from the Christian year; a local theme of the day: a romantic or descriptive subject; as, "Flowers by the Wayside," "A Dream;" and, finally, one of the most matter-

of-fact kind, "A Pencil," "A Needle," "Chalk," "A shocking bad cold." It was really surprising to hear the ingenious manner, by which they would contrive to invest with interest, so dull a subject as "A Blackboard." By the way, the free use of a blackboard, in this exercise, was peculiar to Bishop Doane. It is true the first time Mary W—— was called to the board, to write, the chalk was strangely at fault. Either it made no mark, it scratched, was too large, or too small. But, the gentle, encouraging, loving tones of the teacher, soon, took all terror from the implements, and inspired the writer with power to wield her chalk at will. A cluster of disjointed sentences, is written out for every eye to see, that all may work together, to give the true place to each; to weed out superfluous expressions; to unravel the tangled web of words. Here a foreign word gives place to a monosyllabic Saxon; there a would-be member of a sentence is lopped off: the whole is cleared up, "tightened up;" and the pauses are inserted, according to the most logical rules. It may be the "parenthetic" comma, the "adverbial," the comma of "ellipsis," or of "specification;" while the "comma of impertinence" is rejected. Then follows a study of the words as to their origin. All Greek and Latin terms are traced to their roots, and their original meaning. And, how much, often, was learned by the attentive pupil, in the analysis of a single word, as, for example, in the word Constantinople. How living the words became; and how real the impression upon all. I remember, when once the historical theme was Charles I. of England. One, from early education, prejudiced against him, read a very beautiful piece, admired by all; yet, no one the less believed him a martyr. Another, more Catholic, in her early training, took the opposite view. But, it was not carefully written. Her sentences were so obscure that almost any meaning might be taken from them. This gave rise to one of the most able criticisms ever listened to. The whole history of the times, in all its aspects, passed in review. Had all, then said, been printed, it would of itself, display the majestic simplicity and profound learning of this great man, and wonderful teacher.

The influence of these invaluable exercises, soon told upon the intellectual habits of the young writers. They became self-educators. They wrote thoughtfully, feelingly, and in a little while, beautifully. On hearing their pieces, as strangers did at the graduating, the impression at first was that they were downright plagiarisms. And, still, they were, often, so specific, local, simple, that one, upon second thought, knew that they were not "tags."

And, when he selected a piece of poetry, to be written as an exercise, how living it became: so happy the selection; so

like inspiration the reading. It was a feast to me, whenever I could attend. And, how holy was its influence. No sacred names were put on the board; no passage of Scripture, without the most reverent cautions as to all use of the sacred text. One felt, when the exercise took a religious turn, that the God-like was speaking: that more than a Plato, an Aristotle, or a Seneca was there. Their wisdom was joined with the eloquence of blessed Paul. You saw a patriot after the stamp of Washington; a friend of woman, her truest, best friend, because he never contemned or flattered her. Shall we see his like again? Not in a Composition Class. So, the dear girls felt. Though their returned essays might be scarred with an abundance of red ink marks, they acknowledged their necessity. And, then, the word of encouragement at the end, "very good," "an excellent piece," repaid with interest, all the toil, all the chagrin. I said my first visit to the class was more than ten years since. It was my happiness to be there at one of the Bishop's last classes. He was as fresh, as faithful, as enthusiastic as at the first. Although, for more than twenty years he had taught and laboured for children and women, all the toil, and trial, and disappointment incident to these weary years, never abated a jot from his manly vigour. It is not strange then that his sudden departure seems like a translation. He knew "no diminution of physical strength or intellectual vigour." Happy they who had such a teacher, they who received instruction from the *friend of children*, the *friend of woman*, 'THE FOUNDER OF ST. MARY'S HALL.'

The Theological Class met him every Wednesday evening. One of them said the Bidding Prayer, and the Litany; and one preached. Once a month, the full evening service was read, and the preaching was without notes. It was a serious and difficult thing, to preach or lecture before him. But he was always a kind critic. He never looked on our level, from his own height. But he came down to us, to help us up. Returning from the Chapel, to one of the recitation rooms, after the criticisms, in which he, and the other clergy present took part, the blackboard came into requisition, again. Half a dozen texts had been given out, the week before. We were each one to take one of these, write it out in Greek on the board, and put under it an analysis in heads.*

* These are some of his substitutions for ours.

St. Matthew xiii. 33, the Parable of the leaven.

- I. Man is naturally not acceptable to God.
- II. To become so, he needs something from without.
- III. This extraneous principle must be incorporated.
- IV. The process is gradual.
- V. It changes the nature.
- VI. The change must be entire.

It was to give us, he said, the power of "rightly dividing the Word of Truth." And he always called it "dividing texts." It was a most invaluable exercise. When we had written out our idea, he gave us his division; short, comprehensive, absorbing.* And when we took orders, we had a skeleton book better than "the Thesaurus Theologicus." The divisions were like crystals of the water of life, which had only to be melted, with the warmth of prayer and earnest thought, and the stream flowed out itself, in purity and power. His advice to us always, was, to write the Greek as well as the English of a text, and always to write down the heads, whether they appeared in the sermon, or not. This was his habit, always. He used to warn us often, against the real meaning of the careless expression, "preaching *from* a text." And he told us often, too, of the man who "had not *time* to write *short* sermons."

Here I must leave this most unworthy sketch of my

St. James i. 12, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."

- I. Life is probationary.
- II. Eternal issues depend on it.
- III. The reward is for those who love God.
- IV. To get it, our love must be tested.
- V. The test of love is the endurance of temptation.

1 St. John iii. 1, "That we should be called the sons of God."

- I. The way to become so.
- II. The proof that we are so.
- III. The benefit of being so.

Romans xiv. 7, "None of us liveth to himself."

- I. Life is a trust from God.
- II. To be used for the good of the brethren.
- III. Under a strict accountability to Him.

Isaiah xlv. 15, "Thou art a God that hidest thyself."

- I. The God of Israel is the only God.
- II. He hideth Himself.
 1. In the mystery of His Triune Existence; 2. In the mysterious orderings of His Providence; 3. In the mysteries of Creation; 4. In the mysteries of Redemption.
- III. He is still the only Saviour.
- IV. To get salvation we must seek Him by faith;
 1. In His Holy Word; 2. In His Holy Sacraments; 3. In His Holy Church.

Many others like these will occur to those who knew his own sermons, in which he clothed the full and close articulations of the skeleton, with the fair flesh of glowing words; and the warm blood of living thoughts. Another exercise that he often gave us, was the interpretation of Theological terms, in their original force, and their various meanings; gathered by a harmony of Holy Scriptures; *δικαιοσύνη; θυσία; βασιλεία των ουρανων; η του κυριου δοξα*; the parallel between Jesus and Joshua; et alia.

* In his "sublime delirium;" "a noble generous delirium in which his mind was not so much unhinged as unveiled" this was the last of his cares. And his busy soul wrought, and his busy fingers wrote, in such rapidity that I cannot recall them, interpretations of the most sublime and searching portions of the Scripture, mostly from the 16th and 17th chapters of the Gospel according to St. John; analyzing and writing down the points of texts; quoting often from the Fathers; and dwelling, distinctly, on our Lord's silence before Caiaphas, as fulfilling the prophetic vision of the Lamb, opening not His mouth.

Father's powers, as a Teacher ; of his purposes and principles and plan, as an Educator. I have brought it in here, because the full birdseye view seems better for this, than to distribute it, in its order of time and place. To get the idea of the richness of soil and the fruitfulness of seed, one must take in, at a glance, April and May and June and August ; first the blade, and then the ear, and after that, the full corn in the ear. We can go back afterwards, to see the flowers, and dwell upon the changing seasons, and the varied beauty of each month, in detail. And I have dwelt so at length upon this, because, to use a cant word, it was his *mission*. To it, he sacrificed means, leisure, peace, life, every thing. Neglecting nothing else, yet he gave most of himself to this. Of all his greatness, in this, he was the greatest. And in it, he must live while the earth lasts ; in the influences, the principles, the men and women, the daughters and sisters and wives and mothers ; the scholars, the men, the Christians, the " great company of the preachers " whom God, through him, has given and shall give, to the world.

I have spoken of my Father's relations with Bishop Hobart, as the other strand of that thread, whose weaving into his character and life, was begun in New York. Its presence is readily detected, in the Catholic principles, the earnest fearless championship, the cool self-possession, the well grounded arguments, of his Churchmanship. Even those, who knew the late Bishop of New York, only by his writings, will readily feel, that any, who were brought constantly and closely into his presence, must have been influenced by him. His mind was one of those clearly cut and thoroughly hardened moulds, from which, many another mind must take form. And the kindness and affection, lavished on the Theological Student, became the cordial confidential intimacy, between the Bishop and his Deacon, the Rector and his Assistant, may I not say, between the two friends ! Bishop Hobart was very kind to him, in the pursuit of his studies ; promoted and favoured his school, admitted him as a fellow-helper in his parochial work, in Trinity Church, welcomed him intimately in his own house ; and visited my Grandmother, in the intimate unceremonious unreserve of confidence and affection. Ordained Deacon in Christ Church, New York, on the 19th of April, A. D. 1821, my Father's name occurs in the Journal of that same year, as officiating in Trinity Church, New York. This Journal contains on its list of Clergy present in, or belonging to, the Convention of that year, the names of eight prospective Bishops. He took Priest's orders from the same venerable hands, in Trinity Church, on Wednesday, August 6th, A. D. 1823. These are the external links, of the chain that bound these hearts together. The genial intercourse of spirits that had much in common, made it golden

with pleasure and love. There is a most beautiful home glimpse of it, in his own description of an evening spent with Bishop Hobart, at Dr. Rudd's Parsonage (St. John's) in Elizabethtown.*

It was an evening to be remembered. Mrs. Rudd was charming in her person; and even more so, in her courtesy and hospitality. Dr. Rudd was the most genial host; a ready and agreeable talker; and with a manner the most cordial and attractive. And Bishop Hobart was what none but Bishop Hobart ever was. Such fervour! Such graciousness! Such tenderness! So simple mannered! Yet so wise, so brave, so great! Eloquent in look, in word, in gesture, in every thing! A torrent that carried every thing before it; but with banks so green, so flowery, and so fragrant, that it was delightful to be carried away by it. America has had no greater man. It was well said by Rufus King, who was his closest friend, that in whatever line of life he had chosen, he would have been the first. And yet he was greatest at his home, and by his hearth. And his greatest greatness was in his lovingness and childlikeness. Incomparable Bishop Hobart! Then so misunderstood and spoken against!

The conversation was most animated and interesting—the West—the Church to be in the West—Agriculture—Academies—Politics—Theology—Life. Of course, the young men were but listeners. It had reached the small hours when we went, reluctantly, to bed. A happier evening I have seldom spent. There was no happier house to spend it in. And none to make it happier, than Dr. and Mrs. Rudd. Bishop Hobart was perfectly at home, with them. He had come down, from his beloved Short Hills, to meet me there, and spend the night. Early the next morning, he drove me to Jersey City. His conversation was most interesting. His counsels were most instructive. Among other things, he advised me to read every day, some portion of Bishop Horne's Commentary on the Psalms. From the ferry, he gave me his cloak, to carry home; playfully putting it on my shoulder. I thought of Paul's cloak, which Timothy was to bring from Troas; and was happy, if not proud.

Constantly through all his life, there were incidental allusions, to this great Father of our Church, that prove, how lasting the impression was, and how much of him had entered into his soul.

There can scarcely be any better praise, he writes of Dr. Rudd, than to say that he was for many years, the confidential friend of Bishop Hobart.

Again of Dr. Orin Clark he writes :

No clergyman in Western New York, was held in higher respect. That he deserved it, is well shown by the fact that he was honoured with the confidence, of that consummate judge of men, Bishop Hobart.

The death of this great champion of the Church, which oc-

* Sprague's Annals.

curred, while my Father was Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, stirred up the flame of the old love, which had been kept ever warm, by the ashes of undying memories, and the breath of close, though distant intercourse. And he called his people to mourn with him, in these touching words :

The Bishop of New York has fallen from his high station, in the midst of his years, of his honours, and of his usefulness. To me, my brethren, this is the visitation of no common sorrow ; and deep, and strong, and closely intertwined, even with "my most dear heart strings," are the ties which it has sundered. Accustomed from my earliest years, to look up to him with reverence and admiration, having received at his hands the authority of both my orders, having been associated with him for nearly four years in the care of the same parish, having enjoyed from my first acquaintance with him no ordinary measure of his confidence and love, and having renewed, under his own roof, within four short months, the remembered joys of years, and twined again the cords of an affection which no distance and no time had had the power to sever, the stroke which rendered him immortal has fallen, as it were, within the sacred precincts of my own fire-side, and removed from my admiring gaze, and warm embrace, another father. Upon these grounds alone, if there were no other, you would, I know, indulge in me affection's mournful privilege, to strew upon the grave of the departed, some tributary flowers, and to erect, vain offering ! some fond, though frail, memorial of the virtues of the dead, and of the sorrows of the living. But the character and services of Bishop Hobart do not permit the claim of honour to his memory to rest on the consideration of a private grief. The zealous, and disinterested, and, by Heaven's blessing, successful labours in his Master's service, which have made his name a praise and glory to the remotest borders of the Church, have opened in all hearts a fountain of regret, and challenge from all tongues a tribute of affectionate and honourable remembrance. His noble, elevated spirit did not acknowledge, in its zealous efforts in the cause of truth and virtue, the limits of a single diocese, or the claims of any one community. It soared the higher in its glorious flight, that it might thus dispense the wider good. His active, energetic mind, devoted to his Redeemer's glory, and the salvation of men, never rested, and was never weary. The inspiration of its wonderful powers was felt everywhere, and everywhere for good. His heart was as comprehensive as the Church. He thought for it all. He felt for it all. He lived for its extension. He died a martyr in its cause. *He was indeed a burning and a shining light*, and rejoicing, as we all did, *for a season*, in his radiance, we may all feel darkened—and if He who gave him for our good, had not, in His own inscrutable, but never to be distrusted, wisdom, withdrawn him from us—we must all lament, with hearts that could not easily be comforted, for its disastrous, and, to our dim vision, premature eclipse.

The Protestant Episcopal Communion was at the time of his election to the Episcopate, small and feeble ; and some of the ablest

champions of another Christian name, resolved on its extinction, were levelling against it the arrows of their most practised and determined archery. True to the promise which had bound him to her altars, to live and die by them, and strong in the confidence of his good cause, the youthful minister stood forth, and, like the Israelitish shepherd, by the blessing of the God of truth upon his good right arm, put all their proud array to silence and to flight. And from the day of that discussion, the controversy as to the character and claims of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with the exception of now and then a skirmish at the outposts, has remained at rest—and her altars strengthened, and her ministers multiplied, are offering, year after year, to an increasing host, the truths and consolations of religion pure and undefiled, the sanctity, good order and devotion of her primitive discipline, and time-hallowed worship. In the year 1811, on the incapacity, by disease, of the venerable Bishop Moore, Dr. Hobart was raised to the Episcopate of New York; and the history of the American Church from that period well displays how the wisdom of man, and the blessing of God united in that choice. From that time the advancement of the Episcopal interest in his own diocese has been rapid, constant, almost incredible. The clergy have increased from the 23 who were present at his election to 134—the number of congregations has been multiplied in a proportion more than equal—and the Church of the Apostles, not sustained by the weapons of a carnal warfare, but by the benign and holy influences of truth and reason, of charity and piety, has grown in favour with men, as rapidly as it has extended beneath the favour of God. By his numerous and valuable writings, by his services in the general councils of the Church, by his devotion to all her institutions and interests, above all, by the tower of strength which was afforded to us in the solidity of his judgment, the sternness of his integrity, and the splendour of his name, the life of Bishop Hobart has been the common treasure and glory of us all, and generations of those who shall come after us, will rise up, and call him blessed. But the labours in which he was so abundant, and we were so enriched, proved too much for him. The constant attrition of the ever-active mind wore out the perishable frame. Harassed by the anxieties, and exhausted by the labours of a large and arduous parish, in addition to that which came upon him daily, the care of all the churches, Bishop Hobart's friends have long felt the necessity of some division or diminution of his duties. But his zealous spirit would not listen for a moment—and resolved to give his last breath to the cause of his Master and of mankind, he still prosecuted enterprises, and entered upon labours which were beyond Herculean strength. During the last summer he had planned and undertaken a visitation unsurpassed, save in the Indian labours of the lamented Heber. It was but half completed, when a bilious fever laid him, far from home, upon the bed of pain—and, after ten days illness, at 4 o'clock, on the morning of the last Lord's day, (September 12th,) his noble and devoted spirit entered upon that blessed and eternal *rest which remaineth for the people of God*. Thus has fallen, prematurely for all but himself, the able scholar, the powerful writer, the eloquent preacher, the

man "without fear and without reproach," the excellent parent, the kind friend, the true Christian patriot, the humble minister of Jesus, the laborious, faithful, honoured, and beloved prelate.

And after this, the point came, as to who should take this empty place? Was not the omen of that cloak that Paul gave to Timothy; that fell from Elijah on Elisha's shoulders, was it not fulfilled in my Father? Great names are associated with him; but was he not "primus inter pares?" Did he not stand, alone, at first? Was not his position the high ground, from which the far-reaching visions of the Catholic system of the Church were most fully caught, most clearly seen, most constantly proclaimed?

In the year of his ordination to the Diaconate, he took the standard up; then but a lower officer, in the great army of the Church. Higher and further and more fearlessly, he bore it, into hotter conflicts and more glorious conquests, as he rose in rank. He re-published in 1832, Bishop Hobart's two charges, "The Churchman" and "the High Churchman vindicated," and added a whole arsenal of offensive weapons, in copious and most convincing notes. He states his own plan in the preface, "to present *him*, who living was the ablest defender of these great truths, and dead, remains of all that later times have known, their name of highest purity and power, as the expositor and advocate of the principles in question; to call attention to the subject, in its present bearings, by a brief preliminary notice, and to sustain the whole, by the best authorities of ancient and modern days." In fact, his plan included a full endorsement of Bishop Hobart; a personal championship of the truths of God, which he had fought for; and the fuller, firmer clenching of the truth, by a * battery, from the guns of

* I have spoken already, of the thoroughness of my Father's studies. In a package, tied up long ago, and labelled "Literary fragments, before during and since my college days," I find complete proof of it. The bundle contains pages upon pages, of quotations from different authors, in English, and in Greek and Latin; long catalogues of books; their prices and the best editions; and very many papers, dated during his college life, upon theological subjects. There is a full abstract of Mosheim, Paley's Evidences, and Stillingfleet's "Origines Sacrae;" a very full collation, of the various readings in different MSS. of the Bible; a careful collection of the variations, in the English translation from that of the Seventy; enough to make a volume, of exegetical and historical notes on the Holy Scriptures; a full set of quotations from the Fathers; especially from Ignatius, on the subject of our Lord's divinity; a very long digest of Hebrew words, in the Bible, with the force of their roots, &c., thoroughly brought out; and many results besides, from the pains-taking, accurate and devoted mind, of the young student. And even in College they almost all have a religious turn. Among them is a sermon on our Lord's question (St. Luke viii. 25), "Where is your faith?" It bears date in October A. D. 1817. It is prophetic, in its promise, of what he should be; and in its teachings, of what he should bear. "When we see, the Christian, who meets in this world with those pains and evils, which are inseparable from it, fainting under his burden and deserting his cross; comparing him with that "noble army of martyrs who have given up their bodies to be burned, rather

those old fortresses, which the great warriors of olden days had built and battled from, outside the walls of Sion. It was an undertaking, whose courage must be measured, by its circumstances of place and time. To those who knew them both, it will be plain, that such words were uncongenial, to an atmosphere of that mistaken peace, which, for a patched up armistice, betrays God's cause, with cowardice and compromise. It took a brave man, to dare it. And it found a brave man, to do it. A man, of whom, one said, who knew him in the closest confidence; "the post of danger was the most welcome place for him." In the preface to his "Word for the Church," he speaks of the effect of his constant relations, with the Bishop of New York, fully to the point.

The undersigned was, first, the youthful admirer of Bishop Hobart, (having been confirmed by him in 1811,) then, a student of theology, partly under his direction; then, having received both orders at his hands, associated with him, temporarily, for nearly four years, in a parochial charge; after that, until his lamented death, in 1830, especially honoured with his correspondence and confidential friendship. He has never received from more than one man, testimonials so enduring of affectionate regard. He has never entertained for more than one man, feelings, so fervent and so deep, of reverence and love. He has never, but in a single case, been so sorely afflicted, and pierced to the heart, by the visitation of death. He is aware that by particular persons, and for particular purposes, he has been currently reported a "Bishop-Hobart-man." If by this the design be, to express any one or all the sentiments of admiration, honour, and affection, acknowledged above—or the conviction, from the heart, of the truth and obligation of those principles, which, as a Christian, as a Churchman, and, above all, as a Christian Bishop, Bishop Hobart, in his life, so vigorously defended, and so beautifully illustrated in his death—or the firm determination and sincere desire to be, in doctrine and in practice, as a man, a Churchman, a minister of the Church, the follower of him as he followed the Apostles, and they followed Christ, with the humble

than desert, the cause of their holy religion; how opportunely might the question be put, 'Where is thy faith?' Behold the rich display of mercy and of happiness, which atoning love presents to your perseverance. Look upon the sufferings of your Saviour while on earth; behold His pierced side, His agonized frame. Look, but on these; and then say, 'to die is gain.' Look upon these, and, no more, let the paltry evils of this world, weigh with a future world of heavenly joy."

And he was accurate in all the details of his scholarship. He had signed an article in the New York American, reviewing a new poem, "Amicus Musis." A correspondent corrected it, with a good deal of bluster, to "Amicus Musarum." My Father is ready for him, and the next day in a letter, full of sharpness and point; he simply quotes Horace's 26th ode, book 1st.

"Musis Amicus, tristitiam et metus."

Such he was then. It needed no very practised eye; no very powerful imagination, to see, in such a foundation so laid with breadth and thickness, on the one "Chief Corner Stone," the promise, of the massive, beautiful, consecrated temple, that was sure to rise upon it.

hope to be admitted, at the last, to the same place where he has gone before—then, it is his happiness and his pride, in its fullest extent, to admit, to proclaim, to glory in, the appellation. In any, and in all of these senses, be it his hope and prayer to live, to die, “a Bishop-Hobart-man!” But, if by this, it be designed to convey the impression that he was implicitly or servilely the follower of Bishop Hobart, or that he embraced and holds his principles, as a Christian and a Churchman, because held and taught by Bishop Hobart, or for any other reason, than that they seem to him to be contained in Holy Scripture, and confirmed by his best and most deliberate judgment, then—not for his own sake, so much as for the sake of his departed spiritual father, he most indignantly disclaims and spurns away from him the title. So far as he himself alone is concerned, the charge might be, indeed, of small importance. But he will not suffer the suspicion to rest upon the memory of Bishop Hobart, that one so loved and honoured by him was capable of being actuated by motives so unworthy.

One of the few points, on which he ever felt compelled to differ from his honoured and lamented friend, was occasioned by his free and frequent appropriation, to himself, of the title of High Churchman, and especially, by his delivery and publication of the episcopal charge, entitled “The High Churchman vindicated.” On more than one occasion, was the use of that distinctive name a subject of friendly controversy, both verbal, and epistolary. On that, as on all other topics, Bishop Hobart was frank and explicit. He most sincerely deprecated all divisions, and all distinctive names. But the *thing* existed, he argued, and, therefore, the name must. It was folly to deny it, and worse than folly to endeavour to escape from it. What ought to be done was, to admit it, to explain its meaning, to justify and to defend it. His practice agreed with his argument. The undersigned was not *then* convinced. Whether he has been since, is matter of little moment. If it were so, it would be but another instance of slow, but sure, adoption of Bishop Hobart’s almost intuitive convictions.

And it was a reverence and affection, which time touched not, but to deepen and enlarge. I was with him in 1844; when he went to the * Parsonage of St. Peter’s, Auburn. It

* Of a visit to Auburn, at Bishop De Lancey’s consecration, my Father writes thus in his Address for that year; “To me, the visit to Auburn was fraught with feelings that can never die. It was in that Church, that my beloved friend and spiritual father, Bishop Hobart, for the last time preached the Gospel of salvation, and broke the Bread of Life; and from an ‘upper chamber’ in that sweet and rural Parsonage, his fervent spirit passed from earth to heaven. I had sat at his feet, as my parochial Minister; and as my Bishop, been confirmed by him, and admitted to both orders. I had loved him as few men are ever loved. I had enjoyed his confidence and friendship to the full measure of my heart’s content. I had mingled my tears with those of our whole Communion, at his unlooked for, and, for us, untimely death. Years had not weakened in my heart the bond of love, now sanctified by sorrow, such as Christians may indulge for those who go before them to their rest. And I now stood where his death-bed stood, and sat where he had met, and, in the strength of the Gospel for which he lived and died, had overcome the king of terrors. It was a sacred scene, a holy hour; and if some natural tears were shed, they were not the tokens of a sor-

was doubly hallowed, as the home of his dearest living * friend, his more than brother ; and by the death-bed of his dearest dead friend, his spiritual Father. The reverence and feeling, with which he stood, in that consecrated chamber, and saw the setting sun, through the window, that had *his* last gaze, were most touching. His love once given, was unforgetting and changeless. The two, that stood there that day together, are gone to him. How rich is Paradise, with such treasures. How great God's power here, that spares such from earth. Such love as this could have grown, only, from a full and perfect intercourse, in which honour, and interest, and confidence, and sympathy, and affection were mutual. My Father could not have loved Bishop Hobart ; could not, so much, have imbibed his spirit ; could not, so much, have taken his place, if Bishop Hobart had not loved and honoured him, as well. And he did. Writing from England, to my Father, instantly upon Bishop Hobart's death, the Rev. Hugh James Rose says, "your tribute of affection and respect especially, is worthy of him, and it is such, as I should have been prepared to expect, from you, for he had taught me, to expect much from you." I find, too, many expressions of most warm affection, in the Bishop's letters, to my Father, which he has preserved, in a bound volume. From London Sept. 17, A. D. 1834, he writes, alluding to † "The Heart's Tribute to an absent friend" ; "your absent friend was affected even to tears, at the affectionate effusion of your heart and at the irresistible token of your affectionate remembrance. May he be worthy of the kind sentiments of affection of his friend, which are among his chief solaces in every care ‡ and trial wherever he may be." From Utica, July 17th, 1826, "Compelled at an early hour to proceed on my journey,

row without hope. Bishop Hobart was not the man of his own age, merely. Indeed, it may be justly said, he lived before his age. His rapid intellect anticipated the deductions of other men's experience ; and what his far-reaching spirit could not but foresee, his fervent nature could not but proclaim, when it concerned the peace and honour of the Church of God. The time has come already, when those who doubted then, admit the accuracy of his prospective eye, and honour his intrepid and uncompromising spirit. The principles for which he lived, and for which he laboured, with all the powers of his great mind, have carried forward, through the blessing of their divine and holy Author, the Church, in whose service he died, to a point of elevation which even his sanguine nature could not have anticipated. It is but the beginning of the triumph. "Evangelical truth and apostolic order," is to be the watchword of increasing millions. Increasing millions, in the ages yet to come, will hold the name of HOBART in increasing honour, as a devoted preacher of the Cross, a dauntless champion of the Church of Jesus Christ."

* The Rev. Dr. Croswell.

† See Songs by the Way. The lines were addressed to Bishop Hobart.

‡ Answering this my Father writes, "that aught of mine wafted over the wide sea, should find access to your heart, and open there the warm fountains of remembrance and affection is a gratification, which would be profaned, by any reference to the pride of authorship."

I rise," he says, "at an earlier, to answer" a letter "which I opened immediately" on its receipt, "thinking it a long letter from some of my family, and certainly your signature did not diminish my desire to read it. Towards you, my dear Sir, I have delighted to indulge the impulses of a sincere, and I may say ardent, friendship." In the Episcopal Watchman for December 3d, 1827, is a long, thorough, and able review of Bishop Hobart's sermon, at the consecration of Dr. H. U. Onderdonk to the Episcopate of Pennsylvania, which opens in these words :

By all who read this discourse, whether they approve of all its sentiments or not, it must be allowed that it is plain, manly and magnanimous. Having conscientiously adopted certain principles as authorized by the Word of God, and confirmed by primitive practice, and having constantly and diligently, and, we will add, successfully, followed them out in his practice, the Right Rev. preacher avails himself of a suitable occasion to advance and vindicate them in a most full, fearless and eloquent defence. To those who differ from him in sentiment it must be gratifying to have an antagonist who avails himself of no petty sophistry, no faint and feeble, and but half-assured, asseverations, no covert or insidious attacks upon character, no unworthy suspicion or unwarrantable condemnation of their motives, but candidly declares his own deliberate convictions, and seeks to substantiate them by the express warrant of God's Word, the belief and practice of primitive times, and the recorded wisdom and experience of every age. To us, who after careful and anxious investigation, not without prayer that the Giver of truth would *lead us into all truth*, have arrived at the same conclusions, and set ourselves for their assertion and extension, it is indeed matter of pride and pleasure to record our entire and hearty approbation of what the committee of gentlemen in Philadelphia have so well described, as a "fearless and unanswerable defence" of the principles of that primitive and apostolic Church, in the bosom of which it has pleased God that our lot should be cast.

Two days after, the Bishop writes, "I thank you for the clear, decided, forcible, and may I not say eloquent review of my sermon. It is indeed praise to be thus praised;" and again, Dec. 9th, on the continuance of the article, "the rest of your review is in the same style of force and eloquence with the former part, and the cause of sound Church principles is much indebted; and the author of the sermon which you review not a little so. Have you seen A's letter to me? He has separated himself," he says, "to the work of proving in few words, though not his own, that I am almost every thing which in doctrine policy or temper is bad, and *yet* I venture with the perfect confidence of reciprocity of feeling to subscribe myself *your* friend." In Jan. A. D. 1828, when my Father assumed

the responsible Editorship of the *Watchman*, he writes, "I am glad you have become the avowed Editor. I admire your candid and fearless style of writing, and yet prudent also. There is some sympathy between us, I hope in this respect." Hurrying off to the General Convention, he finds time, in October 1828, to acknowledge a letter, "thanking you for the kind sentiments. They came upon me amidst the perplexities, cares, and conflicts of my station, like the calm of the morning, after the tempest of the night. You might have said this more poetically, but not more feelingly or sincerely. I rejoice at the good you are doing in Boston and elsewhere." To have shared and lessened the trials of such a man, in such a cause, was a privilege, that could have been accorded, to no ordinary man, and must have overpaid itself, with no ordinary pleasure. And yet the sympathy and help and comfort came, from a young man of thirty, to one nearly twice his age. As a son with a Father, he was serving him, in the Gospel. And more, than often in the line of blood, the spirit of fearlessness and power and patience, descended upon him. "How much I rejoice to hear of your welfare, and above all of your usefulness in Boston, and in the Eastern Diocese. God be thanked that you are so well able and disposed to defend the cause of sound Church principles, against the lukewarmness of some, and the fanaticism of others; and to do this with prudence as well as with energy and zeal. Truly grateful also ought I to be, that marked as New York and its Bishop, are for much and * virulent odium, jealousy and misrepresentation, you are not ashamed nor afraid, occasionally to defend both."

Again, in Dec. 1829, in the last, but one, of the letters preserved, which was written, only three months before his death, he wrote:

"Your kind and affectionate letter, my excellent friend and brother, came upon me like one of those gleams of sunshine that burst through the long continued and general gloom. My cares and duties have prevented me from writing to you, but not from often thinking of you, and of the sunshine which has beamed upon you, in the interesting and happy connection † which you have formed.

"Your faithful and affectionate friend,
"J. H. HOBART."

And this chapter of my Father's life closed here, till its reopening now, for perfect sympathy and entire peace. Over all the years, that it adorned and blessed, it was the relation of

* My Father will readily assert his title, in this point, to have succeeded Bishop Hobart.

† My Father was married Sept. 17, A. D. 1829.

confidential love, of congenial feeling, of great sympathy, of common and glorious interests, of mutual and helpful affection, of hallowed and consecrated communion. It was, it is, it shall be now for ever, the Communion of Saints in the Holy Catholic Church. I dwell on it, as the proud record of acknowledged worth and power, whose light was then but rising, toward the high noon of its glory, and the still more glorious and heavenly beauty of its setting. And while, warmer love, and the communion of more equal and similar feelings, have bound my Father's soul to other men, to Croswell, Winslow, Ogilby and Wainwright, now all with him again : no intimacy of his life so moulded and marked his mind, so formed and furnished his soul, so coloured and controlled his life, as this long and loving intimacy, with the great Bishop of New York. What picture of his own death-bed, so true, so beautiful, so full of power and of hope, as this one, which the pencil of his love painted, in faith's immortal, glowing colours, the colours of the sunlight,* that lit up the eye of his Father and his Friend, so soon to open on the Light Eternal.

Over his ashes, his parish, his diocese, the whole American Church unite their tears. Christians of all names, forgetting in the virtues of the man and the labours of the Bishop, the conscientious differences of opinion which he always openly avowed, and fearlessly defended, bewail, with grief unfeigned and unrepressed, the loss, to our limited view, irreparable, which religion and humanity have thus sustained. But God is righteous, God is wise, God is merciful—and to his decrees, dark though they are to us, we bow in silent reverence. Glorious for him, the change, which we deplore, must certainly have been. He died as became his exalted talents, his eminent virtues, his fervent piety, his elevated office, his tremendous charge. He died as a Christian—as a Christian minister—above all, as a Christian Bishop should desire to die. He fell with his spear in rest, and with his armour on—upon the field of action, in the discharge of duty, in the fore-front of God's embattled host—fighting manfully, as a good soldier of Christ Jesus, against the world and sin and hell, the glorious warfare of the

* “It was, methinks, in the evening of such a day as this, when the setting sunbeams penetrated, with a checkered light, through the leaves of the locust trees, that shade the windows, that Bishop Hobart desired to be lifted up, to see once more, the orb of day; and made some thrilling allusion to the Sun of Righteousness, in whose Light he should soon see Light.

Here stood erewhile, his dying couch
Against this crimsoned wall,
Where, quivering through the locust leaves,
The setting sunbeams fall :
Here last he saw yon glorious orb,
Like his, descending low,
And, through the casement pane, as now,
The rich autumnal glow.”

—*The Rev. Wm. Croswell, in the chamber, where
Bishop Hobart passed from earth to Heaven.*

Christian faith—reaching forward to that bright and amaranthine crown which God has promised to the soul that overcomes. Brethren, beloved in the Lord, while we lament his loss, let us emulate his example. Let us keep our loins always girt, and our lights always burning, and be ever ready—come when He will—to arise, and meet the Lord. *Blessed, forever blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching!*

During all my Father's ministerial life in New York, as Deacon and as Priest, from 1821—1824, he was in Trinity Church, under and with Bishop Hobart. His first sermon was preached, for the Rev. Peter Williams, the pastor of St. Philip's coloured congregation in New York; Bishop Hobart, in his pleasant way, answering many solicitations that he should preach in Trinity Church, by the wise reply, whose real point and truth he covered with his pleasantness, "I don't believe in putting these young Deacons forward." Beside his work in Trinity Church, he was, in connection with the Rev. Dr. Upfold, the Founder of St. Luke's Church, New York. Speaking of the place, in which the first services of the parish, were held, Bishop Hobart told my Grandmother, when he had first visited them there, that he was very much grieved to say, "he had found Doane and Upfold, in the watch-house." A prayer book, with the resolutions, and Mr. Wm. H. Harison's letter, given him, by the congregation of St. Luke's, are carefully preserved.

Beside the training and the work, which bore directly, on his sacred duties, my Father's literary tastes found and made, channels for their enlargement and usefulness, during his life in New York. Even in College, he seems to have made a mark of eloquence. In April, 1818, he delivered, before the Bible Society of Union College, an address, the following extracts from which, almost attest its authorship, and prove the promise of his power:

While the politician with unerring certainty points out the progressive track of empire along the devious labyrinths of rudeness and refinement, of despotisms and anarchies—while the philosopher from the commanding eminence of reason and experience marks with an eagle's eye the firm unbending march of truth, however for a while obscured or outshone by the glooms of ignorance or the dazzlings of sophistry—the Christian, with exultation beholds amid the troubled waters of scepticism and superstition, the ark of his faith, fraught with all earth's righteousness, still peering proudly above contending waves, still beaming from the moveless Ararat of her heavenly rest. Such is the fact; the course of Christianity in the world has been unceasingly progressive; and the hard-fought struggles which have marked its path have ever been manfully met and gloriously achieved. Its situation, indeed, during the period which immediately succeeded to

the setting of the glorious Sun of Righteousness, was gloomy and disastrous ; and during the long series of calamities from the "falling asleep" of the pious Stephen till the expiring agony of the last of that noble army of martyrs, who accounted that 'to die was gain,' the prospect was cheerless and withering. Struggling manfully for her existence the Christian Church passed through the fiery ordeal of Imperial persecution, but the Spirit of God walked with her amid the flames, and she came forth bright, and spotless and purified.

Three hundred years have now elapsed since Martin Luther dared in the face of an opposing world to raise the banner of reform, to proclaim the Scriptures rescued from the unhallowed cells of Papal intrigue, as the standard for religious doctrines, and to exhort mankind to look to God for salvation through the means appointed in His holy Word. This sacred volume, the charter of life and happiness and heaven, promulgated by God himself from 'mid the thunderings of Sinai, and sealed on Calvary with the precious blood of Christ, was then proclaimed in all its worth, and it was then that the friends of man, roused from the lethargy of superstition, commenced the grateful, the important work of unfolding its sacred treasure to every nation, tongue and people under heaven. Till this period had many a good and holy Simeon with all the constancy of faith been "waiting for the consolation of Israel." He heard the trumpet of the reformation. He saw God's word in triumph given to man. He hailed the heavenly vision while the pious ejaculation quivered on his aged lip, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Of this great and extensive confederation, we are a privileged, we ought to be an active part. And surely never did more beatific vision enchant the sense of angels hovering round our earth, than that of an assemblage of youth in the heyday of life, rejecting the siren song, and turning aside from the pursuit of pleasure, to proclaim to the unconverted the tidings of redeeming love, and publish to the heathen nations that the God Jehovah reigns. If to direct the travel-worn wanderer on his way, to set the prisoner free, and pour the "oil and wine" of consolation on the "stranger's" wounds be mercy, how much greater his who points the sinner to his God, who bursts that "manacle of mind," that soul-enthraling sorcery which chains the spirit down to earth, who heals the "broken and the contrite heart," with balm from heaven. Yet such and greater miracles of mercy has this thrice precious volume wrought. Such deeds of heavenly charity are we, by the distribution of the Bible, enabled to perform. Oh ! if ever the whole soul entered with all its powers into any work, it must be this,—if ever each faculty should be new strung with energy in any cause, it is in this,—so extensive, so benevolent, so linked and intertwined with every fibre and ligament of the heart.

Do you demand the theatre of action ? Behold those towering forests that pierce the western sky, and gild their foliage in the softened brilliancy of the setting sun,—far beyond them a savage people roams, and dies in ignorance and barbarism—the yell of vengeance, the shriek of torture, the blood-died tomahawk, the quivering scalp—all, all

proclaim, no "Prince of Peace" is born to them. The smoke of burning villages, the matron weltering in the life-blood of her infant—do not these enormities demand some speedy, some effectual remedy? With the means of instruction, give them the Bible, tell them of Heaven and all its joys, teach them that "God is love," that mercy bled and died upon the cross for them, and think you their rude hearts will not be melted with the sound? Convinced, reclaimed, repentant, they will kneel and adore with pious fervour their own Great Spirit, and the Christian's God. Nor this accomplished, rest you here; for far beyond yon mountain-wave that glitters in the sunbeam, unnumbered millions lie in helpless hopeless sinfulness. See on Hindostan's burning sands, the mangled victim of a superstitious, a demoniac creed, writhing in self-inflicted tortures, purchasing the phantom enjoyments of a promised paradise, by a voluntary rejection of the comforts—nay a determined subjection to the most afflicting evils of the present—were it not the acme of compassion to reclaim this suffering son of Paganism from his deep delusion? Were not the bigoted followers of Mahomet, purged of their errors and their prejudices, and taught, instead of a Paradise whose only joys are a brutal sensuality, to look for a heaven whose bliss is "pure as it is perfect"—were not such a victory worthy the toils of its achievement?

You have seen the faithful and devoted Missionary, wafted across the mighty waters of the great Pacific—have you not beheld how at his approach the car of Juggernaut stood still? and the infatuated Hindoo, who but now in meek submission to his faith would have laid his feeble frame beneath its massive wheels, turn with a brightened eye to hail the milder glories of the Christian's creed? Behold, awakened from the dark delusion by the gospel-herald's warning voice, the fond and faithful widow descends from her lord's unlighted funeral pyre—redeemed from suffering and from death, and born again to life and happiness and heaven.

The Rev. Dr. Johnson of Jamaica, who was one of my Father's first, and last, and truest friends, (the only man whom I ever heard call him by his Christian name) who stayed away in prosperity, but came to him, ever, in the days of trouble, writes me, "I had heard of your Father's wonderful power as a writer, before I was introduced to him in 1818. He was then a law-student in Richard Harison's office, in the room under the old Society Library, opposite the Dutch Church. My grandfather was one of the original shareholders in that library, and we had a right to use the books. I introduced your Father to Mr. Forbes, the librarian, and have reason to believe, he soon preferred the more attractive reading, up stairs, to Mr. Harison's law library, below. At least he soon abandoned the law as his future profession, and opened a select school, while he was pursuing his studies, under Bishop Hobart's supervision, for the ministry. We read Greek together from six to eight every morning, and finished Homer's Iliad. We all, that is the

young men who resided in the upper part of the city and in Greenwich village (as it was then called), considered your Father as in some respects, belonging to us. We felt proud of his talents, and rejoiced in his successes. And most of the Senior Class who graduated at Columbia College in 1818, did not feel any confidence in their orations, written for the commencement, till he had heard them and passed his criticism upon them." During this period he was prominently concerned in the conducting of a literary paper called "The Villager" which was published every two weeks. Want of support shortened its life prematurely; and it reached but six numbers. Its selections, reviews, and original articles have very unusual character in them. I believe it was the product of a club. My Father was a leading editor, the prospectus being his, and many articles of his, in prose and verse, over the name of "Hermit," "Lay Preacher," &c., appear on its pages. Its motto was, "*ipsa varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia, alios, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant*," and in the first number for April 1819 he writes:

In entering a field so wide as that which the grand expanse of the mind presents, it will not be expected that the whole will be embraced within the limits of any one plan, or attempted at any one undertaking. No such Herculean enterprise is meant, "*Non omnia possumus omnes*"—but though each cannot do all, there are duties correspondent to every man's ability—exertions not unattended by useful results within the limits of every man's powers. He who was unable, with Hercules, to subdue the terror of the baleful Hydra, and sever his many heads, like Iolaus, might stanch with burning brand, that prolific current which, suffered to flow on, would soon supply the separated head. Though few might dare to rouse the Nemæan lion in his lair—many might assist in cutting off those sources of support, deprived of which, the monster dies. Similar to these are the duties to which our efforts are directed. To wield the massive weapons of philosophy, were an attempt befitting a giant's strength—we leave this task to mightier hands, reserving for ourselves the light and graceful spear with which not uselessly to sport at joust and tournament. To wage offensive warfare with the innumerable enemies of mortality were equally presumptuous; and however we might assay, we should be compelled with the stripling David, when cumbered with the armour of Saul, to exclaim, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them:" ours be the "shepherd's bag," and "five smooth stones out of the brook,"—the well nerved "sling" of artless boyhood, directed by an arm unseen, perchance may reach the forehead of the giant Vice, and stay the impious outrages of some blaspheming Philistine.

By a judicious combination of the pleasant with the profitable, to convey instruction with amusement—to strew with flowers the rough hill-road of science—to elicit the latent spark of genius, and cultivate a true and refined taste in Literature and the Fine Arts—to detect

the stratagems, and resist the encroachments of vice, while we rear on high the spotless banner of virtue, and manfully support its cause; these are the ends which we propose. In effecting them we do not presume to trust merely to our own efforts; on the contrary, the mighty masters of philosophy and morality shall still live by their works, in our columns—still exert the powerful weapons of persuasion and conviction—still, by their lives, and in their deaths, display the mightier influence of example.

He closes an excellent review of John Howard Payne's Tragedy, "Brutus, or the fall of Tarquin," in these glowing words:

Still it is not chiefly on the merits of the style that the interest of this work depends—it is more important as a probable and powerful representation of those mighty struggles with which the "embryo liberty" burst from the "forming-womb of time"—that liberty which gathering influence with its age bestrode, Colossus-like, the world, and spread the triumphs of the Roman empire and the Roman name far as the world was known,—that liberty whose pure simplicity, whose stern, inviolable integrity, whose unadorned and matchless majesty, during the vicissitudes of 500 years, sustained against the world without, and ambition the most unconquerable within, the priceless privileges, the envied honours, of Roman citizenship—the unbounded greatness and unrivalled glories of the Roman Commonwealth. It is as the transcript of the vestibule to a temple like this—a temple whose preservation adorned, and whose ruins are still dear to the world, that this drama is chiefly to be admired; and however it may fail—for it has we think undoubted and essential defects—that ray of glory, which even now rests on the fallen capitol of ruined Rome, will redeem from obscurity the tablet which commemorates its deliverance—which dates the birth-day of its liberty, and bears inscribed the virtues and the name of him who was its bravest champion—its more than founder—its deliverer—Brutus.

His Lay Preacher's sermon on Genesis xxiv. 63, is well worth transcribing here:

"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide."

The descending sun had bathed his burning glories in the western wave, the moon had walked forth in her beauty; the stars rolled on their mighty courses in deep and majestic silence, and no sound—save the lowing of the distant herds, or the deep-mouthed baying of the watch dog—disturbed the still yet eloquent solemnity of the scene. The cool and noiseless slumber of reposing nature had succeeded to the heat and bustle of the busy day—it was "the eventide"—that silent hour, sacred to mourning and to meditation, when wrapped "in robe of darkest grain," the sorrowful and the solitary withdraw themselves from the closely scanning scrutiny of an intrusive world, and indulge that "joy of grief," that luxury of thought, which only they, whom "the stern tamer of the human breast"—adversity—has taught, can value or possess.

Such—and so tutored in affliction's school was he who forms the subject of our present meditations. Wearied with the cares and anxieties of the day, deeply and anxiously interested in the result of an embassy upon which depended much of weal or woe, Isaac chose this solemn silent hour, to reflect on the adversities of his fate, and calculate the probabilities of happiness for the remainder of his life; to weep over the departed virtues of an amiable and saintly mother; and to anticipate that consolation and encouragement which might be derived from her, who was so soon to meet him, in—save only that which death had just dissolved—by far the tenderest and the dearest of all earthly relations—as the partner of his fortunes, and the wife of his bosom.

It was an hour which suited well the colour of his fate. As the hoarse murmur of the busy day died lingering on his ear, every unruly and unholy thought was lulled to rest—the stillness, so profound that the “blind mole could hear no footfall,” the grass, bent down, yet glistening with the dew, like maiden, loveliest in tears—the closing floweret—the last wild whistle of the wood bird's song—all forcibly reminded him of the mortality and insecurity of man, and of his own, —though distant—approaching end: while, should a doubt or a fear of the ability or the mercy of the God of his father Abraham enter his mind, the “spacious firmament which he has established,” the “moon and stars which he has ordained,” declaring to all the ends of the earth the wisdom, power, and goodness of their Creator, forbade the slightest indulgence of the impious apprehension. If, anticipating the result of that mission to the country and kindred of his father of which he was soon to be informed, he were disposed, in the fire and fervency of youth, to expect too much from the proffered blessing, and forget the unseen hand from whence it came, the withered roses, scattered at his feet, reminded him how soon each earthly pleasure fades, and told him that when adversity's dark night had lowered, and affliction's black and plashing rain-drop had fallen, the fairest flowerets of the field—the young, the blooming, and the lovely—must bend their blighted heads and strew their glowing beauties to the blast. Led by these reflections to a painful recollection of her who had cradled his helpless infancy, now cold and mingled with the earth, did he impugn the justice or the loving-kindness of the Omnipotent, he need only look to that Heaven whence an angel's voice had often reached his ear, and read in lines of light, traced on the blue serene, the unfailing promise—“God will provide.”

What wonder, then, that, thus affected by the circumstances around him, Isaac should go out in the field to *meditate* at eventide—that forsaking the busy tents of “Beer-sheba,” and the thronged “well of La-hai-roi,” he should come out of the fertile and populous “south country,” and wander in the lone and unfrequented field. What other season could he have chosen more suitable to commemorate the virtues of a beloved mother—what scene so likely to recall that *voice*, which “shielded his infant innocence with prayer”—that *lip* which bore a balm for every wound, a charm for every tear—that *eye* from which affection beamed so tenderly, and which never closed upon his

wants, till closed in death's long, dreamless sleep. These were reflections which the scene and the season would naturally introduce, and beneath which—though pained and wounded—the heart, as odours crushed become more fragrant, sends forth a sweeter and more welcome sacrifice of faith, and love, and gratitude.

Each period of the day, like every season of the year, has its peculiar pleasures and appropriate duties. In the *morning*, refreshed with sleep, we rise up hale and vigorous, to begin again the still repeated journey of the day—this is the period of enterprise. Analogous to the youthful season of our lives, and the vernal season of the year, it is the time when all those preparations are to be made which may ensure prosperity to our undertakings, and success to their conclusion—this affords no opportunity for *reflection*. What the morning had planned, the *day* is to execute—with the high glow of *noon* the work too glows—at this season, all thoughts, save of the work begun, would be intrusive—the harvest of the year and the manhood of life, alike strain every nerve, and call forth each exertion to improve the ripening sunshine and the lengthened day—this should be the season of unceasing and uninterrupted activity. But when the shades fall, darkly from the mountains, and *evening* “clad in sober gray” steals slowly on; the peasant quits his spade; the weary woodman homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes, whistles across the lea; and even the Preacher, rising from his desk, throws down his jaded pen, and lifts his ancient spectacles, to spend, in silent thoughtfulness, dim twilight's shadowy hour—this is the season of musing meditation—the haleyon hour when memory breathes her most refreshing fragrance and fancy soars on least erratic wing—when the rough waves of youthful and tumultuous passion are sunk to rest, and the whole wide ocean heaves but one high, uninterrupted swell:

“How sweet to me the hour when daylight dies
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee;
And as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.”

While in the example of Isaac we behold a beautiful specimen of ancient simplicity and filial sorrow, we may also draw from it instruction useful at the present, and applicable to every circumstance. In the hour of anxiety and affliction, when the strongest ties are broken, and the dearest friends fail—when all seems lost and hopeless, let none sit down in unavailing anguish, nor turn, in madness, to the mantling and oblivious poison of the soul-destroying cup. Let them walk out like Isaac—and meditating like him on the power and goodness manifested in all the works of God, and on his numberless mercies granted aforetime, to their wants, like him, they will return home “comforted” after their affliction.

The few words that follow here, from an article signed Hermit, in the Ladies' Literary Cabinet for January 1820, witness

the dignity and high position, in which he always placed women; and are almost prophetic of the devotion of his life, to the development and consecration of their powers. They were called forth, by a saying of a fashionable lady, "I cannot bear to see a gentleman blush; for it is confirmation strong to me of a plentiful lack of brains;" and the heading of the article is—"this comes of *modesty in a man*! The ladies, to give them their due, are getting rid of it as fast as they can, to set the other sex a better example;" and he writes:

To a superiority gained by deeds of prowess, and yielded only to greater skill, or greater force, the submission will be compulsory and unwilling. But the *ascendency of women*—it is the trophy of her weakness,—the tribute to her charms; a concession yielded to her very helplessness, which all the strength of all the world could not have compelled. Where then the hand so rude as to exert itself, against the mild entreaty of a woman's eye? Or where the tongue which would contend against the "silence of pure innocence"—that "prone and speechless dialect"—which man—while he be *man*—cannot withstand?

Still vain and inefficient though it be, one who duly appreciates the force of female influence; who, looking back through the lengthening vista of departed years, beholds what it has done, and forward to ages yet unchronicled, sees what it might do, and what without it must be left undone—such an one would be unfaithful to his dearest interests and holiest obligations, did he not record his feeble, perhaps unheeded censure. We cannot see without the deepest regret, those charms which should have been the guerdon of valour, and the reward of worth, polluted by the stupid gaze of the coward and the fop—that lip which should teach the lisping infant how to pray, and soothe the sorrows of age, and sickness, and poverty, sanctioning that immodesty, which it might have awed into nothingness, and giving license to that licentiousness which it alone can arrest—perversions like these, we cannot witness without severe regret and decided disapprobation. And yet, of perversions like these—shocking as to her more serious moments it may be—is she guilty, who by branding modesty as dullness, and "goodly shame-facedness," as stupidity, derides men into vice, and satirizes them into indelicacy.

Beside this, he wrote, I believe, for several of the Reviews, and was elected a member, in 1817, of a Debating Society, called "the Greenwich Club," and in 1824, of the New York Literary and Philosophical Society. In this year, he published a volume of poems "chiefly devotional, with Translations and Imitations." Almost, as they were, they will be printed with this memoir. He had found a key, which Neale and others since, have turned so musically in the rusted lock, to the treasures of the old Latin hymns, as well as to the beauties of classic song. The volume was very cordially received. Bishop

Hobart, to whom it was dedicated, thought so well of it, as to propose, when in England, an edition of it there, and Dr. Jarvis wrote of it from Boston, "accept my thanks, my dear and Rev. Sir, for your interesting volume of *Songs by the Way*. I have read it with very great pleasure, not only for its poetical merit, of which it has a great deal, but more especially for the spirit of devotion which it breathes. I hope very soon to have the pleasure of seeing you, but I would not delay the expression of my feeling towards one whom I shall ever be pleased to remember as my pupil, and whom I am always happy to number among my friends." The preface to the volume was in these words :

The Courteous Reader is respectfully reminded, that if, in the volume before him, but little has been performed, so very little was promised in the Title-page, that his reasonable disappointment cannot be great.

To their Author, its Contents have most literally been, "*SONGS BY THE WAY*;" "loose numbers," framed in the interval of an arduous avocation, and of severe study.

It is deemed sufficient, without resorting to any of those ingenious pleas, which from time immemorial, have brought the sins of unwilling authors, upon the heads of kind and importunate friends, simply to state, that though some parts of the volume were written several years ago, and all of it, at periods more or less remote from the present date, no idea of its publication was entertained, until within a very short time before it was put to press.

The Author has now only to express his hope, that his Readers may derive from its perusal, some share of that solace, which its occasional composition has afforded him, and that they may feel as he has felt—and especially when his song has been of "merey and judgment ;"

Cantantes—minus via lædet :

The rugged way seems smoother, while we sing.

His own title is retained, in the present collection of his works, as best descriptive of their character. "How gracefully" * one writes from Jerusalem, unconsciously on the day on which notice of his first Presentment came to Riverside; "does the Bishop chant that most mournful of all lays, † the requiem of a friend and brother ! Let no enemy of the Bishop of New Jersey count upon breaking his heart and energy, while the Bishop strides along the rugged mountain road, of his own choosing, singing so lustily, yet so sweetly. A man, who can look up to Heaven, so trustingly, with one of the best of his few fast friends lying dead before his eyes, has enough heart left, after all that an ungrateful world has eaten out, to face and floor the sturdiest of his adversaries."

* The Rt. Rev. Dr. Odenheimer.

† At the death of the Rev. Dr. Croswell.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN HARTFORD AND BOSTON—DR. CROSWELL—CHURCH PRESS—MISSIONS.

ALL my Father's life in New York, was of the most attractive kind. His natural social qualities had a most charming field, for their cultivation and enjoyment. His own home, full of all home joys, was the intimate resort of the Bishop and the Clergy of the city, and in their houses, he was not so much a welcome guest, as one of the home circle. His mind was fully engaged, and his love and necessity for work found full and ample scope. Retired always to some degree, he had given up, toward the latter part of his New York life, the excessive closeness of application, from which, he gave himself at first the title of the Hermit. And there were many most endearing and enduring ties formed here, that were not ever parted, but whose drawing out to their long distance, cost him no inconsiderable effort. I know no better evidence of his feeling, in the two points of religious sympathy and social affection, than a letter written, Dec. 1825, to Bishop Hobart, after he had reached Hartford; and some verses, to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, which bear date Jan. 1825.

You are doubtless apprised, long ere this, of my removal from your Diocese, and of the circumstances of it. That such a separation, however expedient, could not be made without deep regret, none who know my respect and attachment for you—and least of all I trust yourself—can for a moment doubt. I am consoled however, by the consideration that the distance is but small—that an Episcopal College is an object of common, rather than of diocesan interest—and most of all, by the conviction, that the institution, with which I am connected will prove, by God's grace, a powerful auxiliary, in the promotion of that cause for which you have laboured, and which, above every other, you love—the “magnificent and awful cause” of the Church of the living God. For this conviction, you will ask no better warrant, than is afforded by the fact, that within a few days a pamphlet, (“*telum imbellis sine ictu*,”) has been levelled at us, (supposed from Yale College) in which it is set down as a leading charge, that Washington College was organized as

an especial institution for the extension of the Episcopal Church. From "paper bullets of the brain," like this pamphlet, neither the College, nor "the Church" need fear any damage. On the contrary, their common good will, in this instance, be promoted, by their being presented in clear and close connection.

And he writes to E. J. W. ;

In many a fair and festive hour,
 Around that hearth of thine,
 Glad eyes and hearts have beam'd and beat,
 In days o' lang syne :
 In auld lang syne, my dear,
 In auld lang syne ;
 Oh ! where's the thought that warms the soul,
 Like auld lang syne.

Such eyes and hearts are there to-night,
 And gladly would we join ;
 But ah, for us, those happy hours
 Are hours o' lang syne.

Yet tho' we're parted far awa',
 In fancy, oft we're thine ;
 An' mingling wi' the friends we met,
 In scenes o' lang syne.

In vain, when friends are gather'd round,
 The smile, the song, the wine ;
 Our wand'ring thoughts are far awa',
 Wi' those o' lang syne.

An' when the cup is crown'd, that brings
 The far awa, 'to min',
 It tells of them, the cherish'd few,
 An' friends o' lang syne.

For *him* who's wand'ring now alone,
 Ayont the foaming brine ;
 Oh ! soon may health and home be his,
 The Friend o' lang syne.

For *her*, the tried and trusty friend,
 Unchang'd through storm and shine,
 May ev'ry year bring added joys,
 To those o' lang syne.

For *all* that meet, this happy night,
 Around that hearth of thine,
 And all they love, be peace and joy,
 For days o' lang syne.

 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne ;
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

He left New York, for Hartford, in A. D. 1824. His love of teaching had led him to seek a Professorship, where he could add intellectual, to spiritual work. And such an offer as this, where they were combined, and his teaching consecrated to the service of the Church, was in many ways welcome. The invitation to go there, came from Dr. Brownell, who was just beginning Washington College, of which he was the Founder and first President. They had been together in Union College, and the Dr. felt, as he writes at the time, that he had secured for the young and struggling Institution, a most important prize. Really, the College owes its existence to them. He took hold at once, not only of the work of his own department, that of Belles-Lettres, but of the whole working system of the College. His appointment as Bursar, laid much detail of financial labour upon him. He was much interested in the formation of the Historical Society of the State, being one of the incorporators. And I find some record of interest and aid given to the students, in the organization of a College Society, called the Athenæum.

The young gentlemen, members of the *Washington College Athenæum*, are requested to accept the offices, which they so politely acknowledge, as a small token of the affectionate regard of their Instructor, and as a pledge of his continued devotion to their best interests. The best return which they can make, will consist in their hearty co-operation in whatever measures may be adopted, for the promotion of their honour and happiness. It is the reflection of these, that will constitute the honour and happiness of those, to whom the anxious and momentous charge of their education, literary, moral, and religious, has been entrusted.

The organization of the *Athenæum* is regarded by the Faculty as an earnest on the part of the students, of their increasing ardour in the pursuit of letters, and in the practice of virtue; and of their determination, to persist in diligent study and prompt compliance with every requisition of duty, as the only means of securing the objects of their honourable ambition :

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
 Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit;
 Abstulit &c.

In the spring of 1825, under a letter from Bishop Brownell, he went through the Southern and Middle States, securing subscriptions for the Library of the College, with considerable success. And during his residence in College, he was an active and earnest Missionary, to many points near Hartford, Warehouse Point in particular, where flourishing Parishes now bear witness, to the faithfulness with which he sowed the Seed. Many are the records of unfailing punctuality; of endurance of cold and weariness; of real Missionary hardships, which this period of his life has written down. Always an unwilling

driver, he slept, when any one would drive him. And he has told me of a service once, when the rain kept all away but himself, and that he drummed up his congregation, after he reached the station ; of many a service in cold weather, without a fire ; and of real pioneer work, in places, where neither the Gospel nor the Church, had ever been before. Nor was this the sum of his labours. I may date, from my Father's residence in Hartford, as in New York, two marked events of his life ; both of which mingled with it, for years and years ; his connection with the Church Press ; and his intimacy with Dr. Croswell. The latter is a bright green spot, in all the desert of his life, a golden glow, that gladdened every thing, till it went out, in Croswell's death eight years ago. They were two great hearts, that came together, that grew into each other. The love of each, was wonderful ; the mere capacity, I mean, for loving, and the love of being loved. And when they loved each other, it was passing the love of women : the great strong-hearted sympathy of kindred souls, whose drops of thought, and waves of feeling, made a great, deep, glorious sea.

Their acquaintance began in 1826, and was brought about by this other interest, which was so prominent in my Father's life, the publication of a Church paper. About two years, after he removed to Hartford, with the approval and aid of the President and Faculty of the College, desirous of making it in every way a centre of Church influence, he determined upon the establishment of a Church Paper, to be called the Episcopal Watchman. Himself the Editor, he was unable to give the care and minute attention, which such a work requires, and William Croswell came to be associated with him. "Man has never been in closer bonds with man, than he with me, for five-and-twenty years. Our intercourse was intimate at once, and we never had a feeling, or a thought, to part us." They were each other's antipodes, in most external things : my Father vehement, impulsive, quick ; his thoughts upon his lips, as soon as they were in his mind : and he, who will not remember him, his very presence and silence soothing like precious balm, cautious, quiet, careful, controlled. They who knew them, called them Peter and John. Their effect, upon one another, was most admirable. The spur and the curb rein, which the two supplied, gave speed and steadiness, to every thing they undertook together. I have heard often, of their sitting together at table, and my Father's stopping, in the midst of one of his earnest tides of words, "Croswell, what do you want ? I shall say my say ;" the fact being, that a gentle pressure of a foot, under the table, sought to restrain what, his friend feared, might seem vehement to others. How my Father, never losing courage, gained control ; how his friend, never losing

quietness, gained boldness, the latter years of their lives will tell ; for though the stream parted in seeming, before they either reached the sea, the perfect mingling of the waters, at midlife, had given each, the savour of the other. In heart and soul, they were very much alike. With an equal spiritual appreciation of the Church, in her faith, and all its glorious symbols and expressions ; with an equal instinct, to see and to feel all that was beautiful, to ear and eye ; with real poetic fire, ever living on each heart-altar, both consecrated to the service of God ; with a deep, pure well of genial, kindly, social humour, in the nature of each ; and with intellectual tastes, alike refined and cultivated ; what wonder, that when God cast their lines of life together, they walked hand-in-hand, and heart-to-heart, singing the weariness of the journey, half away, and stopping, for the same way-side flowers, and at the same way-side streams, for the refreshment and enjoyment, which each craved alike. Their association in the Editorship of the *Watchman*, was just the relation, to develop and satisfy such an intimacy. And when my Father went to Trinity Church, Boston, the unhelped and lonely labour drew heavily, on the mind and heart of Dr. Croswell. An effort was made at once, on my Father's part, to get him near him, which was successful ; and in the year, in which Croswell was ordained, having discontinued his connection with the paper, he went to Boston, first as Assistant, and then as Rector of Christ Church. His coming was announced, and for some time, he was known, as " Mr. Doane's friend." And the years in Boston were years of closest, happiest intercourse. He lived in my Father's house. And though their fields of labour were different, the song of each at work, cheered the other's heart. Their ecclesiastical position in Boston, was of course painful ; though their earnest labour and intellectual power gave them a commanding influence. In this, the reaction of the two dispositions upon each other, was most useful ; the continued lesson " to labour and to wait " being wrought out of them ; the daring of the one, to do, and the patience of the other, to bear, rounding the character, and completing the capacity of each. It seems, as though, from the deep well of Croswell's soul, my Father was the first, to draw to light, the living streams of poetry and humour and power, that lay hidden in the retiring pureness of his modesty. While the full power of my Father's mind, and the graceful, foaming beauty of his thoughts, showed often most beautifully, when their waves broke against the great rock of Croswell's steadiness, and curled the pure crests of their love, about him. From 1826 to 1852, their love was undiminished. Since then, and now, who can tell the depth of its increase. From the beginning of their intimacy, Croswell was first and nearest to him, in every great event of his life ; at

his marriage, at the baptism of his two sons, in the persecutions and troubles of his last year in Boston, and at his consecration, they were side by side. They were again associated, in Boston, in the editorship of the *Banner of the Church*. And when he came to New Jersey, almost his first thought was to get Croswell nearer to him, as the Editor of the *New York Churchman*. This could not be. And in their letters, I find constant hopes and efforts, to get him from Boston, somewhere in his own Diocese. But this all failed. The long, loving days of close communion, came never again, on earth. From time to time, their mutual cares made way, for short and seldom meetings. There were visits at home. Now and then, they met at some Missionary gathering. We were all, for one day, at the Parsonage in Auburn. And then, a few days' travel came, through places full of every interest to them together. But these few moments, had in them a concentration of delight; and love was crowded into the short pages, of their constant letters. So that to the end, there was never one, to take the other's place, to either of them. When the news came, that Croswell's weariness had rest, a stillness came upon his heart, like the falling of a cloud, that shuts out some beautiful vision, from sight. And life's love had new tenderness from that time forth, in the consecration of death. The rod smote his heart, till the river ran, in the dry places of his sorrow. The "*suspirium, de Gulielmo meo mortuo*,"

"Alas, how life divides itself;
The left, and the departed:
Like funeral files, in double row;
The dead, the broken-hearted;"

and the exquisite verses, on "William Croswell, Poet, Pastor, Priest," were the garlands, that he hung upon the shrine, in his own heart, where his beloved memory was embalmed. And after that, to write a verse with "my Croswell's pencil" (with which all these words are written); to stand in his place, and open with the people of his love, his own loving heart, in the beautiful memorial sermon; to weep with his venerable Father, by his sacred tomb; to gather, and keep among his treasures, what is now dry and withered grass, which he has labelled "from Croswell's grave;" and to have, everywhere and always with him, what we took from the pocket of the coat, that he wore last, a silver curl of Croswell's hair; these were all; and how much they were, till all the blessed past could be given back, fulfilled, perfected, made eternal, in the communion of Paradise. I never saw such love from man to man; rarely from woman, to man. And never knew till now, how Jonathan's love for David, could pass the love of women. From some of Croswell's letters, which I find labelled, and put away,

with greatest care, I may let out, in part, the fragrance of that love, upon these pages. The news of the birth of my Father's children went almost first to him, and he wrote, on one of these birthdays, a sonnet to the "Childe William," the manuscript of which my Father's love preserved for me, and such a genial, loving note, as this :

"St. George for ever,

"Dear Brother.

"Many a time I have had cause to rejoice when you rejoiced. May it be long before we have * occasion to weep together. The friend of the bridegroom which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's prosperity. This my joy therefore is fulfilled. My heart goes with you to the extent of its sympathy. God be praised for all His mercies. We will confer about the young hero's name. It must be something *martial* of course.

"MARCH 2nd, 1832."

In the same year, when the preparations for leaving Boston were nearly completed, he writes to him :

"Dearly Beloved,

"I received your first apostolic and most affectionate Epistle on Saturday, and being the earliest intelligence of you which had reached town, I read it to the few saints that are in Sardis. We greeted it one and all as a token for good. It cheers us to find that you had, as Johnson says, a conceit left you in † your misery, and not a miserable conceit either—that you could smile even through your tears, and rejoice in tribulations, and though cast down were not and could not be destroyed. I could liken your pleasantry, to nothing but that of some of our glorious English Martyrs, when they were going to the stake, to the 'awful mirth' of the 100th Psalm, to the song which the cygnets sing in their awful agony. We had a pleasant time at L. last Tuesday. We dined together after service and the dinner was excellent. But we missed you sadly, and I was glad to find they were all aware of it. There was nobody to stir up their pure minds and give vivacity to our meeting. It was more like that of the Israelites, when they sat down by the waters of Babylon, strangers in a strange land."

* When this deep unfailing fountain of sympathy was sealed up, my Father turned back for comfort, twenty years, to the memory of this, writing so :

"Beside me, in life's highest noon, to hear the bridegroom's voice,

Thy loving nature fondly stood, contented to rejoice ;

Nor boon, that ever bounteous Heaven bestowed on me or mine

But bore for thee a keener joy, than if it had been thine."

† This was a period of most intense anguish. The records of it, in a private journal, are of almost inconceivable bitterness, and yet borne up, even in that solitary outpouring, by faith and prayer and God's remembered mercies.

Returning to Boston, after a brief renewal of their intercourse in New York, he writes in 1833, "I hope by this time you are completely fixed in your new quarters, though a long period must elapse before you will be able to make it seem like home. You will not I know, however, shrink from your portion; but know how to be abased and how to abound. I would fain have a good report from your Land of promise, when I return to the wilderness, for a wasting place it will indeed be to me when I get back again. My heart is hardly less unfixed and unsettled by this removal than your own. But I trust both are weaning more from this world, though not from each other, and that having here no continuing city, we may meet in joy in that which is to come. He that now goeth on his way weeping, may he then have a multitude of sheaves to bring with him." A month later he writes, "I rejoiced to hear, before I received your letter, of the great advantage to which you were appearing in the great Missionary Councils of the Church as well as in your own delightful Diocese. Not only did you convert — but even our brother from L., with whom I was doomed to pass through the Sound, spoke so fawningly that I could almost have told him 'timeo Danaos dona ferentes.' I shall look with interest for the proceedings of the Convention, and am quite sure that a certain primary charge and address will produce a great and salutary sensation. Let me hear from you often, for the enquiries which are daily put to me are numberless and made with the deepest interest."

Again he writes, "Well beloved" * * * "were I to 'sing a song to my well beloved touching his vineyard,' I should not want better materials than are contained in your last. That you should come back from your first Council at Camden with something of a glow on your spirit, is not strange, nor that the brotherhood who came in contact with you there should also feel their hearts burn unwontedly within them, surprises not me, but that the ruddy reflection should reach across the river, light up the towers of the Church in Philadelphia, kindle a flame of brotherly love in the hearts of the priest and levite 'on the other side,' to be thrown back by the columns of the Episcopal Recorder, these are delightful testimonies that the gainsayers will not long be able to resist "the power with which he spake." O, Timothy keep the things committed to thee according to this beginning, and though all our heads were as hoary as Dr. Wharton's, no man shall despise thy youth who desires to keep himself undespised. Your labours in the Word and Doctrine cannot long be unappreciated."

From the same letter, I quote the following as showing singularly, the influence which I have spoken of, of control and quietness. My Father had been elected a member of the Bible

Society, without consultation or conference. There were few then, thank God there are many now, to beard this wolf in lion's skin. Dr. Croswell in a very straight forward letter, declined any connection with the Boston branch of it; on the self-evident ground of most ordinary consistency, that the Church as the keeper of the Word, could not demean herself to mere human organizations which usurped her office, while they denied her divine authority. And my Father, who had not the opportunity of declining before, desired to disavow any favour and approval of the institution. So he wrote to Boston, and this was the reply; wise perhaps; but not convincing enough to restrain him from many a telling thrust, whenever occasion offered. It was not in truth enough of a Goliath, for David to go out and challenge; but when like the lion and bear, it came near his Father's flock, he rose up against it and delivered His sheep. And he rejoiced, when it had grown to giant proportions in wealth and boastfulness and number, at the brave and skilful hand * that made it as the lion and bear. "If you ask my opinion," Dr. Croswell writes, "whether you shall enter the lists against the Bible Society, as you love the Church and me and yourself and yours, hold for the present. Wait till you are fairly in your seat, till your character is better understood. When we have an institution of our own, the views we entertain can be enforced with a much better grace and with a prospect of success; but as yet when we have no substitute to recommend, and there is division even among our highest authorities on the subject, the less that is said about it the better. In the mean time the use of your name will not do much additional harm, and I would for a time suffer it to pass sub silentio."

Writing of my Father's primary charge, in June 1833, he says, "As for your charge it is like that of the heroes of antiquity in full armour and quite irresistible. May it break down, being mighty, many of the strongholds of sin, Satan, and death. You will not care what I think of it, but hear the old man, my Father. 'I received the primary charge last night, and devoured it at once. Truly Hobart has come again.' There is no better compliment than to see one half of a newspaper covered with it, and more promised anon."

Again he writes, "My dearest friend—The blessed Apostle could not have been more solicitous to know, 'where was the wise, where was the scribe,' than your humble correspondent in these days of dearth, in which you are trying his faith and love. Do not forsake me utterly. In the midst of a generation as crooked † as the ways of their own streets, and perverse as

* The Rev. Dr. Cox; "Apology for the Common English Bible."

† It must be remembered, that these letters were in the days when the Church

their pilgrim fathers, God forgive me if I find myself sometimes sighing for deliverance. I am quite without companionship, and feel it hard to reconcile myself to the providence, by which one is taken and the other left. The Psalmist knew all about it, when he had become like a pelican in the wilderness and like an owl that is in the desert, when he had watched and was even as it were a sparrow that sitteth alone upon the house top. * * If you knew the daily expectations with which I have gone to the office, for the last fortnight, and the daily disappointment with which I have turned away, you would drop me some token for good, from your land of abundant promise ; you would I am sure give me something ‘ in the shape of a man’s hand,’ to refresh me, in the midst of this barren and dry land, where no water is.

My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ;
Ah tell me, I yet have a friend,
Though a friend, I am never to see.

* * I regret that I did not know of your invitation to be in Hartford, as I should have made shift to get to you at some rate or other. The summons of Paul to the elders of Ephesus to meet him at Miletus * * would hardly have moved me more mightily. * * I trust we shall meet soon, here or in your Diocese, some sweet, however short foretaste of a blessed meeting hereafter.” Then after some details of Church news he writes, “ I shall not have room for my verses, if I go on at this rate, so stand aside, matters of fact, and make room for the muses.

I miss thee at the morning tide,
The glorious hour of Prime ;
I miss thee when the day has died,
At blessed evening time ;
As pass the weary hours away,
Still art thou unforget ;
Sleeping or waking, night and day,
When do I miss thee not ?
I miss thee, at thy once thronged door,
Where every favourite room
Thy presence made so bright before,
Is loneliness and gloom.
Each place where most we loved to be,
Thy home, thy House of Prayer,
Seem yearning for thy company :
I miss thee, everywhere.

Mrs. B * * * * and a host of good people send their best love to you. You are our theme in the house, and by the way, and we sigh together for the days that are past. My harp you

struggled, with the timidity which more than half concealed her catholicity, as well as, against the inherited tyranny of the “ consciences,” with which the children of the Puritans worshipped their grandfathers.

perceive might as well be on the willows, as singing such songs as this."

Passing over a long interval of occasional visits and frequent communications, he writes so pleasant a letter, in April 1839, from New Haven, that I must transcribe part of it, for the evidence of the free and loving familiarity, which time and distance have not chilled. Its reference to the character of the Diocesan Conventions, is instructive too. They were always attractive. Their dignity and propriety in times of peace, and when war came, the courage of their leader and the faithful and united rallying of his soldiers, made them always attractive to the members and to visitors.

"May it please your Grace,

I did not intend to return to Boston without paying my respects to your Grace at Holy Rood; but news is all abroad that you are making a stir in the back settlements of *Maryland, and that you will pass at once, to the Southern visitation of New Jersey. Dr. Wainwright proposed to accompany me to Riverside. * * I have advised him, if he would see the Church and State in all their united glory, to attend your Convention and take lessons against the time when he may be required to preside, with like dignity and consistency, in a similar body. As long as a love of Zion conspires with the attractions of the vernal season, and your own proverbial hospitality, to make Burlington so interesting, your Convention can never fail to be frequented by visitors from without, both far and near. The Convention of two years since is one of the greenest spots in my remembrance, amid the dusty deserts of our ecclesiastical annals. * * I would to God that I were a minister somewhere near your Grace's court, for I think I might be humbly instrumental in doing the Church some better service, than I can here. * * Write to me at Boston and believe me to the last gasp,

Yours faithfully,

W. CROSWELL."†

He hastened to Riverside, in November 1834, when his friend was first stricken by a very severe illness; and his welcome presence inspired the following sonnet from my Father:

PERENNIS ET FRAGRANS.

William, my brother and my bosom friend!
For thrice ten years the sun, this blessed day,
Has lighted thee along life's checkered way,

* My Father at this time had charge of this then vacant Diocese. He made friends there that were his, through all events, till death. The published correspondence will testify to his pleasure in his Maryland work, and to their cordial appreciation of his labours.

† *My Father's part of this correspondence will be found among his letters.*

Serene and placid towards thy journey's end.
 One third the distance we have trod together,
 Hand grasping hand, and heart enclosed in heart,
 Each of the other's life, breath, being, part,
 Breasting, as one, time's rough and rugged weather.
 Poet and Priest, as in thy face I look,
 So full of thought, so tranquil, so benign,
 With pride of soul to hail thee friend of mine,
 I greet thee with the legend of this * book :—
 "Fragrant and lasting," be thy memory here,
 And then a fadeless crown through Heaven's immortal year !

G. W. D.

Later letters there are, but as every thing changed about each of them, there were fewer subjects in common. When they did write or meet, there was the same cordial and natural intimacy. And of the many griefs that mingled in his cup of life, few were more bitter than the death of Dr. Croswell. His own words at the time, his beautiful verses, and his notice of him in Dr. Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit*, are the most beautiful veil that could be drawn, over this portion of his life.

It was in 1826 that our intimate relations commenced ; and man has never been in closer bonds with man, than he with me, for five-and-twenty years. A letter from him to a mutual friend, the witness and the sharer of our earliest years of happiness, brings down the token of his unreserving confidence and perfect love, within the latest fortnight of his life. I do not hesitate to speak thus personally, because your invitation to me, to preach here, is predicated mainly on these intimate relations ; and, only for their dear sake, could I have left my duties to be with you.

He came to Hartford, where I was then Professor in Washington (now Trinity) College, at Bishop Brownell's instance, to be associated with me in the direction of the *Episcopal Watchman*. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, our earliest meeting at a hearth as bright and blessed as was ever kindled by the glow of Christian hospitality ; and never was a happier circle gathered than met there, almost nightly, for years. Our intercourse was intimate at once, and we had never a feeling or a thought to part us. His poetical contributions to the *Episcopal Watchman* were numerous, in addition to his invaluable services as editor ; and they won for him, a high and honourable place among the very few, to whom the name of Poet can be given. Every thing that he ever wrote in verse was strictly occasional. It was so much of his heart-life set to music. He lived it, every line. And it was all inspired at the hearth-side, or at the altar-foot. It was domestic often, always sacred. He fulfilled, in every verse, that beautiful suggestion of the sky-lark to the mind of Wordsworth,—

Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
 True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

* Coleridge's poems.

In that incomparable modesty, which set off, in its mild, opal light, his virtues and his graces, he thought very poorly of these admirable productions, and has half suggested the idea, that they remain fugitive. But this must not be suffered. They are part and parcel of his nature, and of his office. As he lived them, so he preaches in them, and will, while the Gospel shall be preached.

I had come to Boston in 1828, and in 1829 he came here,* to Christ Church, as successor to the Rev. Dr. Eaton; who, spared in providential love to wend his patriarchal way among the children's children of his first parishioners, was strangely called to commend the parting spirit of his son and brother in the faith and ministry of Christ, into the hands of Him who gave it. He was ordained a Priest, and instituted Rector of Christ Church, on Saint John Baptist's Day, 1829, by the venerable Bishop Griswold. How he loved the very dust that generations had gathered upon that sacred edifice; how faithfully he did his Master's work there, for eleven years; how much he attached to him the affectionate confidence of his parishioners; how many feet he gathered within the fold; how many souls he knit into the faith of Jesus Christ, there are those here, who know and can bear witness. He was emphatically "a man of loves." His heart was large enough to take in all the world. His generosity was unbounded. When he first heard of the undertaking to relieve the Institutions of the Church, at Burlington, from their indebtedness, and to secure their perpetuity, he walked the floor for very nervousness of joy, and said that he had never so desired a private fortune, that he might give it all.

If he excelled in any one relation, after his service to Christ's poor, it was in all the acts and offices of friendship. He was a perfect friend. So delicate, so thoughtful, so candid, so loving, so constant. "More than my brother," for a quarter of a century, I dare not trust myself to speak of what he was to me; of what I know I was to him. I never heard words spoken with sincerer pleasure, than when, the other day, his old heroic father—who might well declare with aged Ormond, that "he would not exchange his dead son, for any living son, in Christendom"—said to the coachman who had driven us out to weep together by his grave, 'This is the Bishop of New Jersey; the best friend that my son ever had, on earth.' I would not covet for my child a richer earthly treasure, or a higher human praise, than to be William Crosswell's best and dearest friend."

Of this sermon and the subject of it, he spoke to his Convention in such words as these:

On Sunday, Dec. 7, (Second in Advent) in the Church of the Advent, in the city of Boston, at the request of the Wardens and Vestry, I preached a sermon, commemorative of the late Rector, the Rev. William Crosswell, D. D. As the sermon has been published, I need

* A mutual friend, who knew him thoroughly and loved him even more, reminds me that my first remark after being established here, was, "*Now we must have Crosswell!*" On his first appearance in Christ Church, another of the three who were to me as Noah, Daniel, and Job, said to him, "*How do you like Mr. Doane's friend?*" "Ah," was his prompt reply, "*he looks as amiable as Dr. Watts!*"

not dwell upon his beautiful and blessed memory. He was the closest friend I ever had ; and half my life went, with him, to the grave. In all the relations of a man, and all the offices of the ministry, he was most exemplary in excellence ; but, in that, which is most Christ-like, the preaching of the Gospel, to the poor, he could not be excelled. They wept, by hundreds, at his bier ; and hold the remembrance of him, in their heart of hearts, as of a ministering angel.

Of my Father's labours, in connection with the Church newspapers, much must be said, or very little. I must rather choose the latter. He had given a Churchly tone to the Villager, as we have seen. But the full application of his principles to this sort of work began in Hartford, with the Episcopal Watchman. Though not the first Church newspaper, it was among the most fearless and the truest to its principles ; which were then by no means the prevailing views, either in the Diocese of its publication, or in the country generally. It was undertaken in March (26) 1827, on the suspension of the "Churchman's Magazine," and the "Gospel Advocate," to disseminate "pure and undefiled religion," in "what is believed to be the scriptural and most effectual way," "the elucidation and defence of the doctrines, discipline and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." The straightforward, honest avowal of this unpopular truth, "the perfectness of the Gospel *only* in the Church ;" pervades the whole publication. Its statement in the opening Address of the Editors, my Father and the Rev. Dr. Croswell, is the one melody, on which all the varied harmonies were played, in Editorials, Reviews, verses, and communications. I give but part of it.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ, then, is our standard ; and its great truths ; the fall and corruption of our nature, alienating us from God, and incapacitating us for serving Him acceptably ; the mediation, sacrifice, and intercession of His Son Jesus Christ, reconciling us to His favour, by procuring the pardon of our sins, calling us *from the darkness of this world into His marvellous light*, and enabling us, by the assistances of the Divine Spirit, thus obtained for us, to *walk as children of light* ; the necessity of true repentance, lively faith, and sincere obedience, to secure the blessings of that salvation which Christ has effected for His Church, and assured to all, who, united to it in its appointed ordinances by a living faith, shall *walk before him in righteousness and true holiness*,—are, in our interpretation of it, the leading principles of that plan of salvation which it unfolds ; and to disseminate them more widely, and so to inculcate them upon the heart, that, by the blessing of Him, *who giveth the increase*, they may become active and dominant in the life, are the results to which our labours aspire.

Taught by the Word of God, thus to look to *Jesus Christ* as the *Author*, and, by the "preventing" and assisting graces of His Holy Spirit, the *Finisher of our faith*, we also learn, from the same inspired

source, to recognize, in that *Church which He purchased with His blood*, the only authoritative channel of His saving grace—the one, sufficient fold of covenanted salvation.

Unfashionable, and perhaps inexpedient, as it may be deemed to speak thus plainly on a subject, so much, and so warmly, controverted, we venture to express our conviction that the Church in which we worship—ours, as the rich inheritance of our fathers, ours, by the obligations and privileges of our infancy, ours by the deliberate and unwavering preference of our manhood,—is, whatever others may be, a sound member of that Holy Catholic Church of which Jesus Christ is the head, from whom, *all the body, by joints and bands, having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God*. The elucidation and defence, therefore, of the doctrines, discipline and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church,—its divinely instituted ministry, existing from the Apostles' time in three orders, with the power of ordination exclusively in the first; its blessed sacraments opening the kingdom of heaven, and conveying the means of grace, to the devout and faithful recipient; its primitive and apostolical rites and usages; its liturgy, simple, comprehensive, fervent, and almost inspired; and its government (at least as it is constituted in this country) judicious, wholesome, and equitable;—will be, as in our judgment the scriptural and most efficient mode of promoting the salvation of souls, the subject of our constant efforts. We are well aware that against the expression of such sentiments as these, the charge of illiberality and bigotry is habitually advanced; and that the plain and candid utterance of our deliberate and conscientious belief on this important subject, will, by some be construed as a condemnation of the equally deliberate and conscientious belief of others. In regard to the former we content ourselves with the consolation that railing is not always argument. In reply to the latter, we ask, is truth never to be advanced, lest its adversaries should be shown to be in error? To a sentiment so unworthy of that *liberty, with which Christ has made us free*, we never can subscribe. To follow truth, whithersoever it may lead us, shall be our aim and effort; and, so long as we refrain from *judging another man's servant*, knowing that to *his own master*, as we to ours, *he must stand or fall*; so long as we content ourselves with *giving, with meekness and fear, the reason of the hope that is in us*; impeaching no man's motives; calling in question no man's sincerity; reviling no man; condemning no man; who shall lay at our door the breach of Christian charity? who shall accuse us of doing injustice to *our brother* for whom Christ died?

Called, by the obligations of the sacred office which they bear, to “be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away from the Church, all erroneous and strange doctrines, contrary to God's word,” the Editors have engaged in this additional labour from a sincere desire to fulfil these solemn obligations, and to assist as far as in them lies, in establishing and extending the Redeemer's kingdom in the hearts and lives of men. To be co-workers with the Holy Spirit, in the renovation and sanctification of man's fallen nature, however humble our aid, is for us sufficient motive and adequate reward. Set

as watchmen unto the house of Israel, no labour, no vigilance, shall be spared to detect and resist the inroads of every enemy upon the city of our God, to warn the wicked from his transgressions, to bring back the feet of them that wander, to the old paths, to call upon all, to seek the good way and walk therein, that they may find rest for their souls. Remembering alway—and excited by the remembrance to unfeigned humility, and continued prayer—that we can do no good thing of ourselves—that our sufficiency is of God—and that except the Lord keep the city the WATCHMAN waketh but in vain.

And the notes are all gathered for the last full chord, in most harmonious melody, in the farewell address of the Editors, at the end of two years, in March 1829.

It is one of the advantages, by which we are reconciled even to the most painful of the “chances and changes of this mortal life,” that their tendency is to refer us to first principles—to lead us to retrace the path we have travelled, and gather from “old experience,” “something of prophetic strain,” for the avoidance of future errors, the surmounting of future obstacles, the securing of future advantages.—In the editorial introductory to our first volume, we declared the object of our enterprise to be, the dissemination of the truths and circulation of the precepts of the Gospel of Jesus Christ *in and by* the Church of Jesus Christ—and while we disclaimed from the heart any intention of condemning others, who, differing from us must answer, not to us, but to our Common Master, we pledged ourselves steadfastly, and with all sincerity and plainness, in the strength which God should give us, to pursue the course thus designated. We have never seen the slightest cause to regret this determination. We have never, we believe, departed from it. It has been our endeavour, plainly to declare and to urge upon our readers the great Christian verities, that man is by nature fallen and corrupt, and utterly incapable of reconciling himself to God, and of renewing himself unto holiness; that, for the former, he must rely wholly on the atoning merits of the Divine Saviour, Jesus Christ, made his, by faith; and that, for the latter, he must strive with humble penitence and sincere obedience, to follow the motions, and improve the helps, of that preventing and assisting grace which, in the gift of the Holy Spirit, Jesus has procured for us; and that all this is to be done in union with Him, through the divinely instituted ministry and sacraments of that *Church which He has purchased with His blood*, and to whom alone the covenanted promises of salvation are made. Such appears to us the true evangelic doctrine—and upon this foundation alone, *Jesus Christ and Him crucified*, the perfect Example, the divine Teacher, the complete Atoner, the procurer of the Holy Spirit, the *Head over all things to the Church which is His body*, can the fabric of Christianity be built up in perfect symmetry and beauty, and stand in solid and eternal strength. They who build in any other way, will, in the end, be found but “architects of ruin.” Take from Jesus his divinity, and from His death His atoning merits, and you build *on the sand*—and when the rain descends and the floods come and the winds blow, it will fall; and great will be the ruin of it.

Separate the Gospel from the Church—lay your platform, and erect your superstructure, not according to the perfect pattern which Christ, and the Apostles, who *knew the mind of Christ*, have left, but, in accordance with human *art and man's device*, and you build without cement—and when the overflowing shower comes, the wall, which one built, and the others *daubed with untempered mortar*, shall fall, and a stormy wind shall rend it. It is our happiness to know, that while we have been but the humble means of giving free course to truths which God's word reveals, they have, within the last two years, been more widely circulated, clearly understood, and confidently received—and it is no feeble testimony to the power of truth to state, that, while these great principles, which constitute us Christians and Churchmen, have been constantly urged by us, with the greatest *plainness of speech*, the circulation of our paper has continually increased, and its exhibitions of doctrine and of discipline have been received and regarded by those who cannot subscribe to them, as the convictions of honest men, acting from a sense of the most sacred duty, and *speaking the truth*, according to their own views of it, undisguisedly, and in *love*. We say not this as though we had done it of ourselves—for the seed that we have sown is *God's*, and *He* has watered, and *He* has given it increase—but, that we may put on record an example of what we consider the true Christian charity, and an encouragement to all who shall, hereafter, in any way, be *set for the defence of the Gospel*, that they may *speak boldly*, as they ought to speak.

And between these two articles, the line of teaching is uniform, consistent and fearless. There will be occasion more fully, in reviewing my Father's Episcopate, to notice his advanced views of the Church. But they are very prominent, in the tone and selection of the articles in the Watchman. He had learned them at Bishop Hobart's feet. And as his well-stored mind developed still further, the rich resources he acquired from him, he wrote, in deeper lines, and at fuller length, the great Catholic truths upon the standard, which he carried farther in to thicker fights, and raised higher in victory upon the walls of Sion. My Father's signatures were various, Old School, Evelyn, Crayon, Truth-teller, and a Son of the Church. The Editorials were, of course unsigned, but most of them were his, and he wrote most of the Reviews. But without any special appropriation, the whole tone of the paper is proof enough of the higher atmosphere of truth, in which it lived, nearer to Heaven; and of the pure fountains, in which their pens were dipped, the writings of the Fathers and founders of the Christian Church. In the first number, is begun a series of articles upon the Sundays and Holy Days of the Church, in a column entitled "the Ritualist." It is headed with Wordsworth's beautiful words,

———"the way before us lies

Distinct with signs, through which in fixed career

As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year

Of England's Church—stupendous mysteries";

and introduced with a statement of its design, which contains the following :

It is a felicity peculiar to the brethren of our communion, and which arises from the uniform and prescribed nature of the public services of the Church, that it is always in their power, to become previously acquainted with the full import of those services, and thus be enabled to engage in them "with the spirit and understanding also !" In order to meet the wants and wishes of such of our readers as would not ignorantly worship, it is proposed to occupy a portion of each paper, with a short account of the Sundays and Holy days which may occur in the course of the week succeeding its publication ; to explain the reasons for the selection of the several Collects, Epistles, and Gospels ; and to show their suitableness to the seasons, for which they are assigned.

The restoration of the Cross, in Churches, is urged too, in another number. And it is a little curious, that upon these two points in later life, my Father did battle with his pen in good earnest ; though they were but side skirmishes. Writing in answer to an objection against the use of the term Dissenters, as applied to all human religious organizations, Old School says :

The Editor of the Connecticut Observer says, the number of the Episcopal Clergy in the United States, including ten Bishops, is four hundred and sixty. The number of clergy in several other denominations is many times greater. Who then, if any, in this country are Dissenters ? The many, or the comparatively few ? And is this question then, Messrs. Editors, to be decided by a mere show of hands ? Is it a principle in theological controversy, as in republican governments, that the majority must rule ? Is it a maxim in religious polemics, as in party politics, "*Vox populi, vox Dei ?*" If so, when were not the followers of Christ in error ? How long before his "little flock," the Church, will be able to challenge equal credit with the vast inheritance of the heathen ? And what a sorry reasoner must St. Paul have been, who, in asserting against the great multitude of unbelieving Israel, the privileges of the believing remnant, quotes, from the first book of Kings, *the answer of God* to the desponding prophet—*I have reserved to myself seven thousand men, who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal :* and then expressly applies it to the little company of Christ's followers—even so then, at this present time also, there is a remnant according to the election of grace. Most surely, if we apply the rule for resolving all cases of disputed dissent suggested by the writer in the Christian Observer—for the merit of the application is his—the *seven thousand Israelites who had not bowed the knee*, and the *remnant according to the election of grace*, being, "a very small, though highly respectable minority," must have been, "if any" were, the *dissenters* of their day.

An exposure of the tricks of the American Sunday School

Union, (many have been made since, to as little purpose) I must quote entire.

The sentiments of your correspondent, on this interesting subject, chime in well with my own. He is evidently one who has some experience in the matter, and he writes with a zeal befitting its importance. It is with pleasure, that I add my feeble mite to the tribute, which he so justly renders to those conscientious guardians of our infant morals and religion—the AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION. Their exertions in this work are above all praise. Scorning narrow and selfish views, it is their object to further the great interests of religion. It is not the cause of Episcopacy, or Presbyterianism, or Unitarianism, that they would advance. All minor names and objects are generously merged in the winning name of “our Common Christianity.” An instance in illustration of this noble disinterestedness is given; and if it should meet your approbation, Messrs. Editors, it may be in my power, to add now and then a similar sprig to their shadowing laurels.

It chanced then, that, in pursuing my studies, I met, the other day, with a little book, by Mrs. Sherwood, entitled the ERRAND BOY. It is from the Depository of the American Sunday School Union, and is duly authorized by the imprimatur of the “Committee of Publication.” Knowing that the pious authoress was a member of the Church of England, and that in her several works, she has uniformly recognized its distinctive principles, I very naturally expected to find some allusion to its liturgy and offices—the more especially as the story begins with “a certain pious gentleman” “going to church one Sunday morning.” The first dozen lines undeceived me—for the tract had been duly *revised*, and the Catholic term Psalm Book, substituted for the limited and offensive designation, Prayer Book. And though the sentence seemed to run a little lamely, the drift of it being to commend the boy, upon observing, “*how orderly he used his Psalm Book*, and how attentive he was all the time of the *service*,” yet, it is designed but for the use of *babes in Christ*, thought I, and they will mind nothing about it. The story was an interesting one, so I was tempted to read on; and, though now and then scandalized at the use of the heathen name Sunday, and at an allusion to the popish festival of Christmas, it ran along pretty well until p. 29, when I stumbled on the following unfortunate sentence. “When I had, in this manner mastered the reading of Scripture, my Master gave me a Prayer Book, and put me into a class where I was taught the use of it: he also took upon himself to explain the meaning of our prayers and services and catechism.” So then, said I, great Homer nods. The “Committee of Publication” have been sleeping over their work. And the little Errand Boy is made to appear not unlike the pulpit of the Temple, when Hooker was Master, and Travers afternoon-lecturer there—in the forenoon speaking Canterbury, and in the afternoon, Geneva. I resolved at once to send an account of the matter to your paper, hoping that thus it might meet the eye of the “Committee on Publication,” and honest Tom be relieved from the inconsistency under which he now labours.

In conclusion, Messrs. Editors, let me congratulate the cause of

primitive truth and order, that it has at length fallen into the hands of guardians so honest and vigilant, as, notwithstanding the oversight above alluded to, the several "Committees of revision and publication" have shown themselves to be. There need only be made a few such alterations in the sacred text, as that in the celebrated Hartford edition of the Bible, in which Acts vi. 3 is made to read, "*Wherefore brethren, look ye out among you, seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom YE may appoint over this business,* instead of *whom WE may appoint* ; and the Prayer Book to be put into the hands of some such thorough-going "Committee of revision," as that employed by the Unitarian congregation who took possession of the King's Chapel, at Boston, and they would have the whole matter, without let or hindrance to themselves. The old apostolical leaven of Episcopacy would soon be suffered to run out. And at last for the one *pure fountain of living waters*, which was opened in the undivided Church of God, there should be left for a thirsty world to refresh itself withal, only the scanty and turbid streams, which issue from those *broken cisterns*, which weak and erring men *have hewn out for themselves*.

The revival of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture, is often cordially welcomed, with a protest against its defacement, with galleries sometimes, or too high windows ; and in some instances a detailed description, that would do credit to the Church Journal now. A series of "Pencilled Passages," runs through many numbers, with this heading over his signature of Crayon, "*Legere sine Calamo, est dormire.*" "I know not whose sentiment this is, but it has been my practice for many years to *read always* with pencil in hand, and whether my marks have been made judiciously or not, your readers shall now be judges." They were not gotten up for the occasion. Many of his books, even the later ones, are inscribed, with the marks of his approval and pleasure. And the selection runs over a most extensive field of literature, theological, poetical, and indeed in all departments, with most admirable and attractive taste. His object is best described in his own words.

You could not do a better service to your readers than, by making your paper the frequent vehicle of select portions of the old English theology. Not that I would disparage your own lucubrations, or the contributions of your valuable correspondents, but because,

* * Out of the olde fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh all this new corn from yere to yere ;
And of olde bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh all this new science, that men "lere" ;

and we all of us like, now and then to taste the water at the fountain head.

He gleans rich fields and gathers precious sheaves. Hooker, and Walton and Raleigh and Bishop Hall and Cecil and

Taylor and South and Bacon and Cowley and Arthur Warwick (whose "Spare Minutes" he always valued very highly and strongly recommended) all are used; nor did he omit the later names and lighter themes, from Wordsworth and Southey and Scott and Mrs. Hemans and Washington Irving. They are sparks from the steel of a well-stored and richly cultivated mind, against the lasting rocks of intellectual power, and the fire is a consecrated one, as was every flame, upon the altar of his soul. Writing of Bishop Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, he dwells upon their Messianic bearing, and brings out the glory and advantage of their ritual use, very forcibly.

It is not then without good reason that the book of Psalms has been, in all ages, the manual of the devout believer. And it is with that tender and watchful regard to the spiritual welfare of her members, which pervades all her institutions, that the Church has appointed them to so conspicuous a place in her daily services. She has ordered that the Psalter be read through once every month. In addition to this, the daily language of her acts of penitence and praise, of supplication and thanksgiving is taken from its inspired contents. She borrows the harp of David to welcome the Advent of her King and Saviour, the royal David's Son and Lord. *Lord, thou art become gracious unto thy land; thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob. Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.* She wakes with slow and solemn hand its saddest strains, when she beholds with griefs, "which lie too deep for tears," the prophetic revelation of His "Agony and bloody Sweat," His "Cross and Passion." *My God, my God, look upon me. I am poured out like water and all my bones are out of joint; my strength is dried up like a potsherd and my tongue cleaveth to my gums, and thou shalt bring me into the dust of death.* Again she wakes a higher song, and sweeps with exultation its resounding strings, as she beholds Him bursting the bands of death, and rising triumphant from the grave. *The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous. The same stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone of the corner. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.*

In this wonderful adaptation of hymns which were composed for the ceremonial and shadowy ritual of the Jewish temple, to the spiritual and substantial services of the Christian Sanctuary, we find conclusive testimony to the unity of the two dispensations, and to their complete fulfilment, in Him, who is the end and object of both—the root and offspring of David. The book of Psalms could not be read, even in the most limited interpretation, without instruction and improvement. But when studied in its relations to that new dispensation, which has given reality to all the types, and fulfilment to all the predictions of the old, it acquires a tenfold interest, and affords a tenfold profit. The temple at Jerusalem with its sublime and awful associations,—the voice of God breaking the solemn silence of the most holy place, the visible presence of God, resplendent from the mercy seat,—no longer the "earth's one sanctuary," seems but the porch to

that building, which stands upon *the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone*. The high priest of the house of Aaron no longer enters into the holy place, to sprinkle before the cherubims of glory, the blood of bulls or goats, for Jesus the great *High Priest of our profession*, the *holy, harmless, undefiled* one, has passed into the heavens, and made with the pouring out of His own precious life, that one prevailing sacrifice, of which all others were but figures—emblems—shadows.

It is in indicating and establishing this ultimate and undoubted reference of the principal topics of the Psalms, to the events of the evangelic age, and to Jesus Christ, its Author and Finisher, that the peculiar merit of Bishop Horne's Commentary consists. On a future occasion, the mode of interpretation adopted, and the authority on which it rests, will be pointed out. To all Christians the subject is recommended by considerations of the highest moment, but to the Churchman, blending the melody of the Psalmist's sacred harp with the uplifted incense of his daily adorations—daily pouring out his soul in the deep and fervent accents of its penitential mournings—daily wakening the fervours of his love and gratitude, with the spirit-stirring melodies of its songs of praise and thanksgiving—and daily finding in their inspired strain new means and motives of devotion, it should be a theme of the most unrivalled interest. What better preparation to join in that *new song*, which the redeemed of every age and land shall sing before the throne, than is likely to be found in the intelligent and spiritual use of those Hymns, dictated by the Holy Ghost, in which ancient Prophets welcomed the coming of Him, whom they beheld from far, in which Apostles gave utterance to the emotions and impulses of their burning hearts, and which He, whom Prophets foretold, and to whom Apostles bear record, adopted and sanctified!

Writing of Revivals of Religion, Old School rebukes the profane cant which, our day knows so well, how to use.

It is with no design to enter into the general discussion of the topic which affords the title to my remarks, that your indulgence is solicited. The aspect which they have lately assumed, is indeed well calculated to attract to them universal attention and interest—to fill the believer's heart, with anxiety for the cause of pure and undefiled religion, and to encourage the hopes, and invigorate the exertions, of them *who sit in the seat of the scornful*. Much, within a short period, has transpired to confirm our approbation and admiration of the decent, orderly, and scriptural course, which has ever been pursued by the Apostolic Church; and it is one of the marvels which our eyes have been permitted to see, that those persons, among other denominations, who, but a few years ago, were warmest in denouncing Episcopalians for coldness and formality, are now loudest in their reprobation of the evils, into which their own *zeal of God* (but *not according to knowledge*) has led them. But I must not wander too widely from the immediate object of my present writing, which is merely to take notice of the *absurd*, extravagant, and, I regret to say *profane phraseology*, which the narrators of "revivals of religion" sometimes adopt.

Take for instance, the following, which is given in the New York Observer, as an extract of a letter from a clergyman in Connecticut: "My people are on the *southern boundary of a great and yet extending work of grace, which stretches to the North nearly 100 miles, and is of various breadth*, embracing, as I understand, every town within its limits. You will be pleased to learn that the work in Canton is of great power. It has lately become deeply interesting among my own people."

Can it be possible, that it is a "Clergyman," who speaks thus of the influences of the Spirit of God? Are the operations of "the Holy Ghost the Comforter," to be measured by miles in length and breadth? Are the presence and the consolations of *the Holy One of Israel*, to be thus profanely *limited*? And is the "work of grace" to be bounded, as children at school are taught to bound this or that State or country? I confess I am shocked to see the most solemn subjects couched in terms of such familiarity, and cannot but tremble for the "ark" of God, when laid hold of by hands so rash. This may pass as a specimen—but one of a thousand—of the absurdity and extravagance of the revival phraseology. In the account of "a revival recently commenced in Canton and Birkhamstead, taken," says the Editor of the Religious Intelligencer, from "a letter dated Canton June 9th," we have in addition to these qualities a very gross specimen of the *profanity* in which such writers sometimes indulge.

"Sinners became alarmed early in the evening; and just before the close of the meeting, the sighs and groans of many were so distinct, as to interrupt the exercises. It was not sobbing simply, but unrestrained weeping. Nor was it the indulgence of childish sympathy, notwithstanding there were *a number between the age of 10 and 14 who were crying in the fulness of an overflowing heart*; yet there were those of the *sober age of 45*, the energies of whose minds are directed by cool deliberation and sound discretion, and *whose feelings were indulged without any manifestations of delicacy, or reserve*. Professors themselves were overwhelmed—all was tenderness and sensation—it was, I am informed, a 'LITTLE PENTECOST.' At the north and west part of the town convictions and conversions are frequent."

A LITTLE PENTECOST—let the reader turn to the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and then say whether the term *profanity* be too strong to be applied to such language. The fulfilment of that promise of the Comforter, which *holy men of old, moved by the Holy Ghost*, had foretold, and which the Son of God purchased with His blood—the most stupendous miracle, the resurrection of Jesus Christ only excepted, which was ever wrought for the establishment of the Gospel, is likened to the "sighs and groans" and "unrestrained weeping" of "a number between the ages of 10 and 14" and some of the "sober age of 45," which took place at what is called "a revival of religion at Canton and Birkhamstead." An apology is perhaps necessary for the very repetition of a comparison so impious—but I could not bear to see religion *so wounded in the house of her friends*, without a word of protestation. I could not bear to see language, which might have shamed Paine, or Hone, or Cobbett or Carlisle, sent

abroad to the world under the auspices of a paper styled the *Religious Intelligencer*, without branding it with deserved reprobation.

"They (the prophets of Baal,) *cried aloud*, and cut themselves after their manner" &c. 1 Kings xix. 28. "God is not the author of confusion but of peace." 1 Cor. xiv. 33. "Let all things be done decently and in order." 1 Cor. xiv. 40.

Writing of a Diocesan Canon, which identifies members of the Church with Communicants, he rebukes a very common, careless expression of our time, admirably.

Where do we learn that a Church consists (for such is the language of the article referred to) "of communicants" alone? There is certainly no authority for such a construction in Holy Writ. The commandment of our Lord was, "Go ye and *make disciples* (such is the force of the original) of all nations, *baptizing them* in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." I know indeed that there are certain religious denominations, by whom the above view is entertained—but I have never yet found a warrant for it, either in "holy Scripture" or "ancient authors." In the language of these denominations it is frequently said, A. B (though baptized in infancy) is not a member of the Church, or he became a member of the Church very lately—that is, by the reception of the Holy Communion, after assuming certain express obligations. As a Churchman, however, I have always received the matter differently, and have thought myself instructed to do so by the Church herself ("the pillar and ground of truth"), in the first prayer in the Baptismal service, where it is asked in behalf of the infant presented, that "he may be received into the Ark of Christ's Church"—in the declaration of the minister, "we receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock"—in his Thanksgiving after the Baptism, that it hath pleased God to "incorporate him into" His "holy Church,"—and, to mention no other instances, in the catechism, required to be learned before Confirmation, in which the Catechumen is expressly taught that in Baptism he "was made a member of Christ," that is, of His body, "the Church."

In Sept. 1827, noticing the first introduction of painted glass, into this country, in one of the Churches, in Troy, New York, which was then building, the hope is expressed that the example may be followed of introducing, into all Gothic Churches,

Storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim, religious light.

The review of Bishop Hobart's sermon at Dr. Onderdonk's consecration, is a most noble, fearless and convincing outspokening of truth, which commanded and deserved the Bishop's cordial approbation. As opposed to the prevailing principle (or want of principle) of expediency, it is a fair indication of my Father's entire disregard of such motives, in the government of his whole life. It is too long and too full, extending over much of the *Watchman*, to quote at length, and yet many of its pas-

sages must be given entire, to get at all, its force and point. Reviewing the Bishop's argument that "the Church in its divinely instituted ministrations and ordinances is the means and pledge of salvation to the faithful," my Father writes:

On this subject, it is our custom to use *great plainness of speech*. If the principles which distinguish us Churchmen from all others, who *name the name of Christ* be not of cardinal importance, they are of no importance at all. The distinction then becomes trivial—and, in the name of peace let it be done away! But *we have not so learned Christ*. It is *in* the Church of Christ that the blessed Gospel is given. It is *to* the Church of Christ, that the offers of salvation are extended. It was *for* the Church that the Son of God poured out His precious blood. The question then, *what* that Church *is*—what are those essential, indispensable characteristics, which make it the Church of Christ, and without which it is not His Church, becomes a question of infinite moment. That a body holding such prominence in the economy of grace, a body of which the Saviour condescends to be the *Head*, should be destitute of any marks by which it can be known, the mere creature of man's wit, or imagination, or caprice, cannot readily be admitted. That it is to be known by some inward light, of which the possessor is constituted sole evidence, and judge, and authority, is equally inadmissible. God hath never left himself so *without witness*. Even to the heathen world, he gave *rain from heaven and fruitful seasons*, as plain and sensible evidences of His presence and power. Hath he done *less* than this for his chosen? We have therefore, always, thought it our bounden duty to inquire, carefully and candidly, after these distinctive characteristics, and having, as we trust in God, found them in that commission, constantly preserved and duly verified from the apostles' times, and through them derived from Christ Himself, by virtue of which, the functions of the sacred office are discharged in the Churches episcopally constituted, we have always thought it our bounden duty to proclaim and assert them. Not for the purpose of triumphing over our brethren of other names—not, as has been most unjustly alleged against us, with any thought of excluding them, or teaching that they were excluded, from the reach of God's covenanted mercies. No! *God forbid!* We judge no man, we condemn no man. We have but too low a claim ourselves upon the least of God's mercies, to think for a moment of shutting them out from our brother. But, because, convinced ourselves that the Church, into which we have been mercifully gathered, is the Church of Christ, and deeply impressed with the divine character and eternal privileges of that holy fellowship, we are anxious that all should be gathered into its fold—that all should rest upon its sure foundation—that all should become heirs of its inestimable blessings. How gross the perversion that can brand such desires, and such efforts, as haughty, bigoted, uncharitable! We may be, as we have been, thus misrepresented. But we trust in God that none of these things shall ever move us. For *the love of Christ constraineth us*; and we have read, *whoso hath this world's good*—how much more true must it be of spiritual blessings!—*and seeth his brother have*

need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?

Earnestly desiring from these and similar considerations, the extension of our Church, we have regarded it not only as matter of duty, but of expediency, to *use great plainness of speech*, in setting forward her divinely authorized claims. It is a mistake to suppose that concealment of the distinctive features of the Church is necessary to its success. Who would apply this principle to the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Why then apply it to the Church of Jesus Christ? Have they not both the same origin, and the same end? Did not God join, and shall man separate them? He who conceals the distinctive doctrines of the Church, in order to advance its interests, does what God's Word doth not allow, what an honest man should never attempt, and what, in the end, he will find most effectual in preventing its establishment, or limiting its increase. "*Magna est veritas, et prævalebunt.*" Truth is great and will prevail. How? By veiling the brightness of her celestial visage? We trow not. When? Not perhaps in our time, but certainly in God's. Meanwhile, we are his husbandmen, to occupy, until He come. Wo unto us if we do not His work, soberly, diligently, faithfully! And let it be done *openly, as in the day*. State explicitly the ground on which we stand. Meekly and charitably, but firmly, defend it. Never give it up, though the *madness of the people*, or the very fury of the *gates of hell* threaten to prevail against it. They never *can*-prevail for He hath promised. Whenever the Church has been thus plainly and firmly, but peaceably and prudently exhibited, her ministry and worship have been readily received. The people are open to conviction. They only need to see the reason, and the divine warrant for the thing, in order to receive it; and, thus received, they will be certain to hold fast to it. Blessed as we are, with a Church, whose ministry, by the consent of all, act from divine warrant, whose doctrines are the pure doctrines of the Gospel, whose worship is a reasonable and spiritual service; and placed, as we are, in an intelligent and inquisitive community, ready to receive and practise the truth, we must be careless servants, if, with the divine blessing on our labours, the Master's vineyard yield not much and precious fruit.

My Father's line of argument against fraternizing with the denominational ministers, shows how early he acceded to the Church's rule, on that point, whose observance exposed him all his life, to much misunderstanding; and whose enforcement brought down such torrents of abuse, on the last year of his Episcopate. He is reviewing the twelfth head of the same sermon that "in his endeavours for the general advancement of religion, the Bishop will use only the instrumentality of his own Church."

We approach this head, we confess it, with much timidity. Not because we have the slightest doubt of the obligation, or of the expediency, of the principle which it involves; but because it is one exceedingly exposed to the charge of illiberality and want of charity,

and because it is one on which we are compelled to differ from some of our brethren and friends, whom we ever desire to hold in the highest veneration, and to love with an unfeigned love. But we are not permitted to suffer such considerations to weigh with us. It was the noble sentiment even of a heathen—"amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas." And Jesus has said, *he that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.*—It is one of the errors of the day to suppose that charity, or as the more favourite expression is, liberality, is often inconsistent with a firm adherence to the truth, and that, when it is so, the latter must at once be given up. We are taught by the wise man, to *buy the truth and sell it not*—and we do not believe that any exception to this rule was ever contemplated, even though it were possible that charity should be the price. But, in matters of religion, surely it is not possible. It can never be required of a man to sacrifice his principles to charity; because true charity would never make such a demand. Charity has nothing to do with opinions. It is with men that she is concerned. Her sacred precept is *love your enemies*—but she does not command us to love their creed, or their practice: *do good to them that hate you*—but not a word about bringing our religious opinions into unison with theirs. How indeed can it be so? A man is accountable for his belief, as for his practice, to God. Will God allow of this easy spirit of accommodation? And where would it end? The point which to-day is given up that we may be at peace with one, must to-morrow be resumed that we may not offend another. The standard of truth would vary with the wind. We might *halt*, not *between two*, but two thousand *opinions*. Conduct like this would not be charitable in regard to man. In reference to God it would be positively sinful. Let it not be supposed, then, that charity towards man requires, or that duty to God will allow of, any union with Christians of other denominations in ecclesiastical matters, by which the principles and institutions of our own Church may be endangered. In all the intercourse of society they are to be regarded, as most certainly they are, as brethren and friends. We desire to interchange with them on all occasions those tender charities of life which bind man to man. We walk with them the same rugged pathway of mortal trial, and we look with them to the same termination in immortal blessedness. As we desire that the time of our sojourning here should ever be thus passed in harmony and love, let us attempt no amalgamation in ecclesiastical concerns. They have deliberately adopted their mode of faith. We hold ours by the same conclusive tenure. If either of us can give up his own belief, and go over to the other, it is well. Short of this, there can be no "mixture of administrations" that will not endanger collision. The attempt to approximate, not being deliberate and thorough, will lead to a wider separation. The honourable regard of those who agreed to differ, will give place to the fearful jealousies of those who still differ in their agreement.

The Christian love, in which each was contented to walk after the conviction of his own heart, will be exchanged for utter variance, and bitter and irreconcilable hostility. The iron, and the clay, to use Bacon's forcible similitude, might seem to cleave, but they never could

incorporate.—There is another evil, inseparable from all attempts at such amalgamation, and one of inconceivable moment. I mean the encouragement which it affords to that most false and dangerous opinion, that it is indifferent what a man believes, or to what denomination of Christians he belongs. With what eye the God who ruleth over all looks down upon the various denominations which distract the Christian name, it is not for us to say. Certain we are that no man can agree with all; and that no man can be justified in attaching himself to any one, but upon sincere conviction of the agreement of its faith and worship, its ministry and ordinances, with the Word of God. How then can he be indifferent to its distinctive principles? How can he appear to be so, and not give to the infidel and the scoffer occasion to triumph over the groundless distinctions by which the Body of Christ has been divided. Finally, we presume not to judge for others, but for the Bishops and Clergy of our own Church, having assented, at the solemn season of their ordination, to the clear and explicit declaration, “it is evident unto all men diligently reading Holy Scripture and ancient authors, that from the Apostles’ time there have been three orders of ministers in Christ’s Church, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons”—“and no man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, Priest, or Deacon, in this Church (no Church is spoken of but Christ’s) or suffered to execute any of the said functions, except he hath had Episcopal consecration or ordination,” we see not how any other offices, any other ordinances, any other worship, any other institutions can claim to be recognized by them as valid and authorized, or how they can avail themselves of any other instrumentality for the propagation of the Gospel than that of their own Church; and doing this, they will have done their part towards advancing what should be dearest to their heart, a substantial and fervent piety.”

From many articles on the Prayer Book, which was, in its integrity an object of my Father’s most loving and grateful admiration, I quote only the following, as showing the well reasoned ground of his love for the Liturgy, as the great preserver of truth, and the rebuker and preventer of error in doctrine. Arguing that the Church Clergy must faithfully preach the whole counsel of God, he goes on:

Providentially for the members of our Apostolic Church, if its clergy should even become so corrupt as to preach such doctrines as those alluded to above, there would still be in the Word of God daily read to them, and in her Scriptural Liturgy, a ready antidote for the poison. The preacher might forget to remind his hearers of their depravity, but the fervent strains of the “general confession” would put the acknowledgment of it into their hearts, and extort it from their lips—“We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep: we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us.” The preacher might omit to mention the atonement for sin, by which alone we are cleansed and pardoned, but the “solemn Litany” would not leave his hearers unmindful of it—“O,

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy upon us miserable sinners ; " O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us." The preacher might pass by that influence of the Holy Spirit without which we can *do no good thing*, but the hearer would find it in almost every prayer ; " O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels and all just works do proceed ; " and again, " O God, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee, mercifully grant that thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts." I might enumerate, in this way, every particular of evangelic doctrine, and find them all echoed by the services of that Church which the writer alluded to has, by implication at least, so foully calumniated.

Even then he sought for, and saw, the day, when the daily sacrifice should be lit, with its undying flame, upon the Church's altars. And how true it is, that the comprehensive statements of doctrine which Churchmen not only have in the skeleton of articles, but which they sing and pray ; which are clothed in the living flesh of litanies and creeds and chants, and warmed with the life-blood of constant common use ; that these, and the necessity of reading the *whole Bible* publicly, compel the clergy to be faithful and thorough in preaching the *whole* truth ; while self-made prayers, and self-selected lections leave the human preacher free, to preach only such portions of the truth as the heresy of his denomination selects, or the bent of his own mind approves.

At the end of a year, after many a battle, and many attacks that would have been battles, had the antagonists been worth the notice ; and after much commendation too, with the approval of the Diocesans of Connecticut, the Eastern Diocese, and New York, the same colours were hung out, stained and torn with their victories, but with the blazon and legend still plain to see. They saw no occasion to alter their principles, and they said so very plainly.

The principles of the Episcopal Watchman, derived, by careful and diligent examination from the lively oracles of God, they cannot suffer to be changed. THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST IN THE CHURCH OF CHRIST is their standard and their rule. They receive them as united by God, and they cannot consent to their separation by man. It will therefore be their constant effort to set forth and urge upon their readers those great doctrines which constitute the leading features of the *Gospel* plan—the fall and corruption and utter helplessness of man ; the mediation, and sacrifice and intercession of Jesus Christ, opening to him the way of salvation ; the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit renewing him unto repentance, faith and obedience, that he may walk in it acceptably here, and be admitted, for Christ's sake, to its glorious privileges hereafter ; and, in subservience to these, and not to be separated from them, the divinely constituted ministry and sacraments, the primitive and apostolic order, discipline and worship of that

Church, which is the spiritual Body of Christ, to which the promises of salvation are made, and in the faithful and devout communion with which the means of grace are enjoyed, and the hope of glory through the prevailing merits of its divine Head, comfortably assured.

When Dr. Muhlenberg published the prospectus of the Flushing Institute, it touched a part of my Father's soul, which was ripening then and maturing; and he acknowledged and welcomed most cordially, the first shoot of a tree which he should afterwards care for, and cultivate to such glorious fruits.

The leading feature of the INSTITUTE is the *domestic* character proposed to be given to it. Principal, governess, teachers, tutors, and pupils are to constitute *one family*—and what we like best of all a CHRISTIAN FAMILY. The great motive of its founder is to give to Christianity, its proper influence upon public education—and there is but too much truth in his remark, that the system of our schools is not *the nurture and admonition of the Lord*, but “the nurture and admonition of the world.” The system proposed for the “Institute” will therefore begin with moral education, based on Christianity, as the foundation upon which may be raised the superstructure of an education, intellectual and physical. This is starting right. *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom*. Very ineffectual are those restraints which rest on any other sanction.

And after quoting at length the Doctor's plan, of inculcating constantly the leading truths of revelation, and educating the spiritual, as well as the intellectual capacity of boys, he adds:

And then as a necessary consequence rather than a separate duty to love the Church which teaches them, *because* she teaches them; because her articles exhibit them with scriptural fidelity—her homilies preach them with apostolical eloquence—her liturgy breathes them in seraphic devotion. Because her ministry, apostolical in its origin, and valid in the acknowledgment of the whole Protestant world—is so circumstanced that the essentials of gospel truth cannot be withheld. Because her order is calculated to “keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace,” her ceremonies decent and edifying, all her requirements conducive to the spiritual welfare of her members.

We have devoted much space to the pamphlet before us—but we have done so upon principle. It is high time that the rights of Christians, not only, but of Churchmen, should be asserted on the great field of education. We wish to intrude our sentiments upon no man. We seek by no system of proselytism, to bring into the views of our communion the children of parents who profess the principles of any other. A great proportion of our schools are in the hands of persons of other denominations—exercising, we are ready to believe, no direct sway over the conscience, but imperceptibly, and often involuntarily and the more certainly, inclining the tender twig to the bias of their own inclination. We are gratified therefore at every addition that is made to the very small number of Episcopal schools, and most cordially wish success to the present interesting experiment.

One of the careless common-places still prevalent among us, with which Churchmen deny their birthright, and which, strange to say, Dr. Newman gives, as *one* reason (*ex uno disce omnes*) for his sad perversion, is well rebuked, in a letter over my Father's signature of Truth-teller.

There are some words which people will persist in using improperly, after the impropriety, has been demonstrated a hundred times. The word *Catholic* is one of them. We profess to believe "in the holy Catholic Church;" and pray that we may be gathered unto our fathers "in the communion of the Catholic Church." At the same time, we hear people talking about the Catholic Church, and the Catholics, and Catholic emancipation; when it is only of the papists, and of the Church of Rome that they would be understood to speak. In an abridgment of Church History, where at least we should look for a correct theological nomenclature, I observe the spiritual subjects of the Pope, familiarly termed Catholics; and in the popular geography of Mr. Woodbridge, those countries, in which the supremacy of the Pope is acknowledged, are marked C, on the maps, to denote that the established religion is *Catholic*, as the key gives us to understand. The word, we know, means *universal*, and nothing more. Do those, who apply it to the papal communion, expect us to acknowledge, that the Church of Rome is the universal Church? Then it must be the *true* Church—it has been unworthily slandered—our separation from it was causeless and schismatical; and we ought to renounce our Protestantism, and hasten *instantly* to kiss the Pope's toe. But if, by the Catholic Church, they intend only the Church of Rome, why will they persist in using a name which is inapplicable—a name, which the papists have always been eager to appropriate, and which we ought to be the last to yield? Again, I affirm, that it is high time to dismiss the word from our own religious formularies; or to designate the papists, when we have occasion to speak of them, by some appellative which does not convict us of schism. Besides, there is an absurdity in calling them Catholics. The Church of Rome is *not* the Catholic i.e. the universal Church. Its communion is rejected by the greater part of Christendom, and is therefore far from being universal. But if it is meant, that the true faith exists in that Church only; and that it is on that account entitled to the appellation which so many are ready to yield—I repeat it, the sooner we hasten back into her maternal bosom, the better. Let things be called by their right names. The members of a Church of which the Pope is the head, may with propriety be termed papists; and the *papal* Church, or the *Church of Rome*, is the proper designation of that communion.

When will men cease to enlarge the word Catholic, till it takes in universal error; or to circumscribe it, till it leaves out all, but the one most rotten branch, of the tree of the Lord's planting?

Among my Father's constant testimonies to the spiritual beauty and power of the Prayer Book, the following, in his early ministry, is very full:

It has been the result of long experience with very favourable opportunities for observation, to establish the conviction immoveably on our mind, that the distribution of the book of Common Prayer, is one of the ways of *casting our bread upon the waters* which affords the greatest certainty of *finding it again after many days*. Let us not be understood as entering upon the ground of unprofitable controversy, or of instituting in regard to sacred things, needless or invidious comparisons. *The Gospel is to be preached to every creature. All nations are to be made disciples of, by baptism, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.* That these commands of Christ may be accomplished, the Church must be established, Ministers must be sent. *For, as the Apostle most conclusively reasons, how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?* Ministers being sent and the Church established, public worship follows of course. For the more orderly, decent and devout conduct of public worship—that men may pray and sing, not only *with the spirit, but with the understanding*, liturgies, or forms of prayer originally established in the Jewish, have been adopted in the Christian Church, from the beginning, and continued to the present day. The distribution of this *form of sound words*, by which the devotions of the Sanctuary are guided, becomes, then, equally necessary to the extension of the Church, with the circulation of the Sacred Scriptures, and the support of the Christian Ministry.

To our own excellent Ritual, all Christendom has united in bearing its unequivocal testimony of approbation. Scriptural in its sources, clear and beautiful in its arrangement, chaste and intelligible, yet elegant, in its language, kindled, as to its devotional spirit, with a live coal from off the very altars of the living God—what can we ask more to allow it to be the very beauty of holiness—to cherish it in our hearts as the aliment of true devotion—to lift up our voices in its time-honoured strains, the *free-will offering of an holy worship!*

Churchmen have been accused in “good set terms” of setting the Prayer Book above the Bible; and some bold traducers have taken advantage of the ignorance of those whose prejudices they sought to enlist, to represent Episcopalians as unfavourable to the circulation of the sacred volume. They must be very foolish, as well as unjust stewards, then, to distribute the Prayer Book—for he that reads it all will have secured to himself the greater portion of what is most directly instructive and practical in the scroll of inspiration—and he who is tempted by it to go to Church, will hear there, what, in the assemblies of those who are most forward with calumny, he will seldom hear—the sacred Scriptures of the Old and new Testament read regularly and devoutly in the ears of all the people.”

In a review of the New York Convention Journal for 1827, “Old School” paints a picture, of the principles and results of his own Episcopate, plainly enough, to show the glorious model on which he framed himself, and his faithful and successful pressing in Bishop Hobart’s steps.

Let no one suppose that from a view of the statistics of the

Church, we are about to argue the zeal, the fidelity or the success of its ministers. These are to be known to men *by their fruits*—to God by their hearts. But we do mean to infer, and, it appears to us, with a conclusiveness that cannot be resisted or averted, from an extension so rapid, under circumstances greatly unfavourable, of principles against which popular prejudice has been arrayed with all the ingenuity and power of some of the master minds of the age, their consistency with truth—with the faith and practice of primitive antiquity—with the unerring and conclusive warrant of the Word of God. It is to our minds a most illustrious confirmation—God forbid that we should be thought to boast, for what have we, that we have not from Him—of that old, but though the adversaries of truth might well wish it, not yet worn out, adage, “*Magna est veritas et prævalebit*”—Truth is mighty, and will ultimately prevail.

A corollary to this conclusion—and a most pregnant one it is—we must be allowed to state. We shall state it with all plainness, fall wheresoever its consequences may ; for though we desire to speak the truth in love, we *must* speak the truth. It is an argument often held, and we know with much sincerity, that the claims of the Episcopal Church, being in opposition to the popular impression, and its members standing in a small minority in this country, its success depends upon the conciliatory manner in which its principles are set forth, and its interests promoted. In short, to come at once to the deduction, which we have not time to follow through all its windings, that in order to gain for the Church an entrance among the various denominations into which the Christian community is subdivided, we must abate something of what its opponents are pleased to call its lofty pretensions and exclusive claims, and, by making it appear to be what it is not, smuggle it into their confidence by compromising its sacred and essential character. For Churchmen, if any there are, who pretend to claim what the Word of God doth not allow, and the practice of the apostolic age confirm, we offer no defence. For ourselves, we have sought carefully, and with prayer for guidance and direction, to stand on “the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ being the Chief Corner-Stone.” The platform is not of our erection, but of God’s. We make no claims, no pretensions for ourselves, but take what we find set down for us. We look for the warrant of our Churchmanship “to the Law and to the testimony ;” and hearing and reading its plain explicit sentence, our answer to the unreasonable opposer, and to the injudicious friend of the Church, is the same, “*If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord my God to do less or more.*” Thus are we, on principle, irrevocably opposed to the doctrine of compromise (sometimes, but, as can easily be shown, falsely, called, conciliation) in regard to our principles as Churchmen.

As a matter of *expediency*, too, we reject, most unequivocally, the course alluded to in the preceding paragraph—and here comes in our corollary. To say nothing in regard to those portions of the Church in which this course has been more or less nearly approached, the diocese of New York has afforded a triumphant example of the supe-

rior expediency of fair and open dealing, of direct and explicit defence of Church principles upon the apostolic platform, and an unequivocal and undeviating practice, in consistence with the conclusions thus established. We have had abundant opportunity for observation, and we speak from personal experience, when we say, that, under the influence of such a policy, *a little one* has, almost without a figure, *become a thousand, and a great one, a strong nation.*

This increase of the Church has taken place among a population of shrewd, intelligent New-Englandmen, with all their native prejudices, and against the counteracting influence of sectarians of all sorts, sizes and descriptions, not by concealing the distinctive principles of the Church, not by seeking favour for her doctrines, discipline and worship, by compromising all that makes them Apostolic and Scriptural, but by plain, but simple and, towards all others, charitable statements of its high origin, its direct descent, its essential characteristics, its inalienable prerogatives. Investigation was courted. Instruction was offered. The doctrines of the Church were clearly, and firmly, but affectionately, stated. Her services were regularly and devoutly performed. Wherever her standard was set up, multitudes gathered. Nobody could discover any thing that at all savoured of the naughty woman of Babylon. The surplice, upon examination was found to be no "rag of popery," but a becoming vesture, well authorized by the *white linen of the former sanctuary*. The Liturgy, so far from being "a piece of mummary," with prayers to saints and angels, was declared scriptural, evangelical, spiritual—and "they who came to scoff remained to pray." The western part of the State of New York is now among the fairest and most fruitful gardens of the Church.

* The progressive idea of religion, set on the sliding platform of human science, finds a rebuke, which is not lost for our time.

It was alleged, not long since, as a grave objection to us Churchmen, that ours is an "old-fashioned religion." For ourselves, we are "old-fashioned" enough to thank God—that it is so—having been given to the world now some eighteen hundred years ago, by his blessed Son Jesus Christ, and by certain "eye-witnesses and ministers of the word," inspired and authorized by him. But we live under the "march of mind" dispensation, and its illuminati, so far as they can, (e. g. the London University, established expressly on the principle of *no religious teaching, and no religious worship*) like Molière's physician, "have changed all that now."—What a lesson do these things read to those who are ever trying, under the name of reform, some change in the doctrine, discipline or worship of the Church in order to accommodate it to the prejudices or fancies of those who are without! It is no defence of these propositions to say that they mostly concern things indifferent,—that it is not necessary to insist strenuously on non-essentials,—that a little accommodation in things unimportant would recommend the Church to many who are now utterly opposed

* One speaks recently, in a paper, of "the progressive Spirit of God." How far is this removed from blasphemy?

to it. We answer such arguments as these with what the logicians of the old school called a dilemma. Either your proposed changes are material or they are not. If they are not material, reasonable people will not insist on them, and persons opposed before, on principle, will still continue opposed. If they are material, your arguments do not extend to them—you have no right to make them. But who does not know that the commencement of changes in religious institutions is like the breaking out of water? A drop that issues, opens the way for the stream that follows, and is followed, in time, by the overwhelming deluge. So far as the Church is of God, man may not change her. So far as, in her rites and ceremonies, her worship and discipline, she is of man, all history admonishes us to beware of changes. Ours is now truly “an old-fashioned religion.” To all who rightly regard the subject this is its conclusive argument. It is the religion of HIM, who having *at sundry times and in divers manners spoken in times past to the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days* (meaning by that the Christian dispensation—the last, as no other is to succeed,) *spoken unto us by his Son.* Let there be a change here, and a change there,—an alteration to please one, and an alteration to please another, and instead of “a seamless garment,” we shall have a thing of shreds and patches; — instead of an “old-fashioned religion,” we shall have none at all. We are well aware that these principles, and especially the plain expression and defence of them, are not very popular in our day—and we have heard the names of some of the most excellent and exemplary of our clergymen, for their firm adherence to the principles and order of the Church, coupled, by way of reproach, with the term “rubrical.” Would it be a reproach to a judge, or to a member of Congress, that he was called *legal* James or *constitutional* John? Certainly not. And yet the *rubrics* are the enacted provisions of the Church—to be observed, under the vows of his ordination, by every clergyman—to be changed only by the ecclesiastical authority which has adopted them. Ours is an “old-fashioned religion.” Innovation in any shape is fatal to it. Let it be our effort and our prayer that, like its Founder and Head, it be *the same, yesterday, and to-day and forever.*”

Among his contributions to the Watchman, is a series of very thoughtful and beautiful papers, under the head of “Twilight,” and over the signature of Evelyn, with Cowper’s lines for their legend;

“——Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight.”

They are full of the thoughtful sentiment, which a poet’s love of nature inspires; sad sometimes, or joyful, as her face varies, in sunlight or shadow. They were not often on religious subjects. But the following is so beautiful, that I select it for preservation here. It bears its character, as a ray of the light of truth, struggling in the thick mistiness of Unitarianism, which stops, at the under side of the cloud that hid the ascending God-incarnate from the gazing Apostles, and sees not His Divinity, who so “maketh the clouds his chariot.”

CHRISTMAS EVE.

The thickly woven boughs they wreath through every hallowed fane,
A soft reviving odour breathe of summer's gentle reign;
And rich the ray of mild green light which, like an emerald's glow,
Comes struggling through the latticed height upon the crowds below.

O let the streams of solemn thought which in those temples rise
From deeper sources spring than aught dependant on the skies.
Then though the summer's pride departs, and winter's withering chill
Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts shall be unchanging still.

REV. W. CROSWELL.

It is one of those simple and beautiful superstitions * that lend a charm to rustic life, that on Christmas eve, at the hour of midnight, the cattle always kneel. It is very easy to smile at these innocent redundancies of the popular belief, but not so easy to bring back the wholesome, hearty state of morals and religion with which they are connected. It is more to our purpose, and more in harmony with this most joyous vigil of the year, to draw from it its proper and touching morality, as gently reminding us of the homage with which our hearts should anticipate the festival of HIM, who, as at this time, "took our nature upon Him" and was "born of a pure Virgin." Duller, indeed, must we be than the poor "ox that treadeth out the grain," if our hearts need more than to be reminded, as the Church at this season most solemnly reminds us, of "the mystery of that holy Incarnation," to humble themselves in fervent, grateful, joyful acknowledgment of that *unspeakable gift*—to lift themselves up in full, firm, faithful, exulting adoration to Him who, *when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high; angels and principalities and powers being made subject unto him.*

"Beginne from first, where he enecradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toylful oxe and humble asse,
And in what rags, and in how base array
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly shepheards came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of His life,
His humble carriage, His unfaulty wayes,
His cancred foes, His fights, His toyle, His strife,
His paines, His povertie, His sharp essayes
Through which He passed His miserable dayes,
Offending none and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both by great and small.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must Him love, and his beheasts embrace;
All other loves with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce, and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto Him, full and free,
That full and freely gave Himselfe for thee."

* See Brand's Popular Antiquities. Sannazarius, too, in his poem, "De Partu Virginis," represents that the Virgin wrapped up the new-born infant, and put him into her bosom, and that the cattle warmed him with their breath, and that an ox and an ass fell down before him on their knees.

Blessed Lord, *are* there those who for this "toyle," these "paines," this "povertie," these "miserable dayes" can deny thy Godhead, reject thee, trample on thee, crucify thee afresh, and put thee to an open shame? Rather, *the more*, for all these "scornful taunts" and "fell despights," borne for our sakes, will we adore thee, as the KING OF KINGS, and LORD OF LORDS." If for "thy glorious resurrection and Ascension," we reverence and bow before the ascended MAN; it is in "thine Agony and Bloody Sweat," "thy Cross and Passion," "thy precious Death and Burial," that we love and cling to the ascended GOD!

It always seemed to us almost a pity, (and the only thing that we have to desiderate in the golden circle of our sacred year,) that there is provided no service for Christmas-eve. It is so much a part of the solemn festival itself,—the occurrences which it should celebrate were so touching, so majestic,—it would form so fit a preparation for the services of the following day,—that we scarcely know how it came to be omitted. Certain it is, no Christian heart can fail to mark it with especial reverence. It seems to us the one halcyon moment of the year, when vain regrets must cease, unhallowed murmurs be still, all bitterness and malice be laid aside, even "envy," which "hath no holidays," proclaim a truce, and the whole subdued and softened heart put on its *beautiful garments* of faith and hope and love, and sit down, to wait, in the serene stillness of its quiet, confident and gentle Christian joy, the coming of the "Prince of Peace." In many places, and especially in our retired country parishes, where, it must be allowed, there is a better and a higher relish for these pure and sacred delights, it is common to have an evening service. A poet of our own has well described the beautiful and solemn scene. It is a "Connecticut Christmas-eve;" and we have in our "mind's eye," we think, the very same "patriarch priest," with "linen robe" and "silver hair."

"How beautiful upon the hill-top shines
 The white, illuminated house of God!
 A thousand lights that burn in graceful lines
 Mild radiance send from each arched window broad;
 And crystal icicles, like gems in mines,
 Flash on the eaves, and a soft halo flood
 Gilds the tall steeple, which, at this bright hour,
 Points to the skies, like some bright ivory tower.

They enter. And oh! what a lovely scene
 Dazzles the vision! Garlands of spruce pine,
 Wreaths of dark ivy, stars of evergreen,
 Adorn the walls, and round the pillars twine.
 Faces on faces piled, with smiles serene
 Watch the wreathed chancel's galaxy divine,
 Where, meek, with linen robe, and silver hair,
 The patriarch priest turns o'er the book of prayer.

He speaks. At once, with solemn rush, all stand,
 And the kind accents of his lips repeat,
 Or listen, while, with fervent, gesturing hand,
 He reads, how once a radiant angel, sweet
 Of voice, escorted by a harping band,
 Judea's shepherds came by night to greet
 With tidings, as he shook his wings impearled,
 Of Mary's babe, the Saviour of the world!"

It is a good and pious usage, that well deserves to be kept up—and the youthful multitudes, who, but once in the whole year, venture to look into the “Church Meeting,” lie down, that night, with gentle thoughts, and holy aspirations, which it were well if even oftener stirred within their souls, that they might shed their mellow influence on their humble lives. Our nature needs, and it is fit that it should have, its holidays. They are the breathing spots that give new vigour to its on-goings—the resting-places that enable us to run a better and a longer race—the gurgling fountains and the spreading palm trees, that cheer with remembered coolness and remembered verdure, the dry and hot and dusty miles that we must travel over, in the pilgrimage of life. It is well when they can be made to serve the purposes of Christian faith and Christian piety—when we feel that we are called on to rejoice, as Christians. To *rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory*, at the approach of Him, who comes *in righteousness, mighty to save*—and, yet, to *rejoice with trembling*, as knowing that He, who thus “came to visit us in great humility,” “shall come again in the last day, in his glorious Majesty, to judge both the quick and the dead.”

It is a beautiful trait in the history of our religion that it has ever been so conversant with humble and rural life, and that so much of its most beautiful imagery comes from the field, the vineyard, and the sheep-fold. What an inimitable pastoral scene is that in the eighth verse of the second chapter of St. Luke’s Gospel—“*And there were, in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock, by night!*” And how sweetly and with what precious recollections of times when “Christmas” was “merry” and “New Year” was “happy,” and with what heart-hoarded, but alas! how many of them, now, heart-piercing memories of home, and childhood, and youth, and parents, and sisters, and friends, is it all brought before the glimmering vision of our souls, in the simple, household words of that sweet, pastoral hymn!—

“While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.”

There is much better poetry in the world than this—but it may be well doubted whether there be four other lines that will thrill as many hearts, or brighten, and it may sometimes be with a passing tear, as many eyes.

To our minds, this festival of the heart has ever borrowed a charm from its celebration in the winter. It is so comfortable to look through driving snow and blinding sleet to the broad, bluff, beaming face of “Merry Christmas”—there is such an admirable contrast between the stern severities without, and the radiant cheerfulness within; there is such a genial warmth in the friendly Christian hand, and such a cheerful brightness in the kindly Christian eye, and such a glow of faith and hope and joy and love in the exulting Christian heart, that I scarcely know if Christmas would be *Christmas*, at any other season, and I am quite sure that, without it, the rugged winter could hardly

be endured. And then what a noble occasion for Christian charity ! I pity the Christian man, or Christian woman, that, with *barns filled with plenty*, and *presses bursting out with new wine*, can go to their rest this night, without having provided for *their* comfort and cheerfulness, to-morrow, who have neither basket nor store—barrel of meal nor cruse of oil. The poor we have always with us. The wants of the sick and of the needy are ever to be supplied. But in the winter—on Christmas day—let it not be said that in all Christendom there was a want, a sorrow, known to Christian bounty, and within the reach of its relief, that was not reached, and relieved !—

“Knowing that whatsoe’er to them we give,
We give to HIM by whom we all do live.”

The celebration of this festival in the winter gives occasion also to that ancient custom which in our motto is so beautifully depicted. Probably, it was the barrenness of all around which suggested its adoption. Nothing certainly could be more appropriate as an expression of Christian joy, or an emblem of Christian virtue. It cannot fail to remind us of those beautiful passages in the prophetic description of the Messiah’s reign. *The Lord shall comfort Zion : he will comfort all her waste places ; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord ; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.—For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace ; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.—I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, and the myrtle, and the oil-tree : I will set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together.—The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary.—*Let it also remind us of the nature of that service which we continually owe to Him whose coming we now celebrate. That, however dark and drear the world around us, the homage of our best affections should still rise up to him. That our faith in his blessed merits and atoning sacrifice should ever be fresh and living before him. That the fragrance of our unfeigned, fervent love should ever rise from hearts unchilled by the winter of this wicked world. That our obedience should be ever verdant, ever springing up, unchecked by storms or trials, unchilled by doubts or fears. In short, that we should ever “offer and present ourselves, our souls, and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and *living* sacrifice unto HIM !”

“If, in the fadeless foliage gathered there,
Pale nature has so bright an offering,
When all beside is withered, waste and bare,
What *lively* tribute should our spirits bring
To beautify, O Lord, thy holy place of prayer.”

My Father’s happy adaptation of his thoughts to children’s comprehension, so wonderful in his catechizings, and so beautiful in his Sunday School sermon, “The Holy Child of Nazareth,” is strikingly shown, in an article in the “Children’s

Magazine." It had been first suggested to the Society by him, and he welcomed the first number with cordiality.

And now, my little friends, of whom, in addition to those of whom my Master has given me the especial charge, I feel happy in thinking that I can claim some thousands, the rising hope, as you are the anxious care, of the Church, the fate of the Children's Magazine must depend upon you. Wise and good men, the ministers and members of the Church into which you were baptized, desirous that you should be made wiser and better, have taken much pains to supply you with this, in addition to the many other helps that you now enjoy. Other good persons, your fathers and your mothers have given their money to enable the Society to print, not only a handsome and useful book, but a cheap one, that all children, poor as well as rich, may have the pleasure and profit of reading it. Now, if you are as desirous of being wise and good as we are that you should be,—and remember, little children, to be happy here, or hereafter, you must be good—you will be desirous to receive, glad to read, and careful to remember, the instructions of this little book. You will regard it as a pleasant and useful little friend coming every month to pay you a visit—little, like yourselves, but older and wiser, and, so, able to instruct as well as amuse. You will be quite happy in such an addition to the circle of your acquaintance. You will always expect with eagerness his next visit, and pass the time away in talking with your little playmates about his last. You will take him warmly by the hand, and bid him welcome. You will hear attentively all he has to say. Will treasure it up in your heart, to use it as shall be needed. And you will pray God, that its good counsels may be the guide of your feet, and its pious instructions the light of your eyes.—And, now, my little children, though I shall not say that a part of what I have written was not meant for your kind parents too, for sorry should I be that there were any shorter way to their hearts than through their love for you—it is for you to say whether the "*Children's Magazine*," *your own* magazine, the *first* you ever had, is to be continued or not. If you read and study it, and become wiser and better by reading and studying it, kinder to your brothers and sisters and playfellows, more obedient to your parents, more interested in your Sunday School, more regular and devout in your private prayers, more attentive and serious at Church, more desirous to read, and study, and obey, the Holy Scriptures, no pains that can be taken, no labours, no expense, will be thought too great for your good. And, remember, children beloved, the advantage is all your own. The obedient, pious child, will be the religious man—and the ways of religion are pleasantness and peace on earth, and end at last in Heaven. May God grant each one of you grace, as he did the youthful Samuel, to love and serve the Lord while yet in his *little coat* (1 Sam. ii. 19)—like Timothy to *know the Holy Scriptures* from your childhood, (2 Tim. iii. 15)—and like the Holy child Jesus, as you increase in wisdom and stature, to increase also *in favour with God and man*. (St. Luke ii. 52.)

Urging a more cordial support of the General Institutions of

the Church, he writes thus warmly of the Church's unity, and of the duty of her members to maintain it.

It is our honest and firm conviction that we have received from the divine Head of the Church, through the Apostles and their successors, and still enjoy not only an authorized ministry and instituted ordinances, but the ground-plan, as it were—the deep and strong foundation—grand and glorious outline—of the Christian temple. As wise master builders, and as faithful servants, this sacred model should be ever kept in view in erecting and completing the blessed structure, and in every effort which tends to its edification or ornament. Now, the pervading principle everywhere present in it is *unity*—unity in design and unity in execution, unity in effort and unity in enjoyment. It is the solemn prayer of the Saviour that his followers *may all be one*. Whatever comparison or allusion is expressive or illustrative of most perfect unity is applied by the sacred writers to the Christian Church. And St. Paul, in adopting, as he frequently does, that most striking of all resemblances, the unity of the several members of the human frame, in subjection to the head, enjoins straitly that there *be no schism in the body*. The obvious inference from all this is, that while in the great outlines of the Church, gathered from Holy Scripture, and the recorded practice of primitive times, the original pattern is carefully to be followed, as, literally, of divine institution, care should also be taken that all the details and appendages be in strict conformity with it, and breathe a kindred spirit. In, short, that the Church in all its operations and institutions be at unity with itself. It is to no purpose, then, to say with the old Puritans, of this or that particular, it is nowhere commanded in Scripture, and therefore it is unimportant how it be done. The question is, What is the fair inference from the express provisions of Scripture in regard to the case in view? What is required by the application to it of the known principles of the Christian Church? What form, what mode, what course, will be in best keeping with the great design? What direction of our human efforts will best promote the gracious plans of the divine mind in the converting, sanctifying and saving of souls? If unity, order, submission to authority, the co-operation of all the members in subjection to the head, be the scriptural characteristics of the Church, then the same principles should characterize all its institutions, and all its operations. If the rending of the Saviour's mystical body, in the direct commission of the sin of schism, be expressly forbidden in the Sacred Scriptures, what encouragement is there for the most remote approximation to it, in any individual Christian, or body of Christians? It may be thought "old fashioned" to speak thus seriously of a subject, which, though thought worthy of apostolic admonition, is, in our day, but lightly regarded. But let us be just to ourselves, and faithful to the charge which God hath given us. If the Church be worth any thing—and, remember, it was purchased with the Saviour's blood—it is worth preserving in its integrity and purity—nay—it should be our prayer and effort, that it may answer his designs who bought it at so dear a price, in becoming a *glorious Church, without spot, or wrinkle, or any*

such thing. Let it ever be remembered whatever privileges we enjoy, whatever hopes we cherish, as followers of Christ, we enjoy and cherish as members of his Church. The Gospel is no otherwise given than in the Church—the “means of Grace” are no otherwise extended than in the Church—the “hopes of glory” are no otherwise authorized than in the Church. God forbid that we should be thought to say, that out of the Church, there is no salvation! The author of salvation is almighty and eternal, and *His ways past our finding out.* The creatures which He has made in wisdom He will deal with in mercy. We presume not to take them out of His hand, or to shorten towards them His holy arm. But He has revealed but one way to us; and whatever be safe to them who have no revelation, our only safety is in closely following that which we have. It becomes, us, then, in a matter of so much importance, to watch and resist the beginnings of evil. The slightest deviation from the true parallel continually increases, and that departure which was at first scarcely perceptible is soon beyond return. As in our obedience to God there should be nothing less aimed at, than keeping all His commandments, so in the service of His Church, our endeavour should be, not to ascertain what is essential and what non-essential, what license we may safely take in this or that particular, how far we may depart in the gratification of our fancy, or the pursuit of expediency, from the right path, without quite losing sight of it, but, to *fulfil* as the blessed Saviour submitted to do, *all righteousness.* A true love for the Church, a true appreciation of its excellencies, and gratitude for its blessings, will endear to us, whatever is connected with it, and make us careful in the preservation of all that can preserve or promote its interests. Nor, whatever the fashionable dialect of the day may intimate, is there any danger of loving the Church to the neglect of Christ. Is He not the Husband, and she the Bride? And shall He not love those who love and reverence her? Is not He the Head, and she the Body? And shall the care and tenderness with which she is preserved and cherished be unwelcome to Him? Let them who venture to separate Christ from His Church be careful how they put asunder those whom God hath joined together. And let us all *beware, lest any man spoil us, through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.*

Not long after Dr. Croswell’s establishment in Boston, after much thinking and planning among the city Clergy, my Father and Dr. Croswell were again associated, in “the Banner of the Church.” It was an out and out expression of uncompromising Churchmanship, with the same stress laid upon all Missionary and educational work. They speak simply and briefly, in their first editorial.

“In the name of our GOD,” and for the service of His CHURCH, “we set up our *banner.*” Our motto is “Evangelical truth, Apostolic order.” Our effort shall be, that what God hath joined, man may not put asunder. Our confidence is, that “God will defend the right,” and strong in that confidence we shall go “right onward.” We are not un-

mindful of the necessity, in such a work, of great exertion, nor do we rely for its accomplishment, so far as human efforts are concerned, upon ourselves alone. Pledging in its furtherance our own best exertions, we have obtained from those, who we know can, and who we believe will, sustain us, assurances of the most generous assistance. We have not made general application to our brethren and friends, because we regarded their suffrage as already given, in the universal expression of the necessity of such an effort. We issue no Prospectus, because we prefer to be judged by our performance rather than by our promises. We have not solicited subscriptions in advance, because we feel that if our journal deserves support, it will receive it; and if it does not deserve, it ought not to have it. The experiment, at all events, we have resolved to make. It remains to be seen with what success. It shall not be abandoned until a fair trial has been made. After that, its continuance must rest with the Church. Commending now our enterprise to God, and to the word of His grace, we ask, brethren of the Church, your patronage and your prayers, that in this our work begun and to be continued in Him, God may direct us with His most gracious favour, and further us, with his continual help, to the glorifying of His holy name, and the turning of many souls to righteousness and peace.

“As the lamented Heber,” they write in an article on ‘Sunday School Missions,’ “counted it his chief delight to be esteemed emphatically a ‘Missionary Bishop,’ so shall we glory in being regarded as Missionary Editors.”

The Banner more than once, raises its voice, against tampering with the text of Holy Scripture. Under the heading “Beware of Counterfeits,” occurs the following.

When this admonition has no higher aim than the protection of a quack medicine, it need interest but few. It is but rogue against rogue; and then, proverbially, honest men expect their rights. Not so when truth is at stake,—when religion is prostituted to party uses,—when the pure word of God is adulterated and abused. It becomes then a question, in which all are concerned, and every lover of truth, every religious man, every worshipper of God in sincerity, is concerned to make common cause against the parties to the deception. Nor does it materially affect the subject, whether the attempt at perversion be gross, or insidious,—be in a matter of small, or of great moment. The *quo animo* is the same. The progress from little to more is easy;—it being the first step which costs. The effect, in shaking the confidence of men, and in undermining the foundations of the faith, is identical in character, and equal in extent.—An edition of the New Testament is before us, which calls, on these principles, for the unqualified reprobation of every honest man in Christendom. It bears no title of “improved version;” gives no indication, from title-page to colophon, that it is not the received translation, *verbatim et literatim*; but, like the Oxford editions, is described as “The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated out of the original Greek, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised,”—

yet, in 1 St. Peter II. 25, instead of "are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls," it reads, "*unto the Shepherd and overseer of your souls.*" Let no one say that it is but a verbal change, and that the Greek word for *Bishop* is literally *overseer*. Very true. But so does the Greek word translated *deacon*, mean literally *minister*; and the Greek word which is rendered *elder*, might, with the same propriety be rendered *presbyter*. To be literal here, however, would serve no turn. To expunge the name "Bishop" from the Bible would be an admirable preliminary to the extinction of the office of bishop from the Church. *In every place*, where it occurs, it is expunged, and "*overseer*" is substituted! Magnanimous achievement! Most Christian stratagem! Unanswerable refutation of the Episcopal constitution of the Ministry! The word "bishop" does not occur in the New Testament—"argal," down with the Bishops!—The imprint of this admirable specimen of anti-episcopal honesty deserves, and shall receive commemoration—"NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY R. SCHOYER. LUDWIG AND TOLEFREE, PRINTERS: 1831." Let it be branded!

This is not a singular attempt. In Cromwell's time the "kingdom of heaven" gave place, in a revised edition of the Scriptures, to the *commonwealth* of heaven! And we ourselves have seen a copy printed nearer home, in which, to support the congregational principle of ordination, the Apostles were made to say, "Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom ye may appoint over this business."—We confess, that we had thought that in these days of light and knowledge, all such attempts to lead men into error were exploded. We had supposed that Protestants were willing to stand or fall by the Scriptures as they are. At least, we had supposed that when we were to have an "improved version," we should be told of it in the title-page. But we were wrong. Episcopacy must be put down. Bishops are "rags of Popery." Scripture to be sure, is on their side. All history confirms their claims. Reason and expediency combine in their behalf. They cannot, therefore, be *reasoned* out of the way. It does not answer to *burn* them now—*unless in effigy*. The name—it is the last resort,—must be made unscriptural. A deliberate fraud is practised in the word of God,—and all for His honour and glory!

The device is as weak as it is wicked. No essential part of the argument for Episcopacy is thus affected. It still stands immovable, upon pillars of adamant. Yet though there be no venom, there is malice in the bite. The assault is not a whit the less vindictive, because it recoils upon itself. It is the will, without the power, to harm.—Will not honest men take the alarm at such attempts? Must not the cause be desperate that will resort to them? Should not they who reject a system which is so assailed, examine cautiously whether they have not been cheated into its rejection?—Let the lovers of the truth be on their guard. Let them look well what editions, even of the Scriptures, they put into their children's hands. The enemy is on the alert. His name is Legion. Be not ignorant of his devices. "Beware of counterfeits; *for such are abroad!*"

When the New York Churchman discovered, that the pub-

lishers had put forth the book, under a careless ignorance of its mutilations, a reward was offered, "to be paid at the office of the Banner of the Church, to any person who will fix conclusively on its author, the corruption of the sacred text in the received version thus exposed." * * Pledged as servants of the Church which we believe, in the Apostle's language, the only sure "pillar and ground of the truth," we are resolved, as far as in us lies, to trace to its author this high-handed profanation of the word of truth."

In a series of articles on Keble's Christian Year, a book which my Father first introduced into the American Church, by notices in the Episcopal Watchman and the Banner of the Church, and afterwards, in an edition where even Keble's "Apples of Gold," gain new beauty from their setting in "pictures of silver": the beautiful truth of this much needed warning has in it an appreciation of the call to the Holy Communion, to which the American Church is hardly yet awake.

The mystical union with the Saviour, through his body the Church, which was begun in Baptism, strengthened and endeared by the instructions of the Catechism, and avowed in Confirmation, is consummated, and continually renewed in the devout reception of the Holy Communion. Thither, the youthful recipient of the grace of the Holy Spirit in the rite of Confirmation, cannot too soon betake himself. At the first all who, gladly receiving the word, were baptized, continued steadfastly in "breaking of bread." So it was ever designed to be. So, though alas! it is not, it ought now to be. The perverseness of the natural heart, the seductions of the world, and the distracting dogmas of presumptuous sects have but too well succeeded in obscuring that which was clear, perplexing that which was plain, and making that comfortable sacrament, which was designed for the refreshment of the heavy-laden, a stone of stumbling to the weak, and a terror to the humble and broken in heart. We would to God that nothing had ever been written on the subject in addition to the Scriptural warrant, but the two exhortations to the Communion in the Book of Common Prayer. We venture to assert, that no Christian who in humility and sincerity reads the Scripture passages on that subject, and the commentary there given, will for a moment doubt as to what is God's will, or his duty. If there be any thing needed, whether for conviction, encouragement, or consolation, the service which follows, under God's grace, will abundantly supply it.

In the same number for April 1832, occurs a plea for the Daily Service, not then, I believe, anywhere realized in the American Church.

In providing in her Ritual an order for *daily* morning and evening prayer, the Church has not only made ample provision for the spiritual wants of her members, but has intimated very clearly her own views as to the returns of public worship. In the cathedral, and some other

churches of England, this benevolent design is fully carried into effect, to the refreshment and comfort, as the last day doubtless will disclose, of many a pious soul. It is devoutly to be wished, that in our cities and larger towns, there were some one or more churches daily opened for the prayers of the faithful, and if the hour of prayer were early, before the distracting calls of business have begun to arrest the public ear, it is believed that many more would gladly avail themselves of such a privilege. To such a service we are invited, by the holiest example and the highest encouragement. It was so in the first and purest days of Christianity, when they that gladly received his word had been baptized, and remained steadfast in the doctrine and ministry, the communion and worship of the apostles, they continued "*daily* with one accord in the temple," and then it was that "the Lord added to the Church *daily* such as should be saved."

There will be ample proof, in the collection of my Father's Orations and general Addresses, of his wise and earnest patriotism. As he wrote in 1832, he did and wrote always; the prayer for Congress being inserted during its session, even in our family prayers. This extract is full of force and meaning.

We are not a little surprised at the tenor of a communication in the "Churchman," signed an "American Layman," objecting to the insertion, or at least, the retention in our Liturgy of the prayer "for the President of the United States and all in civil authority." We had supposed that it was among the peculiar excellencies of the Church, that walking, as it were, in an upper atmosphere of her own, she looked down upon mankind without prejudice or partiality, and estimating them, as in God's word they are estimated, instructed her members and arranged her services upon the Saviour's principle,—"*Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's.*" As men, morally considered, we supposed that she included all, in the impressive and most true description, "*miserable offenders.*" Civilly and socially considered, we supposed that the rule of her regards, was that of St. Paul, "*render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom, to whom custom; fear, to whom fear; honour, to whom honour.*" So thinking of her, and of the divine Spirit which actuated her, we supposed her alike fitted to exercise her holy functions in all ages and in every clime; in whatever state of society, and under whatever form of government. "*THERE IS NO POWER,*" we thought, was the rule of her political relations, "*BUT OF GOD.*" *The powers that be*, be they what they may, "*are ordained of God.*" As "*powers,*" as "*the ministers of God,*" in addition to her intercession for them as sinners, we supposed that they needed her prayers for the divine direction in their public and official functions. And we felt that the merest exercise of Christian charity would call for this at our hands.—That we were not wholly wrong in these impressions, St. Paul is our witness. "*I exhort therefore,*" says he to Timothy, whom, as the newly appointed Bishop of Ephesus, he was instructing in his official relations to the Church—"I exhort

therefore that first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men ; for kings, and for all that are in authority ; *that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty.*" In these last words, the Apostle gives the reason why we should pray for "all that are in authority,"—a reason which ever must exist, and be of equal force whatever be the form of government. That in our republic, and in our day, there is not rather an increased necessity for fervent supplication for our rulers, than any possible apology for the omission of that duty, we had supposed no Christian could believe. For ourselves, the prayer in question, and the prayer for Congress, protracted as its use now is to an unusually late period of the year, gather with each renewed use of them new interest, and as the signs of the times appear more eventful, are more and more regarded as the panoply of our national prosperity and peace. Fer- vently do we hope that the administration of our national and state governments, becoming, as they continually are, more important to us who are the participators in their benefits, and to the wondering nations who are spectators of their progress, instead of being less frequently and fervently remembered at the throne of grace, will awaken in us more powerfully the spirit of prayer and supplication. Confidently do we believe that, to the Church,—withdraw from her as it may its protection, its countenance, its respect,—the state must ever look, for that prevailing intercession with the Arbiter of nations, without which national power is but national corruption, and national prosperity the hectic flush that harbingers national decay and ruin.

During the latter years of his Episcopate, when special political dangers threatened the country, he urged the families of the Diocese, in his conventional address, to make daily use at home of the prayer for Congress.

The inevitable necessity, that heresy should result from schism, which every day proves more and more sadly, finds a well sustained assertion in this paragraph :

"It is a problem of immense interest and importance to solve," says Professor Pusey of Oxford, England, in a letter to the Editor of the "Biblical Repository," published in the number for July, 1832, "how Germany, from having been, in appearance at least, sound, became, by a rapid change and to a fearful extent, an unbelieving Church." However interesting and important, it is not, we think, a difficult problem. To a different correspondent the Professor would probably have offered a solution. We should ascribe the declension to which he alludes, whether in Germany, or in regions less remote, to the absence of one or all these three things :—

A scriptural ministry,

A scriptural creed,

A scriptural worship.

In this solution all history sustains us. The Independents in the days of Cromwell, rejected them ; and the pulpits of the Owens and the Baxters are now the strongholds of Socinianism. "In the Church of

Geneva," says a late writer, "no sooner was the subscription to the Helvetic Confession abandoned, than Arianism took full possession of the chairs and the pulpits." It is a striking fact, for which we are indebted to the same authority, that out of 222 Unitarian congregations supposed to exist in England, only 46 appear to have been founded by persons of those sentiments; 176 were originally in the hands of *orthodox* DISSENTERS. Are there not chairs and pulpits in New England that bear the same testimony? Does it need prophetic ken to foresee, unless God immediately interpose, the accession of others? "The Puritans," says Dr. Claudius Buchanan, "of a former age did not live long enough to see the use of an evangelical formulary. By them the experiment of a *pure* Church, devoid of form, was made under the most favourable circumstances. Yet with the first generation of men the spiritual fervour seemed to pass away. Instead of increasing, it decreased and declined in most places, till little more than the *name* was left. For when the *spirit* is gone, (in a Church having no forms,) *nothing is left*." Contrast with these the case of the Syrian Church, discovered by the Portuguese on the coast of Malabar, which, with its Episcopal ministry and evangelic Liturgy, had for ages kept itself pure in the midst of Paganism. "Woe to the declining Church," says Dr. Buchanan, in words of solemn import, "which hath no scriptural Liturgy,"—and is without, we add, "a scriptural ministry."

The calm courage of a faithful shepherd's duty writes such words, as these that follow, when the dark cloud of pestilence was spreading towards him.

Suppose, then, that the cholera should come to us, as it has come to the city of New York, for instance, *what is our duty as citizens and Christians?* We answer confidently, and after the most deliberate consideration, to *remain quietly in our homes, to pursue steadily our several paths of duty, and to combine and exert all our energies for the relief of the afflicted, and the well-being of the whole*. This done, with penitence and prayer, to put our steadfast trust in God, and, in reliance on the Saviour, for forgiveness and acceptance, to meet with cheerfulness, and bear with patience, the allotted visitation.

We are aware how urgent is the appeal which nature makes in every heart for self-preservation, and we know that its first dictate is, to fly from the evil which cannot be resisted. But in the present instance whither shall we fly? If, as the best judgment seems to be, the origin of the disease is in an atmospheric influence, how is it to be escaped? It is invisible and intangible. The quick senses give no notice of its presence. We fly, perhaps, from the place where it is not, to another where it is. Cities, we know, are supposed to be most liable to its visitation. And doubtless they are—because in them are collected in the greatest numbers that class of persons who, by their vices, or their necessities, are most subject to disease. But a city like Boston, in a salubrious climate, with advantages of situation and exposure, and under the influence of an efficient police, is not, as the bills of mortality testify, less favourable to life or health than the

country. Consider on the other hand, the certain suffering, incident to the general breaking up, of business, and domestic quiet. Consider the inconvenience and loss to all, the starvation, misery, and death certainly visited on the poor. Suppose, as in the case of New York, *one-third*, or *one-half* of the population to have left the city, and who can estimate the public damage,—how entirely incalculable the private grief and injury? Is it wise thus to fly from an uncertain to a certain evil? Is it *morally right* thus to inflict utter misery and ruin upon others, for a contingent benefit to ourselves? It surely does not consist with the law of gospel love, nor with the social precepts of the Gospel. *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Bear ye one another's burthens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.*—It may not be so easy to pursue steadily the usual course of duty, since such a dispensation must abridge the intercourse, and interrupt the avocations, of life. But a man is only responsible for as much as he can do. If all do what they can, much will be done. Public confidence will be preserved. The confidence of strangers will be sooner restored. The channels of business, kept open, will the sooner fill. And while the inconvenience of leaving the post of duty will be avoided, so also will the danger of returning to it again.—But above all things, let not the claims of sacred charity be forgotten or foregone! Let no one think of seeking personal safety, in the neglect of the clear law of love! Were there no world but this, to do to others as we would that they should do to us, would be unquestionable wisdom. What comfort can there be for the present, what hope for the future, in the reflection that we have refused to a suffering brother the rites of hospitality, or the offices of charity. If any man *see his brother have need, and shut up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?* It is enough to curdle one's blood, to know how selfish fear has hardened man's heart, and to what brutal disregard of the most sacred ties the apprehension of pestilence has driven some, who walk with countenances erect. It is to avert the consequences of this unnatural conduct that the RELIEF ASSOCIATIONS in our city have been formed. They are worthy of all human commendation, as doubtless, they have praise of God. In the spirit which dictated their formation, the true spirit of the Gospel, it becomes us all to act. *Who shall harm us*, may then be our strong confidence, *if we be followers of that which is good?* A life so spent cannot be short. A death so met cannot be premature. *We know that we have passed from death unto life, BECAUSE WE LOVE THE BRETHREN.*

The Banner of the Church was only continued to the vi. number of volume II. The same number that contained a notice of Bishop Croes' Episcopal life, states that "at the late convention of the Diocese of New Jersey, the Rev. George W. Doane, Rector of Trinity Church Boston, was unanimously elected to the Episcopate of that Diocese. And the next paper contains on its last page a record of his consecration, Dr. Croswell's sonnet "Ad Amicum," and the Editor's Valedictory in these words:

The Editors of the Banner of the Church are reluctantly constrained by providential circumstances, to suspend from this date, the publication of that paper. The conclusion is, on their own part, as unlooked for, as it can be on the part of their readers. It was their purpose and their hope, and but very recently was so declared, long to labour, in humble dependence on the divine blessing, in the promotion of the cause to which their hearts are devoted, and their lives are pledged—the sacred cause of “Evangelical Truth and Apostolic Order.” By the divine arrangement it has been otherwise ordered. The servants of the Church, by the solemn obligation of their ordination vows, it is not for them to choose the place or kind of service. Enough for them, if they may be permitted, while life remains, to spend themselves, and be spent in His cause ;—enough for them if He will bless their feeble efforts, and turn them to His glory.

In conclusion, it only remains to express the editorial farewell. Wherever the Editors may be, the principles which have actuated, and the institutions which have engaged their former labours, will still be held dear as the apple of their eye. It is their joy and pride to know, that, however separated by place or circumstance, such an union of desire and effort will bind them in a bond indissoluble, with all who truly love the Church of God : and it is their priceless hope, that the communion of the Saints, made perfect in Heaven, may forever unite them with those whom they have loved and served on earth ! And, now, brethren beloved, we commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance with all them that are sanctified. The God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Fully convinced, both in theory and practice, of the importance of a Church newspaper, as publishing the tidings of salvation in an available and attractive form ; and bringing to bear upon it the experience of his previous labours, my Father had been in his Diocese not quite two years, when he established the publication of “the Missionary.” The first number appeared on the 20th of April, A.D. 1834. It was continued, uninterruptedly, until January 1st, A. D. 1838, and was renewed again for a few years’ life, in 1847. Its introductory editorial may be the best expression of his purpose, and its plan. It is the same subject, under a varied harmony.

THE MISSIONARY is sent forth to preach the Gospel. Its continual aim will be to turn sinners to righteousness and to “make ready a people prepared for the Lord.” As the only means by which so great an end can be accomplished, it will set forth “THE CROSS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,”—“the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world,” lifted up from the earth that he may draw all men unto him.

Man lost,—God incarnate for his recovery,—“Christ crucified,”—the price of his restoration,—justification by faith,—faith working by love,—love purifying the heart,—salvation wholly by grace,—the grace which produces salvation for the sinner, preparing him by newness and holiness of life for its enjoyment,—such, in its broad outline is that “faith of the Gospel” which the “Missionary” will go forth to preach.

Subsidiary, but not separable from the Cross, it will set up the CHURCH, the body of the Lord Jesus, “the pillar and ground of the truth,” “the fold and flock of God,” “which he hath purchased with his own blood.” Its ministers, its sacraments, its worship,—the appointment of the Lord, the means of grace, the instruments of the divine Spirit in the sanctification of the soul,—“the Missionary” will constantly set forth as “worthy of all men to be received.” Its speech will thus be, like the Apostle Paul’s, “concerning CHRIST and the CHURCH; and the subject of its mission may be stated in these few familiar words, EVANGELICAL TRUTH, APOSTOLIC ORDER.

The office of the “Missionary,” though so high and holy in its aims, will be exercised in humble services, and with a humble spirit. To go before the living ministry, and prepare their way, in waste and desert places, where their feet have never trod,—to follow after them, confirming their instructions, urging their exhortations, enforcing their appeals,—in minuteness of detail, in familiarity of illustration, in frequency of repetition, “line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little,” to aid in filling up the measure of their mighty undertaking in the care of souls,—such will be its object and its effort. It seeks no conquest but the souls of men. It claims no countenance, but, as it shall speak “the truth in Jesus.” It makes no higher profession than to be a humble follower in the steps of him, “who went about doing good.” Its sole concern, like Him, “to seek and save that which is lost,”—its sufficient glory, like the Apostle Paul, in “the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

And so again, more fully, in the first Leader :

It is deemed neither necessary nor expedient to sketch beforehand the plan, or enumerate the themes of “the Missionary.” Such engagements for the most part signify little, and are regarded less. Nothing will find admission within these pages, which is not consistent with their title. Whatever can promote the office and work of a true Missionary of the Cross, will be, as time and circumstance shall permit, the subject of discourse. Useful learning and a pure taste, as they follow always in the train of undefiled religion, so are they her allowed and efficient auxiliaries. Christian knowledge should go hand in hand with Christian piety. It is the divorce of learning from religion, which first corrupts, and then destroys them both. “The Missionary” will be the steady advocate of Christian education.

Though stationed in the diocese of New Jersey, and especially charged with the advancement of her interests, “the Missionary” is a soldier of the cross, and solemnly engaged for “the whole state of Christ’s Church militant,” here on earth. “Set for the defence of the

Gospel," his effort will be to be useful, and his hope, to be acceptable, for Christ's sake, wherever "the faith of the Gospel" is had in estimation. For the rest, his watchword is, with the Apostle Paul, "Christ and the Church;" on his banner he inscribes, with Bishop Hobart, "Evangelical Truth, Apostolic Order,"—and with Bishop Jebb, "Conciliation without compromise;"—the strength in which he stands, the might in which he hopes to triumph, is "ONLY IN THE CROSS."

His own educational plans not yet matured, he welcomes most thankfully, every shoot of the "good seed" that springs up. Writing of the Episcopal School of North Carolina, and of the religious instruction, and opportunities of worship, given to the students, he says:

This is precisely what it should be. It is an Episcopal School. None are compelled to come to it. They who come, if not Episcopalians, must conform to Episcopalian regulations. How much more manly and ingenuous the course which is here pursued, than the common, canting pretence, displayed in the circulars of many literary institutions, that *nothing is taught in religion beyond the tenets common to all denominations*. A promise which cannot be fulfilled, and which if it could, would consign the parties to it, to merited reprobation. A promise which, if complied with, would reduce Christianity to a mere school of eclectic philosophy,—but which generally means that no attention is paid to religion at all. Whatever it means, Episcopalians at least, should never be deceived by it. Theirs is no scheme of mere negotiations. In doctrine, in discipline, in worship, their system is entire and perfect, wanting nothing, and in nothing superfluous. For every thing there is a rule, and for every rule a reason. They have thus nothing to throw in, by way of compromise, and in every attempt at amalgamation, they are sure to be the losers.

We most heartily bid this enterprise "God speed." To the Churchmen of North Carolina belongs the honour of establishing the first truly Episcopal School. May their noble example be speedily followed in every diocese.

His anxious readiness to raise his hand and lift his voice for the combined cause of missions and education, finds glowing expression, in these words, from an article on "The West:—"

We are not alarmists, nor are our correspondents such; yet we cannot look beyond the Alleghany range without fearful forebodings for the future. The hold of religion on our Eastern strand is feeble enough. But here it has had the advantage of some two hundred years prescription; nurtured, at the first, by that kindest and most judicious foster-mother in Christendom, the Church of England; and growing, not proportionately, yet *growing*, with the growth of population, institutions, intelligence, refinement and wealth. Not so the West. There, empires grow up in a night. There, population and institutions, and intelligence and refinement, and wealth, have all had the start of religion. There, there is no strong influence, steadily tend-

ing with a single eye to God's glory and the good of man, such as we enjoyed, at the hands of the venerable Society for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts. There, we must add, an influence *is* establishing itself, *is* gaining ground daily, *is* striving for the mastery,—with a combination of the form of godliness with the wisdom of this world, of foreign wealth with an adaptation of itself to local circumstances, of which Jesuits alone are capable, fearful to contend with, or to think of,—an influence which, we must say, has not been found, in past experience, single-eyed in its regards, either of God or man. Seeing as we must, how true it still is, as in Herbert's time it was, that “*westward* the star of empire takes its way,”—seeing, as we must, what millions of the rising generation are growing up there, uninstructed at all, or, if instructed, with scarcely the shadow of Christian influence to overshadow, shelter, save them,—does it not become us to bestir ourselves in behalf of our brethren in the flesh, in behalf of the institutions and interests which they must soon be called upon to wield? Does it not become us to inform ourselves upon this subject, to impress our friends and neighbours with its importance, to implore our God in its behalf?

Now from all this, what is our protection? Under what shield, is the empire in the West to find security from the ills of popery, fanaticism, and infidelity? We know but one, and that is the broad buckler of the Lord of hosts himself,—THE GOSPEL IN THE CHURCH. And we commend to all whom it may concern, as preparatory and subsidiary, but indispensable, *Christian education*,—the education of the young under the influence of Christian principles, and of Christian institutions. Let the Gospel be preached in its integrity. Let Christ be set up, crucified for sinners, that he may draw them to himself. Let the doctrines of the Cross,—that we are accounted righteous only for the merit of our Lord Jesus Christ, by faith; and that, being so justified, we must then be made meet for heaven, by the sanctification of the divine Spirit, renewing us in righteousness and true holiness, after the image of God,—be distinctly proclaimed, and fervently enforced. Let this be done under that clear commission from the Lord Jesus Christ himself, which through the Apostles' hands has been conveyed to us, and in that Scriptural and reasonable order—“the very beauty of holiness”—which is characteristic of the Church of the double martyrdom, the heathen and the papal,—and the result is sure and certain as the word of God himself. Confident of these things, the summons to us is one which like a trumpet should arouse our souls. We should rise up like men. We should invoke the guidance and protection of the God of our fathers, and our own God. We should go up valiantly to his help against the mighty; bold in his cause, strong in his strength, prevailing, through the blood and merits of the divine Intercessor, by fervent, instant, ceaseless and effectual prayer.

A word we must add, though it can be but a word, on the duty of promoting everywhere, and especially in the West, the cause of Christian education. Not that, by courtesy so called, which is only Christian, by its profession to avoid what it is pleased to call “secta-

rianism,"—but open, manly, distinctive, evangelical and apostolic Christianity—we may as well speak out at once—the Christianity of the Church,—administered, for example's sake, as we have shown that it is, under Bishop Ives, in the Episcopal School of North Carolina. It is in view of this great end, that we wish all success to the vigorous and spirited efforts of Bishop McIlvaine, in Ohio, in behalf of Kenyon College, and of Bishop Smith, in behalf of the Episcopal School in Lexington,—to both of which we shall return at another time.

The pages of the *Missionary* as it goes on, vindicate its name. The great cause of Missions was then just taking hold of the Church's heart. How much my Father had to do with its originating, we shall see hereafter. Original or selected matter, pleas of his own burning eloquence, or the reports of the Missionaries, all find a place in these columns. I pass them by now, except the following assertion of the one only Scriptural and Apostolic way, of doing this great work. The article is headed "Why should we have a foreign Bishop?"

There are those, we believe, but very few, who seemed disposed to ask, why should we have a Foreign Bishop? We reverse the question, and inquire with wondering earnestness, *why should we not?* What reason could be given, for example, that a Churchman would allow of, why there should not be a bishop in New Jersey, or in Alabama? And what reason, that was urged for the appointment of a Missionary Bishop for Louisiana and Missouri, fails of its application, when the ground is changed to Africa or China? Is it that there are as yet few converts made in those vast regions? It was to the Apostles, the first Bishops, that the precept of the Saviour was directed, "Go ye and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them." Is it that there is not likely to be connected with those Missionary stations for many years to come, the care of souls? A single soul outvalues the whole world, and it is not our Heavenly Father's will that one of these little ones should perish. Is it the expense that is to be involved? It is not shown that a Missionary Bishop need be greatly more expensive than a Missionary priest. Or, if it be so, is there anywhere in the New Testament a warrant to dispense with the Episcopate? And are not the silver and the gold the Lord's, which we so grudge to spend in the extension of his kingdom?

But the question has been asked in sober earnestness, and in sober earnestness should be directly answered, why should we have at this immediate point of time, a Missionary Bishop in foreign parts? We answer, in the first place, because it was so that it pleased Christ to plant the Church at first. To the eleven he said, "Go ye, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." "Preach the Gospel unto every creature." By the mouth of apostles the Gospel was first preached to Jews and Gentiles. And when a Missionary was sent by Paul to Crete, it was to "set in order the things that were wanting, and ordain elders in every city." True, Philip, a deacon, was the first

to preach Christ in Samaria. But his going down there was the consequence of a persecution which dispersed the Church in all directions ; and the defectiveness of his ministry was clearly marked in the necessity, which the apostles immediately felt, to send Peter and John, two of their own number, to lay hands on those whom Philip had baptized. Now, if, as Churchmen, we plead the practice of the apostles, as setting forth the mind which was in Christ, certainly, as consistent Churchmen, we are bound to act upon it. Nay, have we the promise of a blessing if we do not ? Is not the promise of Christ, “ Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,” a promise to the apostles themselves ; and can it be claimed, but in the line of apostolic succession ? If we hope for the blessing, should we not carefully put ourselves in the posture which has the promise of it ? And why should it be in heathen lands, that we are most willing to incur the risk of losing it ?

But not only our principles as Churchmen, the soundest practical wisdom conspires with them, to call for this appointment. In Paul’s admirable description of the office of a Bishop, as conveyed to Titus, to “ set in order the things which are wanting—” literally, *the things which are defective*—has marked precedence even over the power of ordination. Experience richly justifies the apostle’s wisdom. In the practical working of the system, this is the form in which the excellence of the divine appointment chiefly manifests itself. A diocese without a Bishop is defective at every point. In theory not only, but in practice, in conviction, in experience, it is not a Church. Supply the episcopate, and potentially, it is complete. Let it enjoy really, what it has potentially, and the things which were wanting are supplied not only, but are set in order. Now if this be felt and owned in our experience, if with our constitution and canons, with our Liturgy and rubrics, with our ecclesiastical organizations and *esprit du corps*, the want of a Bishop, in a vacant diocese be so severely felt, how must it be, where there are none of these things ? To what uncertainty and perplexity, what want of confidence and of unity, what irregularity and inefficiency, must they be exposed who, without a head, are labouring, in a new soil, under a foreign climate, against adverse circumstances of every kind, to establish “ the Gospel in the Church.” How deeply must they feel, in the absence of experience, of precedents, of regulations, of sympathies, of all human aid, the necessity for one, who, like Titus in Crete, should possess the requisite authority, (conjoined with prudence, influence, energy and piety,) to “ set in order the things which are wanting.”

Have we really considered what it is to establish a foreign Mission ? Have we measured the responsibility, and prepared ourselves to meet the difficulty, of the undertaking ? Are we ready for the emergencies which at any moment may, and often must present themselves, in such a work ? Our system, as we experience it, works well. There are no omitted cases, or, if there are, none that will not bear to wait, until another Convention shall supply them. And if doubts and difficulties arise, as sometimes they do, there is the Bishop, there are the Bishops, at hand to counsel and direct. But in China, or in Africa, or in Kamschatka—would to God we were at liberty to name every

kindred, nation, tongue and people under the whole heaven!—there are, it may be, some two or three or six laborious Missionaries. They mean well. They do well, according to their ability and experience. They aim at God's glory and the good of souls; and with an honest purpose, and in such a cause, they will not greatly err. But what, in their case, is error? What is right and what is wrong? Is it to be supposed that our ecclesiastical provisions are to the letter adapted, to the condition in which they are placed? If not, in what respects, and in what degree? What, that we have not, is needed? What, that we have, is unnecessary and inexpedient? Who is to be the judge? If they do not agree among themselves, who is to decide? Among conflicting statements, on what authority shall the General Convention, which alone has jurisdiction, proceed to act? Again, the field widens. Stations are multiplied. New doors, great and effectual, are opened. Who is to decide as to their occupation? By whose judgment are new Missionaries to be settled, and old ones to be transferred? Who is to adjust the means of the Church to the necessities of the case, and so arrange the stewardship of souls that, in the distribution of the bread of life, every one may have his portion in due season? Still again, between brethren of the same household, honest differences, involving the best interests of the Church, may easily arise. How shall these be justly and prudently determined? Nay, worse than this, the necessity for spiritual discipline may occur. And who shall then see that the name of Christ and his Gospel be not blasphemed?

It were easy to extend the argument. Pages might be written, to show the necessity of action in the premises—to justify the course adopted by the Board of Missions. But why—since it is Churchmen that are to act—why should they be written? If it be contemplated that there be at any of our foreign stations more than one Missionary, then a Bishop should have jurisdiction, or we adopt parity as our system. And if there be but one, he should be a Bishop; since all things that a presbyter may, a Bishop may do, and also, “set in order the things which are wanting.”

We are aware that the just conclusion from these premises authorizes the inquiry, why did not the Board of Missions propose a Bishop for each of the foreign stations of the Church? THEY OUGHT TO HAVE DONE SO. Where a Bishop is not, the Church is not. If there be any place where a Bishop of this Church ought not to be, there no portion of this Church ought to be. These are self-evident positions. It is of no use to wink them out of sight. If *we* can manage not to see them, others see them, God sees them. Let us look them right in the face, and meet them like men. Either Bishops are essentials of the Church, and should go wherever the Church goes; or they are not essentials, and we have pressed them quite too much already. As for the cost of the provision, “will a man rob God?” If God wills, shall man refuse? Had Paul greater means at command than we have, that he could indulge the Cretans in a luxury so expensive? Has a Bishop a mouth more to feed, or a body more to clothe, than a presbyter or deacon? Do the people grudge the money which sends our Robertson and Hill and Benton to Greece, our Southgate to Persia, our Lockwood and

Hanson and Boone to China, our Savage and Minor and Payne to Africa? Is it because they call themselves Episcopalians, that they would grudge the additional expense of the Episcopate? Is it not rather true, that we have not because we ask not?

Our ardent desire is that the first step may be taken. It is only that which will cost. A Missionary Bishop for Africa may properly be sent to visit our other stations first. By the time he has reached his proper see, the Church will have seen the wisdom and owned the duty, of sending Bishops to her other stations. In overseeing the Clergy; in supplying the offices, the instructions, the consolations of a Bishop, to the emigrants who shall have pitched their tents upon the shores from which their fathers came, and to the native converts; in devising and executing plans for training the children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; in planting schools, in laying the deep broad foundation of a Missionary institution, he will find work enough. If he desire a good and glorious work, where can it be found, if not in putting in train the measures which, under God, are to result in bringing a continent of heathenism in, among the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ—in living, and when it shall please God, in dying, as THE APOSTLE OF AFRICA!

The papers contain sermons of his, whose place in this book is not here; many details, of the educational work that was growing then on his hands and heart, which have been noticed before; and constant selections and reviews with local and Diocesan statistics. Much space, and many a "line upon line" were given to the great subject of systematic charity, of which we shall speak separately. They contain two most admirable sets of questions for Bible Classes, and notices of the Festivals and Fasts. Of what remains, a bit or two in the Appendix, will serve to show, how wide awake the Missionary was; and all, together, are amazing instances of his variety and capacity of working, who, with Parochial, and Diocesan, and Academic duties pressing upon him thus, finds time for this, at first, weekly publication.*

At this period, was begun by my Father's direction, "The Spirit of the English Religious Magazines." It was not long continued. But it was worth continuance; offering to all, very cheaply the cream of the British Critic and the Christian Remembrancer, and the British Magazine, &c. It was one of many things, indeed, of all my Father's publications, that brought nothing into, and took very much out of, his pocket. In 1837 the Missionary was suspended. Revived in 1847, it had almost fuller life and interest than before. Its purpose and its terms present the character of the Editor fully.

THE MISSIONARY is revived for personal and local convenience. It will afford an authentic channel of intercourse with the Clergy and

* See Appendix C.

parishes of the diocese. It will be a convenient auxiliary in the pastoral teachings of the parish. It will serve as an advertiser for the Church Institutions. It will supply the opportunity to say *to* them, and *for* them, what, from time to time, will be important to have known *within* them, or *about* them. While it will thus be emphatically a *domestic* Missionary, it will be always glad to be of use, *abroad*. What concerns one member of Christ's Body must be of interest to all. At home, or abroad, it will "study to be quiet, and to do" its "own business;" and, continuing "steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship," will "follow after the things which make for peace," "wherewith one may edify another."

THE MISSIONARY will be sent free to all the Clergy of the diocese of New Jersey, and to all the Bishops. It will be furnished without cost to all the teachers and pupils of St. Mary's Hall, and Burlington College; and to the teachers of all children under religious training, in the parish of St. Mary's Church, Burlington. For the rest, twelve monthly numbers will be sent, by mail, or otherwise, to the address of every person who shall enclose one dollar, postage paid, to Edmund Morris, Publisher, Burlington, New Jersey.

I must quote briefly from it, as I may.

"THE WORD FOR THE DAY."

It was an early practice of the Moravians to publish an annual collection of Scriptural Texts, for each day in the year. "This practice," we are told by Holmes, in his "History of the Protestant Church of the United Brethren," "originated in a custom, observed at Hernnhut, for some time. One of the Elders visited each family every morning. Before he took his round, he went to the Minister, who, from a selection of texts, written on slips of paper, gave him one, designed to supply the congregation with a subject of meditation for the day. The Visitor, when he entered a house, read this text to the inmates, addressing a suitable exhortation. In 1731, a beginning was made to print this collection." "Since then, this practice has been regularly continued." "These texts are varied every year; so that, in course of time, almost every passage of Holy Writ, 'profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness' is brought into view." "In the estimation of the Brethren, the value of this collection has been confirmed by the experience of many years. Not to mention the benefit derived from it by individuals, in their private devotions, it has served to cherish a communion of feeling and spiritual enjoyment in the Church, however widely its members are separated from each other. Often, also, have the texts for a particular day, or week, been strikingly adapted to minister comfort or encouragement, to congregations and individuals, on occasions of peculiar trial; so much so, that if these trying occurrences could have been previously known, it would have been impossible to have selected a passage from the Bible, either of warning, or admonition, or promise, more suited to the circumstances of the afflicted congregation or individual."

At the opening of St. Mary's Hall, the practice here described was introduced, and has never ceased. It has been adopted at Burlington College. In both cases with the best effect. When the School opens, every morning, the children rise, and, at the bidding of the Principal, repeat together the WORD FOR THE DAY, which he makes the subject of a very few appropriate remarks. The sacred text thus chosen serves as the key-note for the day, and hearts are harmonized and tuned by it. It never fails to secure a lively interest. By the publication beforehand, the parents of the children, and others who care for them, will always know the subject of their meditations for the day; and may be present with them, as it were, in spirit, though absent in the body. There will be much comfort in it, and much profit. It will sweetly solace, with a sacred balm, the pain of separation. It will turn, how tenderly, the hearts of parents to their children. It will help the Communion of Saints. It will impress, while it endears, the Scriptures. "Lord, how I love Thy Law: all the day long is my study in it."

"WHAT REMAINETH OF THE CONSECRATED ELEMENTS."

The disposal of "what remaineth of the consecrated elements," "after the Communion," is matter of concern to every thoughtful Minister. The rubrics on the subject are most express and positive. "When all have communicated, the Minister shall return to the Lord's table, and *reverently place upon it what remaineth of the consecrated elements, covering the same with a fair linen cloth.*" And, again, "if any of the consecrated Bread and Wine remain, after the Communion, *it shall not be carried out of the Church; but the Minister and other communicants shall, immediately after the blessing, reverently eat and drink the same.*" The object of which, it may be said, in passing, is twofold; to secure a proper reverence for this, so high a mystery; and to prevent the Popish abuse, referred to in our twenty-eighth Article—"the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not, by Christ's ordinance, *reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped.*" With these rules of the Church, every Minister desires to comply. But, how? What is it to "reverently eat and drink the same?" How shall the people be induced to comply with what shall be so judged by competent authority? In this whole matter, there is great diversity and great perplexity. Some scrupulously strive, so to divide and distribute "the consecrated Bread and Wine," and especially the latter, that none shall remain. I say, *especially the latter*; because, shocking to say, a modern ultraism is capable of watching pious communicants, who comply with the law of the Church, in this respect, and speaking of them as "wine-bibbers." But this endeavour, to be exact, where there are many communicants, is difficult and distracting; and that, in a service which requires entire and perfect self-possession: while, in the anxiety not to have too much, a second consecration is often rendered necessary. In some cases, the Clergy are seriously incommoded, where there has been much more consecrated than was used, by their desire to consume the remainder among themselves. And there are instances in which the remainder of the consecrated Bread is given to

the Sexton, to take home ; and the remainder of the consecrated Wine is put away for the next Communion : in direct violation, in the one case, of the direction, "it shall not be carried out of the Church ;" and, in the other, a clear disregard of the teaching of the Article, that it shall not be "reserved."

And then, where the Minister attempts to carry out the rubric literally, how different the practice, and how difficult to be enforced. In some cases, "the consecrated Bread and Wine" carried to the Communicants, as they sit or stand, by the Wardens ; in some, where they approach the chancel, eaten and drunk, while they stand ; not seldom, while they walk and talk. But, there is no one not familiar with the diversity and difficulty of the case. The question is, as to the best practice.

At the last annual Convention of the diocese, the Bishop affectionately requested, that "*the Communicants,*" "*after the Blessing,*" *would continue kneeling on their knees, until the remainder of "the consecrated Bread and Wine," should be brought to them, and reverently consumed.* At the proper time, two Deacons received from the Bishop the paten and the chalice ; and, bearing them to the Communicants, as they continued kneeling, distributed the remainder of the elements, in perfect silence. The end of the rubrics was effectually answered. The time occupied was very inconsiderable. The solemn stillness of the scene rendered it in the highest degree impressive and affecting. Many, who were present, spoke of it as the best mode of carrying out the rubric, which they had witnessed. It has been continued from that time, in St. Mary's Church, Burlington. It can be done perfectly well by a single Minister, where there is but one. It is regarded as in every way suited for general adoption. As such, it is affectionately recommended. The Apostle St. Paul thought it worthy to write to the Corinthians, "Let all things be done decently and in order."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

We are not, by eminence, a reverential people ; and this has not been thought an age of reverence. Nevertheless, there is a manifest development in that direction. Any one must have noticed this, who was present at the opening of the late General Convention. The multitude of communicants, their serious air and aspect, the downcast look, the ungloved hand with palm upturned ; all betokened a depth and earnestness of religious impression not observed before. The influence of this better state of mind and heart, was observable throughout the session. All papers, secular and sectarian, bore testimony to the sober, orderly, and dignified character of its proceedings. There were diametrical differences of opinion on the most interesting and important questions ; but there was no breach of charity, or loss of courtesy. Great matters were discussed. Their issues, respectively, disappointed large and influential portions of the body. They were acquiesced in without a murmur. It is but a month since the Convention rose, and the quietness of an age has supervened. Things that were anxiously expected, were not done. Things were done, that

were not expected. All is received, as right and good : and dioceses, parishes, and individuals go on, as if there had never been a Convention, and was never to be another. This is as it should be. Conventions are not of the essence of the Church. Their doings are not its vital work. That is done in parishes, in schools, in families. If hearts be right and hands be warm ; if there be faith, and love, and holiness, and piety ; if children be well trained, if family altars be kept bright, if sheep and lambs be fed and tended, if " the comfortable Gospel of Christ be truly preached, truly received, and truly followed," men will be saved, through Christ, and God be glorified in Him. We need not ask for more. " Then had the Churches rest throughout Judea, and Galilee, and Samaria, and were edified ; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied."

A most beautiful and cheering sign of the times, has been the extensive observance of a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God, " for the fruits of the earth, and other blessings of His merciful Providence ;" and its very general observance on the same day. Not less than four and twenty States united in this grateful service on the twenty-fifth day of November, at the instance of their several Executives. The time was when this was a sectional proceeding, and the proceeding of a very small section of the United States. The Church, indeed, always bore her testimony. From the first, her Book of Common Prayer contained " a Form of Prayer and Thanksgiving to Almighty God," provided for this occasion. And, from the first, she made it a law to be observed, whether the State regarded it or not : " to be used yearly, on the first Thursday in November, or on such other day as shall be appointed by the civil authority." The appointment is now nearly universal. And the value of a common day, almost as universally acknowledged. A more beautiful and impressive spectacle cannot be imagined. Millions and millions of people acknowledge the Lord to be their God ; declaring Him to be the Author and Giver of all good things ; and pouring out their hearts before Him, with the incense of adoring love. " Happy are the people that are in such a case ; yea, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God."

In many other ways the increased appreciation of religious things is seen. In the multiplication of Churches, in the increased attention to their architectural arrangements, in the free offerings which are made for their support and advancement, and most of all, in the use of daily prayers and frequent Communion. It may be said, with grateful joy, that God is more accounted of, in His own world, than for generations He has been. Men are less ashamed to own themselves religious. Young men, especially, avouch themselves the Lord's, with greater boldness. There is far more attention to the religious training of children. Indeed, this is at once cause and effect of this new era, in which we rejoice. The Christian Schools have sent back their leaven into the houses from which their pupils came ; and so fulfilled the Holy Scripture in turning " the hearts of the fathers to the children." The pious observance of a Voluntary Service, at noon, in St.

Paul's College, years ago, was the means of establishing in one family, at least, the habit of gathering at that hour of the day, for reading the Bible and for prayers. It is the gleam of that bright promise by Isaiah, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

WINDERMERE, TASMANIA.

The last quarterly paper of the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts has, for its frontispiece, a view of the Church at Windermere, engraved from a sketch, by the Bishop of Tasmania. How beautiful and touching this transplantation of the memories of home, to the dark and distant haunts of Missionary exile!

The sweet lake of Windermere, and its dear old Church, remembered and perpetuated, in Van Dieman's Land! As, in that sad Psalm, "by the waters of Babylon," in the words, which the Bishop of New Zealand so happily chose for his parting text, when he and his took ship, "with wives and children"—"How shall we sing the Lord's song, in a strange land? *If I forget thee, O Jerusalem*, let my right hand forget her cunning!" Or, as the Argive, in the *Æneid*, dying in a foreign land;

"Sternitur infelix alieno vulnere, cælumque
Aspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Dying, he thinks upon Argos, the home where his heart is.

Or, as that little Trojan Colony, in Greece—

"Procedo, et parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis
Pergama, et arentem Xanthum cognomine rivum
Agnosco, Scææque amplector limina portæ."

"Proceeding on, another Troy I see ;
Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome :
A rivulet, by the name of Xanthus, ran,
And I embrace the Scæan gate again."

And, for the holy brethren, from our mother Church, who bear with them, in their banishment, for Jesus' sake, the bleeding tendrils, they have torn from altar and from hearth, His sacred words in all their gracious plenitude be theirs: "an hundred fold, now, in this time," "and, in the world to come, eternal life!"

A MISSIONARY.

One, that is a Missionary, has lately been along. He has laboured, fifteen years, in the West. He was sent, by his Bishop, to a point which he considered, the forlorn hope of the diocese. In a few years, he had a Church built, and paid for. He has left it, long since, to labour, in less promising fields. His first services, there, were in an old building, used by everybody, under the delusive name, a Free Church. There were six persons, that could make the responses, in the service. He was a schoolmaster, for his living. On Saturday afternoons, he collected the people, to explain the Prayer Book, till all could follow. In this "day of small things," that noble auxiliary of the Church, the Bishop White Prayer Book Society, sent him fifty

Prayer Books. "Never shall I forget that day," said he, "ten thousand dollars would not have done us so much good." There was just about one for each. Years after, when he was collecting Prayer Books, for a Missionary Station, he went to these people. They would give any other books they had; but *not one of the fifty!* These were sacred. When he could not use "the Church," he went out into the "Barrens," to collect people. He preached, here and there, as he found hearers. When he had interested them, he led them in, to join the little congregation. So, it grew. One day, a physician came to him, to ask him to baptize his child. He said he must know more about him first. He would visit him. He found an educated man, a well instructed, and devoted, and religious Churchman; and his wife worthy of him. He appointed the next visit, for the baptism. But there were no sponsors, but the parents. None others knew, or cared about, the Church. What should he do. He considered the matter. He determined that the rubric must yield to the necessity, on the principle of "mercy rather than sacrifice." His Bishop, whom he could not then consult, afterwards cordially approved his decision. The day came. There was a great concourse of people. They were gathered about a little mound. He stood by the side of a spring, which gushed from it. He poured the water on the children, from a gourd. Salvator Rosa might have had a study, here, for John, baptizing in the wilderness. He preached, that baptism is the washing of regeneration. He held them to the Scriptures. Whatever regeneration was, such was its connexion. The mixed multitude who heard him, were pricked at their heart. They came to him for baptism, for themselves, or for their children. He said, "not till I know you better." He has now a flourishing Missionary Station there, which he serves, with two others; and will soon have Churches at all. Last Christmas, he was to preach at the place, which was his first love. He had to cross a river. The bridges had been carried away. Even the logs were floated off. He borrows an axe. He cuts down a tree. He gives his horse the switch, and starts him across the river. He gets on his log. The stream is swift, and he gets entangled in some trees, far from the other shore. He climbs one of them, twenty feet. He goes, "hand over hand," along the festoon of a Grape Vine, to a tree, which stood on the dry ground. He descends it. His horse has not had the manners to wait for him, but has trotted into the town. He has two miles to walk. But he is in time for the service.—This is the sample of a Missionary, that *is* a Missionary. God speed him in his work of faith, and labour of love; and give him many jewels for his crown!

DISCOURAGEMENT.

This has of late become a current term, among a class of Churchmen. It will be sought in vain, in the Apostolic vocabulary. It bears no Catholic mark. It has no *Christian* name. Were the Apostles "discouraged" when, immediately after the Resurrection, they were commanded, with severe threatenings, not "to teach in the name of Jesus"? Instead of that, they lifted up their voice to God,

with one accord, in that most glorious hymn : " Lord, Thou art God, which hast made heaven and earth, and the sea and all that in them is : Who by the mouth of thy servant David, hast said, Why did the heathen rage and the people imagine vain things ? The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together, against the Lord, and against his Christ. For, of a truth, against Thy holy child Jesus, whom Thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel were gathered together for to do whatsoever Thy hand and Thy wisdom determined before to be done. And now, Lord, behold their threatenings : and grant unto Thy servants that, with all boldness, they may speak Thy word." Were Paul and Silas "discouraged," when, sore with stripes, thrust into the inner prison, and their feet made fast in the stocks, they prayed, at midnight, and sang praises unto God ? Was Polycarp "discouraged" when, to the Proconsul, threatening him with wild beasts and fire, unless he gave up Christ, he made the Smyrnæan amphitheatre ring, with the reply : " Why tarriest thou ? Bring what thou wilt " ? Was Athanasius "discouraged," (Athanasius contra mundum,) when, leaving his see, at the command of the apostate Emperor Julian, he said to the people weeping round him, " Take courage ; this is but a little cloud, which shall quickly pass away " ? Was Latimer "discouraged" when, as the fire was kindled at his feet, he said, " Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle in England, as shall never be put out " ? Was Laud "discouraged" by the glitter of the axe ? Was Ken "discouraged" by the prospect of the Tower ? Was Wilson "discouraged" when his godly discipline of his little diocese brought him into prison ; or Seabury, when he was turned away from England on his errand for the Apostleship ? And yet, the men who talk of their "discouragement about the Church" have been, with one exception, the loudest in their claims of Apostolic principles and of the Catholic spirit. Can it be they, or Paul and Silas, that are not Apostolical ? Can it be they, or Athanasius, Wilson and Seabury, that are not Catholic ?

Discouraged about the Church ! Why, who made *them* its keepers ? Where were *they* when it went through the double fires, of Pagan and of Papal Rome ? Is the divine Head over all things, to the Church, which is His Body, no longer in the Heavens ? Or has He cancelled those most precious promises, that He will be with it always until the end of the world : and that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it ? *Discouraged about the Church !* Why, when was it ever promised that the Church should be triumphant, upon earth ? What is the Church for, but to oppose and overcome the world ; and suffer alike from the contact and the conflict ? What would more clearly prove, that it had ceased to be the Church of Christ, than that it should be at peace and in prosperity ? Offences still will come. But, woe to them, by whom they come ! Heresies among us there still must be. But only, that they which are approved, may be made manifest. Men will still go out from us. But only because they were not of us ; " for if they had been of us,

they would no doubt have continued with us ; but they went out that it might be made manifest, that they were not all of us."

And whither will they go ? With Shimeall to Geneva ; or to Rome, with Forbes. To the unity, in the one, if there were an unity, of indifference. To the unity, in the other, if there were an unity, of compulsion. The unity of Calvinism and Lutheranism and Arminianism, and Anti-Pædobaptism, and all the rest, whose name is Legion, in the one. The unity of Jesuitism and Jansenism, of Cismontanism and Ultra-montanism, of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and whatever else may spring from the monstrous womb of "Development," in the other. In either event, by sure and certain progress, to the unity of blackness and despair, in Deism, Pantheism and Atheism.

Better far, to be discontented with ourselves, than with the Church. To leave the care of her to God ; while we content ourselves with service at her altars, or by her hearths. To talk less of a Catholic spirit, and to emulate it more. To assert the value of Apostolic principles, by the temper and practice of Apostolic men. To labour for Christian education. To labour for the increase of prayers. To labour for the furtherance of holiness. To labour for the enlargement of charity. To deny ourselves, and take up the Cross. And to count not our very lives dear unto us, so that, by us, and in us, the Crucified be preached, His kingdom furthered, and His glorious name have greater glory.

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

The painful truth, conveyed in the following words, of one, who is revered, as a master, while he is rejoiced in, as a loved and loving friend, the Rev. Dr. Turner,* of the General Theological Seminary, has been influential in the arrangement of the course of Instruction, at Burlington College. In addition to the Scriptural Lessons, which begin at the beginning of the Course, the Students are constantly occupied on Sundays, for five successive years, in a comparison of the *Catechism*, the *Collects*, the *Daily Services*, the *Baptismal and Communion Services*, and the *Creeds and Articles*, with HOLY SCRIPTURE. Besides the confirmation of the faith, which such a course must furnish ; the most familiar acquaintance with the contents of the sacred volume, and the utmost facility, in turning every portion of it to account, are thus made certain. It may be said, in this connection, that the use of a Concordance, like Cruden's, where the texts are printed out in full, does not promote that *handling* of the Scriptures, without which there is no mastering of them. Many years' almost exclusive use of the Concordance, in Bagster's most admirable *English Bible*, (called "Polyglot,") in which, only *the places* are noted, establishes the conviction, that it is the very best manual for the student. It throws him almost entirely on the text itself ; and it is surprising, what acquaintance with the order and connection of the sacred words, a few years will establish. The single rule for the attainment of the

* Young men who are entering on a course of divinity studies are, *as a body*, very imperfectly acquainted with the general contents of the English Bible.—*Rev. Dr. Turner.*

“ipsissima verba,” of the sacred page, is the Horatian. “Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.”

After 1850, the publication of the *Missionary* was discontinued. Its very low price, and the very large number to whom it was sent free, made it impossible that it should be self-supporting. Like most of my Father's luxuries, it was for the good of others; and with his luxuries, this ceased when his means were gone. But the influence of these papers was very great. Of their excellences, the extracts are the best witnesses. It is not too much to say, that by the instrumentality of these Church papers, my Father urged upon many who could not be reached from the pulpit or by private intercourse, the great importance of Missions, and Christian Education, and the Weekly Offertory, and many other things besides, which owed to him, their earliest and incessant inculcation, through the Church in America. This is not too much, and it is very much, to say. His dealings with the press were manifold, in the publication of his own sermons &c., and in the issuing of the catalogues of the schools. In the printing office he was much at home; and a most thorough and accurate proof-reader. He learned this in Mr. Bogert's printing office in Geneva, during his boyhood. I have known three printers brought into the Church, from “setting up” my Father's very many publications.

The Episcopal Watchman, under date of April 12 A. D. 1828, contained the announcement of the unanimous election of the Rev. George W. Doane, Professor of Belles-Lettres and Oratory in Washington College, as assistant Minister of Trinity Church, Boston. An invitation to officiate there for a limited period of time, made under a provision of the corporation, was declined. The effort was continued, under various forms, and the proposal strongly urged by his warm friends Dr. Robbins and Mr. Brinley. And finally, on the 27th of April 1828, he was elected assistant to the Rev. Dr. Gardiner. The failing health and absence of the Rector, devolved most of the duties of the position, upon him during his assistantship; and at the death of Dr. Gardiner, he was unanimously elected Rector, on the 3d of December A. D. 1830. In Boston, his position was very influential, and indeed through the whole Diocese. In all that could advance the interests of the Church, he was prominent. The publication of the *Banner of the Church* absorbed much of his energy. I find him too, much interested in the Church Scholarship Society of Connecticut, and the Massachusetts Missionary Society, and in the formation of Diocesan Sunday School Unions, auxiliary to the General Union. His interest in Washington College continued almost undiminished. But of the great points, to which the energies of

his soul and mind, his thoughts and words, his efforts and prayers, were given, the cause of Missions came perhaps first. Reaching first to the full limits of his own cure, and then over the surface of the city, and then through the borders of the Diocese, they grew into the glorious Catholicity of the present Missionary organization of the American Church, which, without invidious distinction, I may claim, as the creation of his wisdom and earnestness. His interest in it did not begin in Boston, but was maturing there. In Hartford he was much interested in an Auxiliary Society, to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society; and the Episcopal Watchman rings, often in the first volume, with the clearness of his trumpet calls, to this glorious battle. To this point, which extends over thirty years of his life, I devote the rest of this chapter, telling the story, in his own words. Built upon the right foundation, of the universal commission given to the Church, to preach the Gospel to every creature, until "He shall come," the argument of persuasion is God's universal love kindling and claiming ours; and the argument of duty, that "the Field," in which the Sower through the Apostolic Ministry sows the seed, "is the World." Writing to the Episcopal Watchman in October A. D. 1827, he presents the "Claims of Missions" upon Churchmen in these words:

Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to EVERY CREATURE. Go ye therefore and teach ALL NATIONS, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Of the intent and obligation of these precepts and this promise of the Saviour of mankind, no doubt can be entertained. So long as there shall remain one living soul, beyond the hearing of *the word of reconciliation*, no man who "professes and calls himself a Christian," can avoid the obligation, which his own enjoyment of these blessed privileges imposes. And how indeed can he desire to avoid it? Would he bask in the full blaze of evangelic glory, and essay not one effort, for the removal of those clouds of ignorance and error, which overhang the benighted world around him? Would he drink to his soul's health, and to his soul's delight, of that living water, which alone can quench the noble thirstings of the immortal soul, and never lift a hand to guide the fainting, dying pilgrim, to the same fountain of eternal comfort and eternal joy? Can he, while he hears the voice of that pardon, which the Gospel only can proclaim, and beholds the shedding out of that atoning blood which alone can take away sin, and which the Gospel only can reveal, and feels in his heart the gentle strivings of that Spirit which alone can sustain us in our weakness, and guide us in our ignorance, and of whose heavenly ministrations the Gospel only gives assurance—can he, with these priceless blessings treasured in his heart, look coldly on, while his *brother, for whom Christ died*, gropes darkly along, the slave of error and of sin, and sinks into a tomb,

upon whose portals there is inscribed no hope, and beyond which all is doubt, and darkness and despair? There needs no answer to these questions. It is impossible for them who have been *once enlightened, and tasted of the heavenly gift*, to remain indifferent to the extension of their light and joy to others. It is impossible, that he who loves the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth should be indifferent to the cause of Christian Missions. This is no test of man's adopting. This commandment, saith St. John, have we from God, that *he who loveth Him, love his brother also. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these*, says Jesus Christ, *ye did it not to me.* But to the Churchman, above all others of the family of Christ, the claims of Missions come with power. The Church, in which he worships, is literally "built upon the foundation of the Apostles and prophets." He holds directly, and in uninterrupted succession, from the Apostles, the Word of God, the ministry of reconciliation, the sacraments and ordinances and the whole form and fashion of the Church. The same hymns of praise burn in his heart, and thrill on his lips, which kindled the zeal of ancient martyrs, and he pours out his soul in the same voice of confession, and lifts his affections to heaven, in the same fervent prayers, which the saints of old times employed in their lives, and consecrated by their deaths.—In the kindred, which he is authorized to claim with that good old "Church of England, to which the Protestant Episcopal Church in these States is indebted, under God, for her first foundation, and a long continuance of nursing care and protection," he finds another and most animating motive to exertion. Who would not love to be fellow-workers with them, who in the hour of papal persecution, *loved not their lives unto the death*, but hugged the blazing faggot, rather than give up the uncorrupted faith, the pure and spiritual worship which the Word of God ordains, which their consciences approved, and in which their souls delighted! Who would not glory in their companionship, who have ever been in the forefront of Heaven's evangelic host, subduing the kingdoms of this world to God and to his Christ, and building up the outworks of salvation, with equal zeal and equal self-devotion, amid the forests of America, the pestilential marshes of India, and the burning Afric sands! It is a powerful consideration to animate the Churchman's efforts, that the doctrines and services of his Church, whenever faithfully and distinctly presented, are favourably received. Its doctrines are the doctrines of the Gospel and of the cross, unshackled by metaphysical subtleties, uncorrupted by superstitious notions or practices. The pure Word of God, though sinners may resist, and hypocrites obstruct its way, will ever, when purely, and affectionately, and assiduously, set forth, *have free course and be glorified.* Its services are founded on this same revealed word, and imbued throughout with its spirit, and wherever performed, as the Apostle enjoins, and as the Church requires, *decently and in order*, will commend themselves to men's understandings, and find their way into men's hearts, as a *reasonable* and a *spiritual service.* To the sincere, consistent, Churchman there are other motives, which, as he loves his own soul, he may not resist. *Earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints—hold fast*

the form of sound words—be ready to give to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear, are injunctions of most sacred and eternal obligation. If he have not applied them faithfully and candidly to the Church of which he is a member, with devout prayers to God to *guide him into all truth*, he has been guilty of unpardonable negligence; and faithful self-examination, and candid and prayerful investigation of the Word of God, should be his first employment. If he have thus examined and investigated, thus watched and prayed, and found his understanding convinced, and his soul satisfied, how can he withhold his hand till he hath done whatever in him lies—imparted of his treasures, freely given up his time, zealously exerted his talents and influence, faithfully and fervently poured out his prayers—to impart to others the same light and the same consolation? There is none so poor, or inconsiderable, that he cannot in some of these ways, promote the Missionary cause—there is none who hath done so much that he owes no more to its prosecution. There is but one thing wanting among us to make our Apostolic Church, even more emphatically than she ever was, a praise in the earth—it is the appropriation to ourselves, the ingrafting into our own hearts, the exhibition in our own lives, by its blessed fruits, of that noble declaration of St. Paul—*BRETHREN, MY HEART'S DESIRE AND PRAYER TO GOD FOR ISRAEL IS, THAT THEY MAY BE SAVED.*

He states, in the following extract from the same paper *, his own reasons for the course which he always pursued, of earnest and incessant advocacy of the duty and privilege, of extending the blessed message of salvation, which came not “unto us *only*.”

A principal difficulty, with which the Society has had to contend, has been the want of suitable persons to labour, under its authority, in the more remote parts of our own country, and on foreign stations. There are two things necessary to overcome this difficulty. The first is to enable the Society by our bounty, to offer suitable assurances of a comfortable and permanent support to those, who, though they would gladly *spend, and be spent* for this good cause, have claims upon their affections and exertions too dear and too holy to be rejected, and which, in other useful and important stations, they may be better able to answer. The other, and far more important, is, by enkindling in every heart such a zealous appreciation of the solemn obligation, infinite importance, and unequalled loveliness of this holy work, as shall overcome every fear and every doubt, and bring back again that ancient, apostolic, missionary spirit which enabled Paul and Barnabas, and the rest of that “noble army of martyrs,” to *hazard their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ*. And this is no impos-

* In his parochial work, as long as his growing cares allowed it, he had Missionary Meetings in connection with the Bible Class, when he gave them information about missionary work, from the various reports. And the yearly contribution from his Parish never failed. During the twenty-two years of his Rectorship, the amount collected from his parish, was \$2973.

sible, nor even, with the help of God, difficult work. What enterprise of secular interest, or secular ambition ever failed, for want of labourers? What desperate military effort, that has not found hearts to dare, and hands to accomplish it? What country so tainted with pestilence, that the zeal of commercial exertions, or the ardour of curious investigation, has not visited it? What spot upon the scorching sands of Arabia, that has not borne the impress of a human foot? What stronghold of the stormy wind and tempest, that has not been assailed and carried by the adventurous spirit of gain? What barrier of "thick ribbed ice" has closed, to the undaunted and insatiable thirst for knowledge, the regions of eternal snow? And is there nothing like all this in the love of souls—the love of Heaven? Will not the *love of Christ constrain* to equal exertions, with the love of Mammon? Have not the crowns that never fade, a splendour that can compete with the withering garlands of earthly ambition? No one in his senses can doubt it. What then constitutes the difference? Simply this. The calls of the one are ever in our ears, their attractions ever in our eyes, their seductions ever active in our grovelling, earthly hearts. Of the other, we hear but now and then, and with a listless and indifferent ear. They present no splendid prospect of temporal advantage, and our eyes turn away from them. They are not in unison with the petty and transitory pursuits to which our lives are but too much devoted, and we open not our hearts for their admission, or, if for a moment forced upon us, they are but inhospitably entertained, and their departure gladly welcomed. So long as these things are so, it is in vain to lament, that men are indifferent to the subject of Missions—that they will not give of *the abundance wherewith God has blessed them*, to assist in its promotion—that they will not lend to it their talents, their exertions, or their time—nor even give to its consideration an equal share of attention, with the most trivial question of politics or fashion. The truth is, they are not themselves alive to the spiritual blessings which are within their reach, and why should they be anxious to extend them to others? They have never themselves been hungry or thirsty for that spiritual food, and spiritual drink, which alone can satisfy the soul, and how can they appreciate their yearnings, whose hearts are pining for the knowledge of the living God, *as the hart panteth for the water brooks*? The result, then, is, in few words—if we would have men interested in the cause of Missions, we must acquaint them with it. We must impress them with a sense of its obligation and importance. We must trace it back to its origin in the divine and glorious Mission of the first great MISSIONARY—the SON OF GOD. We must follow it down the path-way, stained with blood and tears, of the noble, self-devoted Apostolic band. We must tell them of the labours and sufferings by which, in every age, the cross has been set up in the wilderness, and on the rock, and supported amid privations and pains, which our tongues could not describe, nor our hearts conceive of. We must make the whole "height of the great argument," by which the love of Christ prevailed with these simple, ardent, fearless followers of the Lamb, as "familiar as household words." It must be the theme of our discourse, with our

brethren, and children, and friends,—*when we sit in the house, and when we walk by the way,—when we lie down—and when we rise up.* In a word, it should be blended with all our prayers, take precedence of all our desires, and give vigour and purpose to all our labours and enterprises.

In a review of Dr. Wainwright's sermon before the Directors of the Missionary Society—"communicated," says Dr. Croswell, "by the well-known hands, which have already contributed so many articles, in behalf of this holy cause," my Father welcomes another worker in the field, and earnestly urges the eloquent power of his words.

We rejoice to behold this sermon. Not merely because it is able, and eloquent, and well fitted to arouse the public attention on a subject of paramount importance, but because it is another of those "signs of the times" which, for the last two years, have gladdened our eyes and hearts, as omens of a brighter day. The Church of our affections, divine in her doctrine and ministry, Apostolic in her worship, and primitive in her discipline and practice, is shaking the dust from her beautiful garments, and girding herself with new strength for the battle of the Lord against the mighty. We have long wept and wondered at her unworthy sleep. Why should *she* be a laggard in the great work of evangelizing the world? *She*, the mother of martyrs and confessors, the nurse of blessed saints crowned now with diadems of glory, the Church of the FIRST MISSIONARY, even the eternal Son of God? Especially, why should the American Protestant Episcopal Church repose in such unworthy slumber? Is not all that she is, and all that she has, the fruit of God's blessing upon *Missionary* exertion? And is she not the daughter, the sister, of that noble Church, whose altars have been set up on the sands of the tropic, and amid the snows of the pole—the spires of whose temples have risen to heaven from many an isle of the ocean—whose precious offering of Martyn and Middleton, and Heber, is yet fragrant before God and men, with the most costly of all odours, a life freely poured out for the saving of immortal souls? Time has been when we mourned over these questions in bitterness of soul—when we hung our heads in sorrow, as we saw the good and great of every other Christian name, pressing onward in the glorious race, while we were slumbering in ignoble apathy—when to the heart-searching question, *Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?* we could only answer with our shameful silence. We thank God, the giver of every good and perfect gift, that we have lived to see the beginning of a better day. True it is but the beginning,—God forbid that we should boast, were it ten thousand times as much—but IT IS A BEGINNING. The Church has awakened—and it will be found, we trust, in God, the wakening of a giant. Merciful Saviour, who hast purchased for thyself a glorious Church, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, pour down upon us the abundance of thy grace, melting our hearts to feel, opening our hands to give, strengthening

our feet to run, till, from the rising to the setting sun, the kingdoms of the world be thine, and in every place incense be offered to thy name, and a pure offering—even the free will offering of an holy worship.

We regret that our limits do not allow us to insert the triumphant exposure of the charge sometimes advanced, that the sending the Gospel into remote regions is a quixotic enterprise. It is, we trust, forever exploded; as most surely, it never should have been heard from the lips of men professing and calling themselves Christians. Not send the Gospel to the heathen? Not bear out the banner of the Church even to the outermost wall of this habitable globe? Why the bare admission lays the axe to the root of every charitable feeling—yea, tears its inmost fibre from the heart's core which it entwines. Monstrous inconsistency!—that the ends of the earth are to be encompassed with the mantle of that charity which relieves the naked or famishing body, while the soul, which is to outlast the universe, the soul for which Christ died, is left to perish with hunger and thirst and nakedness. But “Charity begins at home.” Doubtless! and does it end there also? God forbid! “What has the Gospel of Christ to do with boundaries of kingdoms, or differences of language, or varieties of feature and complexion?” Domestic and foreign missions, then, as the preacher conclusively argues, are one and the same—the same in spirit, the same in principle, the same in duty and obligation—and we only marvel that any man, who had ever read the parable of the Good Samaritan, should for a moment doubt it.

In 1828, the African Mission School Society was organized, with the purpose of educating coloured schoolmasters, catechists and missionaries, to be sent under the direction of the General Missionary Society, to Africa. A director, and one of the Executive Committee, my Father was very prominent in it. Of its details I know nothing. But many a time, for its defence, and in the advocacy of its principles, he wielded his pointed and powerful pen.

If there be a spot on the globe, which calls more loudly than any other for the active interposition of Christian benevolence, it is Africa,—and if there be a nation, to which the appeal comes with added earnestness and force, it is the United States of America. Now, how shall this appeal be most promptly and effectively met? By sending to her darkened sons Christian instructors—and those, such as shall be most likely to overcome the physical and moral obstacles which present themselves. A lodgment there is now effected. It was stated at the meeting, on the best authority, that the colony of Liberia exhibits a population of 1200 persons, living as quietly and orderly as the inhabitants of any of our New England villages—that not only their children, but the children of the neighbouring nations, are eagerly offered, to such schools as are now established for instruction—and that at least, five hundred, might immediately be collected, were the

number of teachers adequate. Can it be, that in this land of school funds and school houses, where the "schoolmaster is abroad" in every direction; a land of brooks and rivers of knowledge, of fountains and depths springing out of every valley and every hill, a drought like this shall be known—and yet permitted to exist? Shall we hesitate for a moment to say, that these five hundred children ought to be and shall be instructed? And what then? Why the next vessel that reaches us from the land of *darkness and the shadow of death*, will tell us of one thousand, that are hungering and thirsting for the bread of knowledge and the water of life—and the next distant sail that we descry, shall gladden our hearts with the intelligence of thousands more, that are *flying as doves to their windows*. Gentiles coming to our light, and kings to the brightness of that rising, in which we rejoice. And it may be that, even in our day, Ethiopia may *stretch forth her hand* unto God—that our ears may hear the voice of their supplication, saying, *Surely God is in thee; and there is none else, there is no God*—that our eyes may see those "ships of the desert," the *multitude of camels, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah*, bringing up their offering of *gold and incense*, and freighted homeward, with the precious words of that knowledge of salvation which gold cannot buy, and the consolations of that religion, with whose *odour of life unto everlasting life*, the fragrance of myrrh and frankincense and cassia can never be compared. Hasten it, Lord, in thine own time—but let us, we pray thee, let us, however humble, be thy honoured instruments in its accomplishment!—The present enterprise affords an opportunity, in which every Christian philanthropist must rejoice, of removing from the poor race whom, finding "guilty of a skin not coloured like our own," we have consigned to bondage and degradation, the unjust stigma of original and irreclaimable inferiority.

How full is this, that follows, of the spirit of his whole life.

We confess that we are well pleased to see in the (Auburn) Gospel Messenger of the 23d Aug. a cheerful and hearty approbation of the proceedings in relation to the establishment of the "African Mission School." Having embarked earnestly, and upon the clearest and strongest conviction, in that cause, the remarks on the subject in the Messenger of the 2d, gave us some disquietude. It has been our pride and pleasure for years to be on all important subjects which concern our "household of faith," "of one mind and one mouth" with our brother respected and beloved, the Editor of that useful paper. In addition to this, we felt that to discourage any plan, even of tolerable wisdom and expediency, for the awakening in our Church of the MISSIONARY SPIRIT, was greatly to be lamented. For ourselves, so convinced are we of the paramount duty and importance of bringing the claims of Missions home to the hearts of Churchmen, and kindling them with that love of souls which brought the Son of God into the world, and has carried His servants, with their Master's Cross upon their brow, and His heavenly grace within their heart, to almost every land which human foot has trod, and through every peril and privation which human breast can brave, that we dare not—for our souls we

dare not—withhold the feeble echo of our voice, the feeble effort of our arm, from any project which the word of God does not disallow, and which has for its purpose the extension of the kingdom of His dear Son. We know the objection will ever be raised, that *this* measure is visionary, and *that* attempt is impracticable. We reply to the first objection, that there never was a bold design at which the timid and faint-hearted did not cry out *enthusiasm!* from the time that the “most noble Festus” “said with a loud voice, *Paul, thou art beside thyself.*” We answer to the second, let us put our hands and hearts to the work, and with God to help us, we will *make* it practicable. “*Inveniam viam, aut faciam.*” With men it may be impossible, but not with God : for with God all things are possible.—With these convictions and feelings, we saw with deep regret suggestions tending to postpone the efforts of Churchmen till the Church could act in a manner worthy of the cause and of herself—and, unwilling to enter the lists publicly with our good brother, even in a controversy of love and good works, we had actually sharpened our pen to write him our plain and strong convictions, and to entreat of him a reconsideration of his own. The hot weather, or something else, prevented us, and we have the pleasure now to record *his cheerful declaration that he admires* the general features of our plan, and his *sincere prayers* for its prosperity. We are verily glad ; for we had good hopes that second thoughts would bring our brother right.—We were doubtless mistaken, as our brother suggests, in calling this “a new field,” as we supposed it was. It is at least “a new field” in our Church. Let us plough it well, and sow it well, and watch and tend it well, and pray fervently that the great God who in all good works giveth the increase will send upon it His gracious rain, and His precious dew, and make it bring forth and bud and bear fruit, to the glory of His great name, and the comfort of His needy, suffering, children.

In the course of a review of Dr. Wainwright’s Sermon before the Society, he writes.

Since the Society was established, the Colonial Agent at Liberia, the wise, intrepid, benevolent, ASHMUN—the brave soldier, the skilful engineer, the prudent lawgiver, the untiring philanthropist, the unpretending Christian—has been taken to his rest. And since the former portion of our review was written, the meek, humble, pious, JACOB OSON, our Society’s first foreign Missionary, has been obliged to give up the object of all his *heart’s desire and prayer to God*, and lay the bones, which he had hoped should rest beneath the palm trees of his “fatherland”, in the land of his captivity. We saw the old man but a few weeks ago, and never shall we forget with what fervent gratitude he acknowledged the goodness of Him who, after many years of laborious, self-denying, prayerful preparation for the Master’s work, was now about to take him *so soon* into his vineyard—and though his advanced years did not encourage him to hope for a long season of labour, he did hope, and his dark face would brighten up, and his dim eye would glow, as he said it, that he might, “open the door, and prepare the way, for the fitter servants whom his Master

should send after him,"—and for this he said, he was "wishing to live, but *willing to die*." There are those who look upon the deaths of Ashmun and of Oson as discouragements from farther efforts in the cause of Africa. For ourselves we like not those timid Christians who are ever taking counsel of their fears. We have put *our hands upon the plough*, and God forbid that we should *look back*! What, give up the conversion of Africa because it has cost some precious lives, and will perhaps cost many more! And, pray, when was an enterprise of worldly aggrandizement, or a plan of military conquest, given up for this consideration? Leave Africa to lie for ages yet to come, in *darkness and the shadow of death*—for God will pour upon her the light of His glorious Gospel by some other hands, and we, poor sluggards, shall have to regret throughout eternity that our temples gathered there no amaranthine garlands—because the *pestilence walks there in darkness*, and the *sickness* destroys at noonday! Yes, we will, when the slave-plunderer, and the gold-dust gatherer, and the elephant-tooth hunter, give up their work of cupidity and cruelty in despair, but, so help us God! not until then! The death of Ashmun and of Oson is in our ears as the voice of a trumpet, stirring up our hearts to more *effectual fervent prayers*, and our hands to double diligence. Another Ashmun we may not find at once, for there are but one or two such men in an age; but other Osons there are, that need but a little of our aid to fit them for the work of saving souls, and glorifying God. Let them be forthcoming. Let us *swear unto the Lord*, and *vow a vow unto the Almighty God of Jacob*, that we *will not suffer our eyes to sleep, nor our eyelids to slumber, nor the temples of our heads to take any rest, until* the work of evangelizing Africa shall, so God permit, be begun under the banner of our Church. The end we confidently leave to Him Who in every good work gives the increase.

In 1830, he was called to preach the sermon before the Missionary Society, in Philadelphia. The sermon was entitled "The Missionary Argument," and is on the text, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

This was the parting precept of the Saviour of mankind. He came into the world that all, even as many as should believe in him, *should not perish, but have everlasting life*. During all his painful sojourning on earth he proclaimed himself, in word and in deed, *the light of the world*. And he died, that he might be *the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world*. In perfect and entire consistency, then, with the original purpose of his incarnation, with the teaching and practice of his life, with the motive and object of his death, was the parting precept of the Saviour,—GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE! It was addressed originally to the Apostles; and the same page which records it, records also their prompt, implicit, and persevering obedience—they *went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following*. Did they fulfil the Saviour's precept? Was the Gospel preached by them to

every creature? Alas, no! They were but mortal men. And though they gave themselves, body and spirit, to the work, they did but sow the precious seed, before they were compelled, by cruel persecution, to enrich it with their blood. The work which they began, they entrusted to faithful men, with power to send others after them; so that from their time until now, the sacred line has never once been broken, nor the divine husbandry been interrupted, nor the vineyard of the Lord of hosts ceased, to extend to all valleys its gracious roots, and to spread over all hills its comfortable shadow, and to extend to nation after nation, and to kingdom after kingdom, its life-sustaining, life-restoring cup. Still, is the Saviour's purpose yet accomplished? Has it yet gone into *all the world?* Is the Gospel yet preached to *every creature?* Alas, no! There are myriads of human hearts, that are fainting for the protection of its shadow. There are millions of immortal souls, that are perishing for the refreshment of its cup of life. There are yet whole nations, and I had almost said whole continents, of them who call not upon God because they do not believe on him, who believe not on him because they never heard of him, who cannot hear of him without a preacher, and who can have no preacher unless he shall be sent. And there are others, countless others, of our flesh and of our bone, who, though, in the pleasant land of their fathers they may have heard of God, and, even among the heathen who know him not, or the wicked who disregard him, do still believe in him and fear him, are losing, as the rainbow fades, the impressions which even we, with all our means of grace, so faintly and so feebly hold; and, far from home, and all its holy and delightful sympathies, are longing, till their very heart is sick within them, for those sacred ministrations of comfort and of hope, which, without a preacher they cannot have, and to whom no preacher can go, unless he shall be sent. The subject then, you see, my Christian brethren, is brought home to us—to you, and to me—and, when we ask, why it is that souls are perishing for lack of saving knowledge, it becomes us also to ask,—and that solemnly, and anxiously, as in the presence of Him who has declared, *all souls are mine*—are we doing what we can for their relief? Have we given according to the ability with which God has blessed us? Have we exerted, in the furtherance of his own cause, the ability and influence with which God has endowed us? Have we poured out upon it—this at least all of us can do, and God forbid that any of us should not!—have we poured out upon it, warm from the heart, our fondest and most fervent prayers? If it be not so, if for Christ's own cause, the cause in which he shed his precious blood, the Christian's wealth, the Christian's efforts, the Christian's prayers are stunted, there needs, assuredly, no further question, why it does not triumph to God's glory, and the good of men.

Having seen clearly why it is that the extension of the Saviour's kingdom upon earth has been, and is, so slow; and that, by every principle of Christian duty and of Christian charity, it ought not so to be, we are prepared for our third question—SHALL IT CONTINUE TO BE so? That the march of our religion shall go on, that the triumphs of Christianity shall continue and increase in glory, that the kingdom

of the Saviour shall not be stayed, as it were, in mid-air, but shall come down to earth, and spread its peaceful sway from the one end of it to the other, filling it all *with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea*, enabling all to *know the Lord, from the least to the greatest*, and pouring into all hearts *the blessing of peace, quietness and assurance forever*, is among the clearest convictions to which the word of God gives warrant. God's work, then, will go on. His cause will prosper. Christianity will triumph. And our question is thus narrowed down to this—shall his work be done by us? Shall his cause prosper in our hands? Shall we share in the triumphs and partake the glories of the Cross? Or, laggards in our exertions, and niggards of our bounty, in the day of trial and of toil, shall we be rejected in that day when the spoils of victory shall be divided, and its glorious golden crowns, bestowed? For, brethren, understand me well. I come not here to summon you to duties, which, with unwilling hand, you may, upon compulsion, do. I come not here to call on you for sacrifices, which, with reluctant heart, you may surrender by constraint. But, no! I come to lead your free and fervent spirits to the most glorious and inviting enterprise of which mortals ever were allowed to hear; to give you the offer of privileges which no price can estimate, and of rewards which will endure forever; to ask you but to turn the light of that blessed Gospel, which cheers and guides your way, towards the groping multitudes that wander on in darkness, and the shadow of the grave, and to tell you that God has declared, that they who thus turn sinners to righteousness, shall *shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and forever*.

My Christian brethren, in coming before you to-night as the advocate of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church, I am well aware that with some—of you we are persuaded better things—the office is unhonoured, and the errand thankless;—that, to the infidel, the whole Missionary scheme is odious;—and that there are even Christians who will abate somewhat from their estimate of his discretion and intelligence, who bears and owns a love and zeal for Missions. But I remember, and am not discouraged, that the Cross of Jesus was *to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness*. I remember, and am not discouraged, that Paul, for his Christian earnestness and boldness, was accounted mad. And that, with the heathen of the first ages of the Church, it was a current taunt, “a very good man that, only he is a Christian!” Now, from the infidel, these things are reasonably to be expected. He has declared war against Christianity, and he is, of course, opposed to all that is part and parcel of it; and with a degree of violence exactly in proportion to its intrinsic excellence, and its importance to the cause. But, when the reproach is heard from Christian lips, is it from ignorance—an ignorance, how needless and unpardonable!—or is it from entire and utter selfishness, hardening the heart, till it can seek to save of the perishable dross of the earth, even at the price of other souls, and of its own? For, brethren, what is the meaning of this mystic and misrepresented term? What is a Mission? What is a Missionary? What is the Missionary enterprise?—Was not the Son of God the great first Mis-

sionary, from the bosom of his Father, to our fallen race? Is not the world one great, dark, devious Missionary field? Were not the holy city, the hill of Calvary, the mountain Olivet, the earliest Missionary stations? Are not the ministers of Jesus, Missionaries all? And is not our religion all a Mission—a message, so denominated by the angels, of *glad tidings to all people*—a mission sent from heaven, the endearing proof of God's paternal love—a mission sent to men, his erring children, to guide their feet here in the way of peace, and lead them through the darkness of the grave to happiness in heaven?—And is the Missionary enterprise, then, an idle undertaking? Is the name of Missionary a dishonourable name? Is it a reproach to be the friend, the advocate, the humblest of the servants, of Missions?—Then welcome dishonour, if it be incurred in Jesus' cause! Welcome reproach, if it be shared with Luke and Barnabas and Paul! *God forbid that we should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!* God forbid that we should count labour unwelcome, or reproach opprobrious, or our life itself dear unto us, so we may but proclaim to sinners, poor and needy, the unsearchable riches of the Gospel of Christ!

It ought not to be withheld that there is, by those who discountenance the cause of Missions—strange indeed that in a Christian land there should be any such!—some show of seeming argument. For, say they, if the heathen have not the Gospel, or if some Christians live less in the light of it than others, then they have less to answer for; since a God of justice and of mercy will never judge them by a rule of which they could not know.

But the argument proves too much, and so proves nothing. It might, with as much reason, be contended that the whole world needed not the Gospel—that God has sent his Son to die for men who might have been saved as well without the sacrifice—and that the Holy Spirit, poured out from heaven to sanctify the faithful, is poured out all to waste. My brethren, it is not so. The heathen, bowing down to wood and stone, are perishing for lack of knowledge. Our brethren, pioneers of civilization and of the Church, are languishing in sorrow for the want of spiritual light and spiritual consolation. Even in the midst of us, the poor are famishing for the bread, and thirsting for the water, of life.

In the plea which I have thus sought to urge before you in behalf of Missions, I have not recognized any distinction of foreign or domestic operations. Why should I? Is not *the field, the world*? Let every man choose his portion of it to reap for the Lord's garner. Only let all choose some. Whatever is done, is done for God's glory, and the good of souls. Done with a single eye to those great ends, God will accept it, and bless it with increase. The Society which claims our prayers, wisely and happily combines in one, the foreign and the domestic interest. God forbid that they should ever be divided! God forbid that where his blessed Son made no distinction, we should think it needful! He died alike for all the souls of men. God forbid that our bounty, our labours, our intercessions should not also comprehend them all! Individual designation, and the force of circumstances, may give to the one object or to the other occasional

predominance. But the constraining love of Jesus is a motive, which prompts alike to both, and both look but to a common end, the salvation of sinners for whom Jesus died.

My Christian brethren, the spirit of Missions is the spirit of our religion—emphatically, it is the spirit of our Church. It fired the Apostles' hearts at first, to plant it. It ever since has fired the hearts of their successors, to tend and water it. It has been kept like a pure vestal flame upon the altars of the Church of England. It sent her Middleton and Heber to India. It has carried her evangelists and teachers, wherever the foot of man has trod. It brought to the land which we inherit, and inhabit, the faith and worship in which our souls rejoice. Friends, brethren, and fathers, shall we not acknowledge, shall we not repay the pious debt? Shall we not transmit to others, and still to others, even to generations unnumbered and unborn, the rich inheritance which we enjoy? Let us arise, then, in the strength and name of God, and gird ourselves, like men, for the performance of this most glorious, this most charitable work!

Among his many efforts, to kindle others' souls with the fire of his own, was the establishment of a Missionary lecture in Boston, of which the Banner of the Church speaks, as follows.

The Clergy of Boston and the vicinity, the Bishop with *ten* of his presbyters being present, the Rev. Dr. Eaton, and the Rev. Messrs. Baury, Doane, Potter, Hopkins, Wells, Coit, Haskins, Croswell, and Price, associated themselves, on Monday last, for the purpose of establishing and supporting a monthly MISSIONARY LECTURE. Their object is the extension of Missionary information, and of a just understanding of the obligation of Missions, upon "all who profess and call themselves Christians;" believing that nothing else is necessary, under the Divine blessing, to create and continue among Episcopalians a Missionary spirit. The Lectures will be conducted by the several clergymen whose names are mentioned above, and any others who shall unite with them, in such order as may be established hereafter. Missionary Intelligence, Lectures on the history or philosophy of Missions, or sermons enforcing their obligation and advantage; in short, such portion as may be selected from the whole wide field of CHRISTIAN MISSIONS, will, in the discretion of each Lecturer, be presented. At the close of each Lecture, a collection will be made in behalf of the *general objects* of the DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Due notice of the time and place of each Lecture will be given. Most heartily do we congratulate ourselves, the Society, and the Church, on this important movement. We have long believed, that there was only wanted information on the subject, to move our whole communion in this best of all charities, which takes care of the souls of men. In no way can this be so easily and profitably communicated, as in a course of Lectures. The union for this object, we rejoice to say—of *all* the Clergy who could be conveniently consulted, (and others we are quite sure will come in with equal readiness,) while it will render the duty light and pleasant, will bind them still more closely together, while it unites in one common interest their

several flocks. We anticipate, from the collections which shall be made, a handsome revenue for the Society ; but we rejoice far more, in the influence which the information and impressions so communicated and produced, will certainly exert, the grace of God assisting, in extending, improving and elevating our truly Missionary, because truly Apostolic, Church.

At the "Missionary Lecture" an opportunity to contribute will be offered, and it is hoped, cordially embraced. Missionary contributions, *on the first day of the week*, are at least as old as the date of St. Paul's first Épistle to the Corinthians. "Now concerning the *collection for the saints*," the Apostle writes, "as I have given order to the Churches of Galatia, even so do ye. *Upon the first day of the week*, let every one of you lay by him in store, as *God hath prospered him*, that there be no gatherings when I come." With Apostolic Churchmen, the examples of Apostles should always be authority. Let us prove our love for the primitive practice of the Church, by our emulation of the primitive example ! A lecture is now established for the noblest purpose that can be named or thought of—to be perpetuated, we trust, and handed down to children's children of the latest generation. Let the *first-fruits*, be made the earnest of the future harvest ! Let us, by our love to the brethren, invite the FATHER's blessing on the good work, which, as it *begun*, so it is, we hope, to be *continued* and *ended* in Him. The *first* Missionary Lecture takes place on *Advent Sunday*. How appropriate the season ! Will a man that values the blessings which the *coming* of Jesus Christ in the flesh has procured for him, hesitate for a moment to do what in him lies, for their extension to those to whom He has not yet come, or who enjoy but partially and sparingly the consolations of His Gospel ?—On the following Sunday, the banquet of His dying love will be prepared, and all who will, invited to partake of it in penitence and faith and charity. Is there one that will not be glad to carry with him to that heavenly feast the recollection that he has done what he could, to extend its holy comforts to them who are hungering and thirsting for righteousness ? Let these things be well considered, and let the reasonable condition of the Apostle, "as God hath prospered him," be borne in mind by every member of the Church, and the "collection for the saints" will be abundant, to the relief and consolation of men, and to the praise and glory of the Lord !

His was the first lecture, owing to Bishop Griswold's unexpected absence, and from it, the following extracts will show, how his arguments and eloquence rose, as his convictions deepened. It was preached in Christ Church Boston, (Dr. Crosswell's,) on Advent Sunday (Nov. 27) A. D. 1831, and called "the Missionary Spirit."

By peculiar circumstances, it has fallen to my lot, upon the principle adopted for the "Lecture," to break the first ground in this most hallowed field, which Christian hands can cultivate—the field of Missionary labour. Nor do I now, thank God, for the first time, so put my hand upon the plough. It was the pledge of my baptismal conse-

eration, that I should “not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified.” It was the admonition of his lips who, with an Apostle’s warrant, called me to the ministry of Jesus Christ—lips, that on earth were ever kindled with the burning eloquence of truth, and which in heaven, I doubt not, will swell eternally before the throne, with angels, and with saints, the song of praise and adoration to the Lamb—“We exhort you in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you have in remembrance” “unto how weighty an office you are called;” “to seek for Christ’s sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for his children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ forever.” And it was my solemn vow and promise, registered in heaven, and, at the last day, to be the sentence to my soul of joy or woe ineffable and everlasting, “I will endeavour so to do, the Lord being my helper.” To the Missionary enterprise then, I am a debtor by the very faith which makes me a Christian. For the Missionary enterprise I am engaged, with all my faculties and powers, by the very vows which bind me to the altar of my God. In the assertion, the promotion, the extension of the Missionary enterprise, let me live, let me labour, let me die! And let my last act be an effort, my last breath be a prayer, for Christian Missions!

I. Am I asked *what the Missionary Spirit is*, I must reply,—the spirit of the Gospel, the spirit of Christianity, the spirit of Christ himself. In a single word, my brethren, it is love, true Christian love; the love, which prizing that most, which God prizes most, may be emphatically distinguished, as *the love of souls*. So described, you will assent at once to my assertion, that the Missionary Spirit is the spirit of Christ,—for he himself has given this very account of his own glorious Mission from heaven to our poor world; “God so loved the world,” so loved the souls of lost and sinful men, “that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” So described, you must allow the Missionary Spirit to be the spirit of Christianity,—for, “the love of Christ,” the love which was in Christ, “constraineth us,” was their excuse who, at the risk of being thought, by the wise in this world, “beside themselves,” defended that magnanimous and self-denying course, in which, defying danger, and despising shame, they “hazarded their lives,”—first called Apostles, then as martyrs crowned,—“for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ,” both theirs and ours. So described, you must admit that the Missionary Spirit is pre-eminently the spirit of the Gospel,—for “all the law” of Christ, so St. Paul interprets it, “is fulfilled in this one saying, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” And since to gain the whole world, and lose the soul, is infinite, eternal loss, the love of other souls, of all souls, even as of his own, becomes the Christian’s rule. And the Missionary Spirit—the spirit which prompts men, as it did the Saviour of men, “to seek and to save that which is lost”—appears to be, and is, the essence of the Gospel.

II. If it be now asked, *why should such a spirit be cultivated and cherished*, the answer prompts itself—that we may save, through Christ, our own immortal souls. That we may save them, not by caring for them only—that can never be!—but by doing to the utmost,

even as God's all-seeing eye shall judge, what in us lies, to save the souls of others. In a word, by kindling all the hearts with that pure flame of love which shall refine and turn them all to God;—win from the rich man the free offering of his gold and silver to be the ransom of imprisoned brethren, or the light of ignorant and erring Christians, or the life of dying sinners,—constrain the poor and desolate widow, that has nothing else to give, to give her mite, and add, what God esteems above the jewels of imperial crowns, her pious prayers,—in-flame the young man to devote himself, a living sacrifice, upon the altar of his God, to preach, if he be found worthy, the Gospel of salvation; and if not, to labour in his sphere, and aid with both hands, and with his whole heart, in rolling onward, through the darkling, dying world, the tide of light and life,

“ Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.”

In vain, without this spirit in our hearts, and in the hearts of those who hear us, shall we call for Missionary funds, or, what is far more needed, Missionary men. In vain, while men know not their duty in the case, appeal to them for its discharge. In vain, while men feel not in their own souls the value of the salvation which we preach, expect them to give what they do value for its promotion in others. In vain, expect that the sacrifices of a Missionary will be made, his labours undertaken, or his privations borne, by him who does not know, that at the last day, the soul of every man will be held answerable for the soul of every brother, for whose instruction in the truth, whose redemption from sin, whose eternal salvation, he has not done whatever in him lay. In a word, to imbue men thoroughly with the Missionary Spirit, we must acquaint them intimately with the Missionary enterprise. We must fill their hearts with the conviction of its immense importance, and its undeniable obligation. We must trace it back, before them, to the divine and blessed Mission of the Son of God. We must follow it down the pathway, stained with blood and tears, of the noble, self-devoted apostolic band. We must go, with the Vaudois, to their mountain fastnesses, and hear the cliffs and caverns of their rugged sanctuary resound the praises of the Lamb. We must, with the simple brethren of the Moravian Church, forget, with hearts inflamed with love, the rigours of a polar winter, and see the gloomy Greenland snow-cave lighted with the lamp of life. We must encounter, with Ziegenbald and Grundlerus and Swartz, the pestilential atmosphere and burning sky of Hindostan; or, in our own day, go with Martyn, Middleton, and Heber, of our sister Church,—nay, with Robertson, and Hill, and Cadle, of our own, forsaking country, home, and friends, to bear the pure and peaceful Gospel, and the one holy, Apostolic Church, to sluggish, bigoted Indians, or to degraded, and yet proud and captious, Greeks, or to the miserable remnant of our wasting native tribes;—and, turning to the Gospel, turning to our own still and secret hearts, fathom and scan the depth and “height of that great argument,” from which those faithful, fearless men, rose up, and went, convinced, resolved, devoted, bound in spirit, to perform their Master's

work. To act at all, our nature must be moved. To act strongly, we must move it strongly. There is no enterprise of secular interest given up for want of means or want of men. No military plan so desperate that strong hearts do not dare and strong hands do it. No sickly spot between the tropics that commerce does not visit. No wall of thick-ribbed ice about the pole that can abate the ardent spirit of discovery. And is there nothing that can compete with these strong motives in the love of souls, the call of God, the rewards of heaven? And if there is, why is its force not felt, why is its influence not shown? Only because the one is like ourselves of the earth, earthly; the other like what we ought to be, spiritual, intent on heavenly things. Only because the one is before us, and about us, and within us, while we repress the other and estrange our spirits from it.

Of the subjects which will from time to time be offered for your attention, I cannot of course minutely speak. One thing I can say, the mine which is to supply them is inexhaustible. The history of the Church of Christ, from its first chapter, the book of "the Acts of the Apostles," to that which is now making its record of our day; the wonderful and interesting researches and adventures of the servants of the Most High God, in every age—Barnabas and Paul of the primitive Church; their immediate followers in its persecuted periods; the Jesuit Missionaries, redeeming by their self-devoted and death-daring course, if aught human could redeem, the corruptions of the Papacy; the mountain Christians, who, among the Alpine snows, preserved a pure, or kindled the first fires of a reformed, Church; the Apostles, Martyrs, and Confessors of the Reformation; the worthies of that blessed communion, the good old Church of England, to which, under God, we are so much indebted; the labours of her two venerable Societies, gaining for her the deserved praise of being the Mission Church of the whole world; the unostentatious, but almost unequalled efforts of the United Brethren; the rich and happy results of modern Missionary enterprise, throwing new light upon the history of man, and new lustre on the Christian name; and, though last, most interesting of all, the current intelligence of our own Missionaries, labouring now to sustain the truths of the Gospel, and the offices of the Church, among our own brethren, who have gone Westward in pursuit of fortune, and for the extension of our empire,—or to reclaim to civilization and Christianity the wild sons of the forest,—or to purge from spiritual gloom the "eye of Greece,"—or, we hope soon to add, to rend the veil of death which now enshrouds degraded Africa:—who fears, in view of such a mine, so rich, so various, the want of subjects for discussion; or who distrusts the intense, eternal interest, which, with Christian men, such subjects must possess!

But his greatest work and service to this glorious cause was rendered late in life. He was one of a Committee of the Board of Directors of the Missionary Society, in A.D. 1835, to consider the organization of the Society. It was the very opportunity of his life. He brought to it, years of thought and prayer, and all the earnestness and energy of his nature, in its very prime.

And the original draft of the report, in his own writing, with scarce an alteration, which I have by me, shows, how, for all time, the American Church owes to him, a debt (always acknowledged but **once* and by one man) of unforgetting gratitude. How willingly he shared it with his associates, he shall say for himself.

It is a matter of record that the Committee of the Board of Directors of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, by which the present Missionary organization was reported, consisted of Bishop Doane, *Chairman*, Bishop Mellvaine, Dr. Milnor, Dr. Henshaw, Dr. Kemper, Dr. Beasley, and Mr. Magruder. Before the Committee had met, the three first named came casually together. "What should you think," said Dr. Milnor, who had moved the resolution for the appointment of a Committee to inquire, addressing Bishop Doane—"what should you think of reporting that *the Church is the Missionary Society*, and should carry on the work of Missions by a Board appointed by the General Convention?" "Why," replied Bishop Doane, "it is the very plan which I have long thought ought to have been adopted, and for the adoption of which I should thank God with my whole heart." "How very strange is this," said Bishop Mellvaine, "I surely knew nothing of the mind of either of you, and yet that is the very plan which I have introduced into the sermon which I am to preach before the Society." When the Committee met, the three members above named stated their views as above, and found them cordially reciprocated by *all* their associates. Thus, as to *the principle* of their Report the Committee, were, from the first, *unanimous*. To whom shall the praise be given, but "to the God that maketh men to be of one mind in an house!" How sweetly did this delightful unity of the Committee, "like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down unto the beard, even unto Aaron's beard, and went down to the skirts of his clothing," imbue the whole Convention! Who will not pray that its most precious fragrance may pervade the Church; as, when the costly spikenard was poured out upon the feet of Jesus, "the house was filled with the odour of the ointment."

Referring to the Appendix for the Report, whose one principle is, "the Church, a debtor to the world," I quote here the account of the Convention, at which it was adopted, taken from the Missionary for that year.

"It was our design to have given from week to week an outline of the proceedings of this venerable body. So closely intertwined, however, with one another have been the principal transactions, and by a connection so close and intimate has one proceeding grown out of another, that we have found the attempt, unless confined to the barren recital of mere acts of

* During all his life my Father was an active member of the Board of Missions; and until the meeting in Baltimore, last year, (Bishop Meade presiding,) was always on its most important Committees.

legislation, impossible and hopeless. We resolved, therefore, to wait till the whole great work was consummated ; and then to sketch it for our readers, in its progress, not only, but in its motives, its spirit and its consequences,—that they might rejoice with us, with an exceeding joy, at the great things which God has done for His people that pray to Him. We have spoken of the acts of the Convention as *ONE whole great work*. Such in deed and in truth they were. There never was produced in ancient Greece, in its most palmy intellectual state, a work that so fulfilled the laws of *unity*, as the noble drama, which, for fourteen days, engaged the eyes, the hands, the hearts of our whole Church. *One* in its beginning, in its middle, and in its end,—in the motives which actuated, the process which matured, and the result which crowned the zealous contribution and disinterested concentration of wisdom and experience and exertion and influence and devotion, freely laid, a princely offering, on the altar of the Lord, and consecrated by continual prayer,—the effect will be, we confidently trust, the binding together of our whole Communion, ‘in the unity of the Spirit and in the bond of peace,’ to engage, with utmost energy and utmost sacrifice, as with a single eye, a single hand, a single heart, in the great contest, waged for immortal souls, beneath the banner of the God of our salvation. May He grant it, whose prayer it was that we might all be *one*, even as his Father and himself are *ONE*; and that he might make us *one*—one with each other and with himself—poured out his blood for us upon the Cross !

“It need not be concealed, that, as the time approached when the tribes were to go up, to testify unto the name of the Lord, solicitude and anxiety, such as Christian men may feel, were deeply felt, lest all might not end well. Since the last triennial gathering, the household had increased and multiplied. Its enterprising children had gone out, and occupied the land far towards the setting sun. Brethren were to come together in council, who had never counselled together before. Great and diverse interests were concerned. New questions were to be settled. New points were to be established. New provisions were to be made. The course pursued in Illinois, in electing, before admission as a diocese, and without the provisions of the Canon, a resigned Bishop as its diocesan, was new and unprovided for. The diocese of New York, already grown beyond the reach of any single Bishop, and growing still with a continually accelerating rapidity, called loudly for a course of legislation, which the founders of the Church had not foreseen. The mighty West, itself a world, without the means of their support, was asking, with a trumpet voice, for Bishops of its own. From various quarters of the Church, various suggestions were sent in of alter-

ations needed in the Missionary organization, to gain for it the general favour, and give it due efficiency. In such a prospect, it was impossible not to be solicitous. All rejoiced, since these things were so, that it had pleased God still to spare, the eye of his mind not dim, nor its natural force abated, the venerable Father of the house. All relied on the fulfilment of *His* gracious promise, who had declared that he would be with his Church, 'always, even unto the end of the world;' and who had so signally redeemed it towards us, in making, of 'the fewest of all people,' within the life of one Apostle, 'a multitude which no man can number.'

"It was under such circumstances, and with such sentiments, that the Fathers of the Church, and her accredited delegates, the reverend and beloved clergy and laity, repaired, at the appointed time, to the city of brotherly love. Let us believe that there was an omen in the name of Philadelphia—a name ever to be held in honour, as the residence of the beloved and venerated Presiding Bishop; and the seat, as of the first, so of most of the succeeding meetings of the General Convention: nor let it be forgotten, that the time was within a few days of fifty years after the assembling of the first of our Conventions that was ever held, entitled to that name.

"On the day preceding the opening of the Convention, a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society had been called. It was attended, at the Society's rooms, by a large number of the members; and among them by Bishops White, Moore, H. U. Onderdonk, Smith, McIlvaine and Doane. After the settling of some minor points, the Board took up the case of the Rev. Richard F. Cadle, late the Society's Missionary at Green Bay, who, in the zealous and faithful discharge of conscientious duty, had been exposed to obloquy and bitter persecution, on the part of some who are enemies of the truth; and, after full examination, rendered justice to that truly apostolic man. This done, the measure was brought in, which, far beyond any other, gave a character to the Convention, and which has introduced, if we at all discern 'the signs of the times,' a new and brighter era in the history of the Church. The Rev. Dr. Milnor, after alluding briefly and forcibly to the almost universal impression that the Missionary operations of the Church needed to be re-invigorated and re-inforced, and to the various plans which had been suggested in different quarters, moved, that a Committee be appointed, 'to consider and report whether any, and what measures should be adopted, for the more efficient organization of the Society, and the future conduct of its concerns.' The Committee appointed were Bishops Doane and McIlvaine, Doctors Milnor, Henshaw, Kemper and Beasley, and Mr. Magruder.

“On Friday morning, the Committee of the Board of Directors of the Missionary Society, by their Chairman, Bishop Doane, presented their Report.*

“The Report having been read, the Chairman, on motion of the Rev. Dr. Milnor, was requested, by the unanimous vote of the Board, to state the principles of the plan proposed by the Committee, and the reasons which had led to their adoption. In responding to this call, Bishop Doane premised, that the Committee, though brought together without the slightest concert or previous expectation, had, from their first entrance on the subject, agreed entirely in all its leading features, and that they now, as one man, presented the result of their unanimous conclusions. He showed that by the original constitution of Christ, THE CHURCH, as the Church, was the one great Missionary Society; and *the Apostles, and the Bishops, their successors*, his perpetual Trustees: and that this great trust could not, and should never, be divided or deputed. The duty, he maintained, to support the Church in preaching the Gospel to every creature, was one which passed on *every Christian, by the terms of his baptismal vow*, and from which he could never be absolved. The *General Convention* he claimed to be the duly constituted representative of the Church; and pointed out its admirable combination of all that was necessary to secure, on the one hand, the confidence of the whole Church, and, on the other, the most concentrated and intense efficiency. He then explained the constitution of the *Board of Missions*, the permanent Agent of the Church in this behalf: developing and defining all its powers and functions, as the central reservoir of energy and influence for the Missionary work; and the appointment by it, and in subordination to it, of the *two Executive Committees* for the two departments, Foreign and Domestic, of the one great field—the Missionary *hands* of the Church, reaching out into all the world to bear the Gospel to every creature,—each having its *Secretary and Agent*, some strong and faithful man, imbued and saturated with the Missionary spirit, the *index-finger*, as it were, of the Committee, to touch, to move, to control, by their direction, each one of the ten thousand springs that are to energize the Church. For the effectual organization of the body, in the holy work to which the Saviour calls them, he indicated the *parochial relation*, as the most important of all bonds,—calling on every clergyman, as the Agent of the Board, for Jesus’ sake, to use his utmost effort in instructing, first, and interesting his people; then, in engaging their free-will offering of themselves in its support, upon the apostolic plan of

* See Appendix D.

systematic charity—laying up in store on every Lord's day, as God should prosper them; and, when the gathering was made, transmitting to the treasury of the Church the consecrated alms. The reading of the Report, and Bishop Doane's address, in exposition of it, of which we have given but the outline, having occupied the whole of the morning session, an adjournment took place until the afternoon; when the principles of the proposed organization were defended and enforced, chiefly by Bishop McIlvaine and Drs. Milnor and Henshaw.

“The discussion of this subject, in the different bodies through which it passed, occupied several days; and was, in every circle, however remotely connected with the Church, the prevailing theme of every tongue. Large numbers of persons, not connected with the Convention or the Society, attended with unfailing interest the frequent and protracted sittings. The debates were conducted with great spirit and ability, in some instances in strains of powerful eloquence, but always with Christian courtesy and kindness. The difference of opinion which existed was obviously an honest difference. The end and aim which each proposed was, as obviously, the most efficient organization of an institution, which all agreed was of the highest value to the Church. The benefit of such a discussion cannot be estimated. Facts were elicited, views were developed, and principles were established, which brought conviction to every mind; and the Missionary enterprise received an impulse, which will extend, we trust, to every corner of the land. The persons who took chief part in the discussion, for and against the reported Constitution in its several details, were Bishops Brownell, Meade, Onderdonk of Pennsylvania, Onderdonk of New York, Hopkins, Smith, McIlvaine and Doane, the Rev. Drs. Milnor, Potter, Tyng, Hawks, Gadsden, Mason, and Wainwright, the Rev. Messrs. Boyd, James, Mason, and Richmond, and Messrs. Eccleston, Newton, Jay, Meredith, Nicklin, Wheeler, Magruder, and Wallace. In the end it was adopted, as it stands, with great and gratifying unanimity. For ourselves, we consider it a measure of far greater promise to the Church of Christ, than any which, in our day, has been effected. In its adoption, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States has placed herself on primitive ground. She stands, as a Church, in the very attitude in which the Apostolic Church, at Jerusalem, when the day of Pentecost had brought the Holy Spirit down to guide and bless it, set out, to bear the Gospel of its heavenly Head to every soul of man in every land. As the Church, she undertakes, and, before God, binds herself to sustain, the injunction of her Lord, to go and ‘make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and

of the Holy Ghost.' Upon every one who, in the water of Baptism, has owned the eternal Triune Name, she lays, on peril of his soul if he neglect it, the same sacred charge. Her Bishops are Apostles, all; her clergy, all Evangelists; her members, each in his own sphere, and to his utmost strength, are Missionaries, every man; and she—that noblest of all names—a MISSIONARY CHURCH—‘to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places may be made known, by the Church, the manifold wisdom of God.’

“The Constitution, as amended, having passed both houses on Friday, 28th, and the Committee to nominate the Board of Missions having, on Saturday, been elected by ballot, they reported, on Monday, the persons nominated, who were at once unanimously confirmed. Then, for the first time, was the Church enabled to act to the full limit of her divine commission. Hitherto, she had worked to disadvantage, in sending out and sustaining, in her Missionary field, deacons and presbyters, without the benefit of episcopal influence and episcopal supervision. Her flocks were thus without a shepherd. And she stood before the world, so far as she was a Missionary Church, an anomaly, a self-contradiction,—professing to ‘do nothing without the Bishop,’ and yet planting Churches everywhere, which owed allegiance to no Bishop, and could claim no Bishop’s blessing. By the new organization, the Missionary authority and the Missionary means come into the same hands. Before, the Church ordained Missionaries who were to go out under the protection, and rely on the patronage, of a Society which the Church could not control. Now, the Church herself, by her constituted representative, collects from all her members the offerings of their love; and from the sacred treasure, clothes and feeds the servants whom, in Jesus’ name, she sends. She is free now to send, she is able to send, she is entirely safe in sending, as her divine Lord sent at first, the overseer as well as the servant,—the elders of the Church, not only, but the Apostle, ‘to ordain elders in every city,’ and to ‘set in order the things which are wanting.’ Accordingly, the Board of Missions was no sooner organized, than the Canon ‘of Missionary Bishops,’ which had occupied for several days the attention of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, was passed unanimously—providing not only that Apostles should be sent to gather in the ‘scattered’ sheep throughout our own broad land, but to preach the Gospel, and to build the Church, ‘wherever the foot of man hath trod.’ A Canon worthy to be inscribed in golden letters over every altar—let us say more of it than that, *a truly Apostolic Canon*. It is a provision which irradiates our statute book—nay, which crowns the earthly Zion of our God, as with a diadem of glory.

“ ‘Triumphant Zion, lift thy head
 From dust and darkness and the dead :
 Though humbled long awake at length,
 And gird thee with thy Saviour’s strength.’

“ But Tuesday, Sept. 1st, as it was the last day of the Convention, so was it, by eminence, the day of glorious issues for the Church. The Board of Missions, at the call of the venerable presiding Bishop, held its first meeting, and appointed its two Committees—that for Domestic Missions to be located in the City of New York, and that for Foreign Missions, in the City of Philadelphia. The important business of the session was tending to a close. The whole day had been diligently occupied with the most solemn duties. The Canon ‘of Missionary Bishops’ had received the final sanction of both houses. Two over-shepherds were to be sent out, the messengers of the Church, to gather and to feed, under the direction of the House of Bishops, the scattered sheep that wander, with no man to care for their souls, through all the wide and distant West. It was an act, in this Church, never exercised before. And yet, upon its due discharge, interests depended which outweigh the world, and will run out into eternity. In the Church, (St. Andrew’s) the representatives of the dioceses are assembled. They wait, in their proper places, the eventful issue ; while expectation thrills the hearts of all the multitude which throngs the outer courts. In a retired apartment, the Fathers of the Church are in deep consultation. There are twelve assembled. They kneel in silent prayer. They rise. They cast their ballots. A presbyter, whose praise is in all the Churches, is called by them to leave a heritage as fair as ever fell to mortal man, and bear his Master’s Cross through the deep forests of the vast South-West. Again the ballots are prepared. They are cast in, in silence. They designate to the same arduous work, where broad Missouri pours her rapid tide, another, known and loved of all, whom, from a humbler lot, the Saviour now has called to feed His sheep. A messenger bears the result to the assembled deputies. A breathless silence fills the house of God. It is announced that FRANCIS L. HAWKS, and JACKSON KEMPER, Doctors in Divinity, are nominated, the two first Missionary Bishops of the Church, and all the delegates, as with a single voice, confirm the designation.

“ One scene remains.—The night is far advanced. The drapery of solemn black, which lines the Church, seems more funereal in the faint light of the expiring lamps. The congregation linger still, to hear the parting counsels of their Fathers in the Lord.—There is a stir in the deep chancel. The Bishops enter, and array themselves in their appropriate seats. The aged patriarch, at whose hands they all have been invested

with the warrant of their holy trust, stands in the desk,—in aspect, meek, serene and venerable, as the beloved John at Ephesus, when, sole survivor of the apostolic band, he daily urged upon his flock the affecting lesson, ‘little children, love one another!’ Erect and tall, though laden with the weight of almost ninety winters, and with voice distinct and clear, he holds enchained all eyes, all ears, all hearts, while, with sustained and vigorous spirit he recites, in the behalf and name of all his brethren, the Pastoral message, drawn from the stores of his long hoarded learning, enforced by the deductions of his old experience, and instinet throughout with the seraphic meekness of his wisdom.—He ceases from his faithful testimony. The voice of melody, in the befitting words of that delightful Psalm, ‘Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity,’ melts every heart. And then all knees are bent, to ask once more, as something to be borne and cherished in all after life, the apostolic benediction of that good old man.”

To have been the spirit and centre of this, is a life’s work and a life’s honour. And the fire which he kindled, kindled his own soul anew. He preached the sermon at the consecration of Dr. Kemper, the first Missionary Bishop of our Church. Did ever any preach a nobler? Does a Diocesan settlement make him *not* THE Missionary Bishop of America, who could think and devise, and do and write such things; not as the flint strikes sparks with steel; but as the live coal, from a consecrated altar, forever living, to light the torch of truth, and inflame the souls of men, and set fire to the sacrifice that rises on the wings of its own fragrance, to the throne of God. His four sermons, The Missionary Spirit, the Missionary Argument, the Missionary Bishop and the Missionary Charter, are wells of unfailing refreshment for all painfulness of work; shadows from “the great Rock,” in the weary land of Missionary toil. I may quote but little from the last two, that they may be read entire, in the other volumes. The sermon at Dr. Kemper’s consecration, on the text, “How shall they preach except they be sent,” is full of exuberant joy at the completion of a long cherished desire; and of the exulting and overcoming hope, in the working of a thoroughly thought out plan. So he speaks in it.

But, *is there sanction for this office of a Missionary Bishop in the instructions of the Saviour, or in the practice of the Apostles?* It is abundantly supplied in both. Take, for example, St. Matthew’s record of the Saviour’s first appointment of the ministry. “And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people. But when he saw the multitudes he was moved with compassion on them because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd.” “And when he had

called unto him his twelve disciples" he "sent" them "forth, and commanded them, saying" "as ye go, preach,—the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Here surely is a most unquestionable exhibition of the *Missionary principle*.—The Saviour died, and rose again. But neither death nor life, the bleeding agony of the Cross, nor the triumphant glory of the Resurrection, could turn aside his steadfast heart from its benevolent and holy purpose. "Then the same day at evening," says the Evangelist St. John, "being the first day of the week," the same on which he rose, "when the doors were shut, where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in the midst of them and said, Peace be unto you;" "as my Father hath sent me, even so I send you." And once again, when he was just about to rise to heaven, Jesus came and spake to the eleven saying, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Here was consummated and confirmed by Jesus Christ himself, with perpetuity of succession to the end of time, the *office* of Apostle, or—the inspiration and the power of miracles ceasing with the necessity for them—of *Missionary Bishop*.

If there be desired still further precedent, what clearer instance, and what nobler model, of a Missionary Bishop than Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, traversing sea and land—at Antioch, at Damascus, at Ephesus, at Jerusalem, at Corinth, at Athens, in Italy, in Spain, not knowing the things that may befall him there, nor counting his life dear unto himself, so that he may finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus. Brethren, is there triumphal march recorded, of conqueror or king, that shines out through the mist of ages with a track so luminous? What limit shall we set to the transforming power of that religion which could make the heart of a proud, persecuting Pharisee so overflow with self-denying love! Who would turn back from a career like this, though afflictions, bonds and death were multiplied a thousand fold along the way, to dream the longest life out in inglorious ease, or wear, even in its proudest and most palmy state, the purple of imperial Rome. And what poor dastards must we be, how utterly unfit to bear the name of Christ, if with such aids, such motives, such examples as we have, we still permit the ignoble thralls of time and sense to bind our spirits down to earth; and grovel in the mire of selfishness and sensuality, when we are called to tread the starry path by which not only Paul, but Polycarp, and Latimer, and Heber, and Middleton, and Henry Martyn, and many more, whom time would fail us but to name, who "loved their lives not to the death," followed their Saviour into Heaven!

Brethren, THE FIELD IS THE WHOLE WORLD. To every soul of man, in every part of it, the Gospel is to be preached. Everywhere, the Gospel is to be preached *by, through, and in* the Church. To Bishops, as successors of the Apostles, the promise of the Lord was given to be with his Church, "always, to the end of the world." Upon Bishops, as successors of the Apostles, the perpetuation of the Christian ministry

depends. With Bishops, as successors of the Apostles, the government of the Church, the preaching of the word, the administration of the sacraments, the care of souls, has been entrusted. Without Bishops, as successors of the Apostles, there is no warrant, and for fifteen hundred years from Christ there was no precedent, for the establishment or the extension of the Church. Professing these things, act accordingly. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Open your eyes to the wants, open your ears to the cry, open your hands for the relief, of a perishing world. Send *the Gospel*. Send it, as you have received it, *in the Church*. Send out, to preach the Gospel, and to build the Church—to every portion of your own broad land, to every stronghold of the Prince of hell, to every den and nook and lurking-place of heathenism, a Missionary Bishop!

The Church is, by divine appointment, *perpetuated by* succession, in the highest order of her ministry. "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth." "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The Gospel is to be preached to every creature; and co-extensive with this trust is the intended influence of the trustee. "Go ye therefore into all the world, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them." "The kingdoms of this world" shall all "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." In other words, the Church of Christ is to become *universal*. And thus in the capacities and powers essential to the execution of her trust, is God's trustee, the Church, shown to be "perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

Thence of necessity,—in strict agreement with that wise and equitable rule, "unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required,"—flow out *resulting trusts*, immense in value, and of infinite responsibility. She is to be a *Missionary Church*—"to the intent that now," not only to all men, but "unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God." Her *Bishops* are *Apostles*, each, in his proper sphere, sent out to "feed the Church of God." Jointly, and in agreement with established principles of order in the Church, they have the power which Christ imparted to the twelve—"as my Father sent me, even so send I you"—to send Apostles in his name. Her *Ministers* are all *Evangelists*, or preachers of glad tidings,—to go wherever God shall call them, through his Church, to bear the blessed tidings of salvation, through the blood of Jesus, for a ruined world. Her *members*, baptized into the death of Jesus, and so purchased by his blood, are *Missionaries* all, in spirit and intent; to go, or—if themselves go not—to see that others go; and to contribute faithfully and freely of the ability which God shall give them, to sustain them while they go, and "preach the Gospel unto every creature."

Brethren, it is the pledge of God that he will hear, that he will bless, that he will save his Church, placed thus upon the vantage ground of Christendom, and made—I speak it, without the fear of contradiction—the Missionary Church of the whole world. It is your pledge, my brethren, that you will go on, as you have now begun, in the benign and blessed impulse of that Missionary spirit which God

has poured upon his Church. Brethren in the Episcopate, it is our pledge, laid up in heaven, that we will go, as Jesus went, to seek and save the lost and dying sheep. Brethren of the parochial Clergy, it is your pledge, that you will do your utmost, "praying with all supplication of the Spirit," to bring your people, one and all, to sustain us in the work which God has given us to do. Brethren of the Laity, shall it not be your pledge, that from this time forward, true as the day returns, to bring you rest from all your toil, and spiritual comfort in God's holy house, you will "lay by in store," such portion of his blessing as you shall justly think you owe to Him who saved your souls, and consecrate it, as a *Missionary offering*, to save, through Christ, the souls of other men? God of our salvation, be Thou witness, on thy throne in heaven, to the sincerity of our united pledge! Write it in thy book! Write it in our hearts! And send thy Holy Ghost, to make us perfect in every good word and work, to do in all things thy most blessed will!

The last of the four sermons alluded to, is on the whole of the Apostolic Commission, as recorded by St. Matthew. It was preached, on an occasion of the deepest interest to my Father, when he ordained Dr. Wolff, in September A.D. 1837.

If it be true that, to his APOSTLES, *as they were* MISSIONARIES, and *that they might be* MISSIONARIES, in word, not only, but in power, Christ promised his protection and his presence, "always, even unto the end of the world," it follows clearly, that, to be, in deed and in truth, AN APOSTOLICAL, we must also be, to the utmost reach of our capacity, A MISSIONARY CHURCH. Under what circumstances does Jesus promise to be with his Apostles and with their successors "unto the end of the world?" Clearly, while they do the things for which he sent them. Only while they go, and "make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever he hath commanded them." For what other ends was his commission given? To what other use the protection of his perpetual presence? Sending them out for a great work—even for the work which he had come from heaven to do, and which he now designs to carry on through them—he invests them with a high commission, and endows them with a glorious promise. Shall they claim the promise while they neglect the work? Shall the protecting power be enjoyed, while the express commission is disregarded? No, he does nothing in vain. The commission, indeed, shall stand. The office of an Apostle, which the Saviour instituted, and which it was his last act here on earth to invest with due authority, shall never cease, until he cometh in his glory. The testimony which he then commanded our fathers, that they should make it known to their children, that the generations to come might know it, even the children which were yet unborn, he never will let fail. But woe to them who hold it in unrighteousness! Woe to them who hold it in indifference! The promise made to the Apostles was made to them as Missionaries to all nations—as teachers, every where, and through all time, of all the things which Jesus had commanded

them. The office cannot be held without the commission. The promise cannot be claimed without the work. Do we lay claim to the office of Apostle? We can only hold it under Christ's commission. Do we rely on the promise made by Christ to his Apostles? We are not warranted in doing so, but as we follow them, in keeping his instructions. Observe, and ponder well, the language of the text. "Jesus came, and spake unto them, saying, all power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you: and," doing these things—the two can surely not be separated—"lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Observe the kindred passage of St. Mark, and the record of their compliance with its precept. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel unto every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." "So then, after the Lord had spoken with them he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God, and they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following." Follow the Apostles from the day of Pentecost, and read in their unwearied labours to spread the Gospel through the world, how they interpreted the language of their high commission. Read, in the converts which they made, in the Churches which they planted, in the exulting exclamation of St. Paul, "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place," how readily, under every trial, and against every obstacle, the promise of the Saviour was fulfilled to them. It ceased not with St. Paul. It ceased not with the Apostolic age. It ceased not with the period of miraculous testimony to the truth. It has not yet ceased. It never will cease, until, from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, God's name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense is offered unto him and a pure offering. It shall not cease—for God himself hath said it—"even unto the end of the world."

Run down from its first days, the track of sacred story. Where are the green spots found which cheer the eye, and fill the heart with gladness? Are they not those in which the word of God had free course and was glorified—in which the office of an apostle was discharged most fully in its first and literal acceptation, as a Missionary of Jesus—in which the everlasting Gospel was preached with greatest faithfulness, and men were taught to observe all things whatsoever Christ had commanded? Turn to a bright and burning page in all the scroll which bears inscribed the history of the Church, and you shall read in it the record of the Missionary's toils, the Missionary's sufferings, the Missionary's triumphs—the glory which illumines it, the manifestation of "the truth as it is in Jesus," kindling the hearts of men with love, and making their lives radiant with purity and piety. Spread out the map before you. Scan with inquiring eye, the pictured surface of its mimic world. Which are the spots which fix attention

most, and fire the thought with fullest rapture? Not the scenes where Alexander or "the great first Cæsar" strove to win the throne of universal empire. Not the traces of imperial grandeur or the trophies of triumphant art. But the cradle of the Gospel; the cities where Paul preached; the stream which wafted Wiclif's ashes to the sea; the mountain fastness, where the morning-star of reformation, the Waldensian faith was kept; the Greenland snows, where the Moravian prays and dies. Call from the past the names which wake within the breast the sympathies that most ennoble it, and most endear to what is good and gentle upon earth, and claim the closest kindred with the skies; and see how far more welcome than the kings or conquerors, the poets or philosophers or patriots of earth, the consecrated names of Polycarp and Latimer and Ridley, of Schwartz, and Middleton, of Henry Martyn and of Heber fall upon the ear—"men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ," approved themselves in love and in truth, as they were in name and sacred obligation, the Missionaries of his Cross, and rejoiced to bear with him its burthen, and to blend their blood with his. My Christian brethren, it is the attestation which God bears to his own truth in every heart which feels its power. It is the triumph with our nature, of that gracious love, by which the Saviour, lifted from the earth, draws all men unto him. It is the witness of his presence with his true apostles, which, everywhere, and in all ages, Christ himself has borne—which, everywhere, and through all ages, he still will bear, "even unto the end of the world."

Nor was this all. He was constantly harping on this same string. No one ever followed more the Scriptural rule "Line upon Line," than did he, upon whatever point his hand found to do. Incessant were his reiterated urgencies of the importance of Christian education, and the plan of systematic charity; and upon no subject more, than the claims of the Missionary cause, on every baptized believer. The very title of his New Jersey paper spoke his spirit. And from constant articles, I extract but few, in the Appendix, to show that to the last, he bore upon his banner the motto and its reverse, "Christ and the Church"! "The field is the world." *

And when in 1841, the refusal of the lower house, to accede to the Bishops' desire of sending Missionary Bishops to Texas and Africa, seemed to indicate a lessening interest in the cause that lay so near his heart, he did not hesitate to speak of it in his Conventional address, with the eloquent and earnest plainness of deep-seated conviction.

I could have wished that the bare majority in the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, which refused compliance with the action of the Bishops, in sending Missionary Bishops to Texas and to Africa, had been on the other side. I cannot sufficiently regret what seemed,

* See Appendix D.

though it was not, a faltering of the Church in her chief council, to go forward in the Missionary enterprise. Nor can I be persuaded to believe that this Church will ever confirm the grounds on which the leaders in the opposition to that measure took their stand. Every allowance should be made for the desire for fuller information. The prudence, which is almost tempted to become suspicion, or, at least, distrust, in its desire to guard old landmarks, must be treated with all tenderness. To the objections which are founded in what men sincerely judge to be expediency, however often the convenient stalking-horse of selfishness and cowardice, we must be meek and patient in reply. But when the assertion is distinctly made, that the Church in her chief council, has no aggressive power; that the General Convention was organized for conservative alone, and not for Missionary functions; that when we come together, at our great assemblage, it is but to sit down over our own feet, and keep them warm, it is high time to look into the charter, and call up the terms of our great trust. Men who gave the shape to that decision did contend in private and in public, that the General Convention under the present Constitution, could do nothing beyond the limits of our civil territory; did deny to the House of Bishops, as such, any authority to make provision for the wants of perishing sinners beyond the line which is or shall be settled, in our treaties with the neighbouring powers; did forbid to this Church, as a Church—call it a union, call it a confederation, call it what you will—the attempt to “preach the Gospel,” to any, and much less “to every creature.” They said, the Constitution was conservative alone. They said, the General Convention was for deliberative, not for executive purposes. They said that neither of the two houses, nor yet both of them, had any power but *in* the United States of America; and undertook to prove their limitation by the language of the title of the Constitution—the Constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church *in* the United States of America.” As if the truth, of which the Church is the divinely constituted “pillar,” were not designed to fill the world. As if it had not always sought to do so, and must always seek to do so, by spreading from fixed centres. As if the sun were not to shine on earth, because it is in heaven. As if, for covering just the ground it stands on, a post were not as useful as a tree. As if the favourite Scripture emblem of the truth, were not the light which shines out, and fills all the universe with life. As if the favourite Scripture emblem of the Church, were not a tree whose root indeed is on Mount Zion, but whose branches are designed to cover all the earth, that all the nations may rejoice in the refreshment of its shadow. I do not say that they who reasoned strictly from the title of the Constitution, or its terms, were not good lawyers. I do not say that their construction of it would not stand in any or in all the courts. But I do say, that, if such be the meaning of the Constitution, it is in limitation of the Gospel; and that the human must give way to the divine authority. I do say, that if such a Constitution as they would make of it, had been penned upon the day of Pentecost, the Church had never got beyond Judea. I do say, that if the Apostle Paul had been controlled by such a Constitution, he could

never have exulted, in his chains, in the transporting thought, Happen what may to me, "the word of God is not," cannot be, "bound"! No: when the tree has learned to bend its boughs all back upon its trunk; when the live coal has caught the trick of concentration, till it gives no heat; when the clear shining of the Morning Star beams inward only, and not out upon the world, then will the Church of God no longer be like them. It still will be "the tree of life," whose "leaves" are "for the healing of the nations." Still will its baptism be "the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire," to warm and melt and purify all faithful hearts on which it falls. Still will it be "the light of the world," in the comparison with which all other lights shall "pale their ineffectual fires:" and that be true, which the beloved John hath written in the Revelation, "and the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—And mark the practical results of their position. Is not diffusion of the very essence of the Church? Would it be, but for diffusion? It could not be denied! How then can this Church do its duty in parts beyond the civil territory? It must be done by the several dioceses! But Bishops are essential to the diffusion of the Church. How can they be consecrated? Any three of the diocesans are competent to do it!—This is not fancy's sketch. It is the substance of actual conversations, and the practical result of the whole argument. It goes to show that the attention of the Church should be directed to this subject. It goes to show that Churchmen should be careful whom they send to represent them. It goes to show that dioceses, to have their sense of duty acted on, should cause it to be known. It is a case for anxious thoughtfulness, when in the exercise of one of their highest trusts for Christ, the action of the Bishops can be prevented by the smallest possible majority in either order: and a portion of Christ's Church forbidden to discharge the duty which is enjoined in its commission, and to the discharge of which, the promise of the Saviour's presence is assured, "make disciples of all nations," on the construction merely of the title of a human Constitution.

I have drawn out enough, the life-long earnestness of my Father's labours in this great cause. Had it pleased God to call him unto the most remote portion of His vineyard, he would have gone without a thought. Was it not a great work, to wake so many others to this glorious duty,—to be in thought and mind, and work and prayer, at once a Diocesan and a Missionary Bishop; to sow broadcast throughout the world the good seed of God, while every seed-place in his own special field was planted, and tended, and reaped, as though there were no other *but* itself? Truly, he paid the debt to Jew and Greek, to his own Diocese, and to the world.

The sacred privacy of his home life, in Boston, is unveiled, as much as it should be, in these extracts from his Private Journal:

Monday, April 7, 1828.—Unanimously elected Assistant Minister of Trinity Church.

Sunday, May 4, 1828.—Fourth after Easter—entered upon the duties of my office, which may God, Who alone giveth the increase, bless to my own soul, and to theirs unto whom I am appointed to minister, in holy things.

Thursday, Sept. 17, 1829.—My happy wedding day. May the blessing of the Lord rest upon it, and all its issues!

Nov. 11.—Consecration of Trinity Church; Rector preached from St. Jude 3. "Earnestly contend for the faith."—May God give us all this grace; and to His Name shall be all the glory.

Thus ends the year 1829. The happiest year of all my life. For it has united me "till death," with her whom my heart holds dearest. Whatever earth has of blessedness, seems now within our reach. May He keep us in his faith and fear. May we be meek, humble, and holy. May our love for each other, and for Him, abound more and more. May we be disposed and enabled to discharge every duty to Him, to each other, to our dear children, to the Church, and to all mankind. And when we have done serving Him here, may we rest together in peace, and together rise to His celestial presence, to dwell, accepted for His dear Son's sake, a family in Heaven. Amen.

Sunday, September 5, 1830.—My beloved boy born this morning. —Gratias Domino maximas!

Sunday, October 17, 1830.—My little boy baptized, by the name of George Hobart. May the rest of his life be according to this beginning. And may he be emulous, in his faithful service of the Lord, of him whose honoured name he bears. Deus faxit.

December 7, 1830.—Unanimously elected Rector of Trinity Church. "Non nobis Domine."

Another year completed. A year of great mercies, and most precious blessings. God, make me thankful for them! And enable me to live, more than ever, to Thy glory.

1831.

Still keep us, Father, in thy faith and fear,
And grant thy blessing, on the coming year;
Guard us at home, and guide in all our ways,
And fill our hearts, with love, our lips, with praise.

Tuesday, April 19.—Was instituted Rector of Trinity Church by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Griswold. * * Quod bonum, faustum, felixque nobis omnibus, totique Ecclesiae, Deus faxit, per Domnium nostrum Salvatoremque Jesum Christum. Amen.

1832.

Another year departed. No death, no sickness, no disaster. Former mercies still preserved, and new and greater added. Lord, as thou increasest our gifts, increase also our gratitude. Nor, shouldest thou withdraw them from us, leave us unresigned, and therefore comfortless.

Sunday, March 14; Quinquagesima: preached from "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." Primum post natum W. C. Deo maxima laus; mihi penitentia, animusque gratus.

Sunday, November 4.—Preached on "Ye are complete in Him,"

having been consecrated on the 31st of October, in St. Paul's Church, New York, to the office of Bishop of New Jersey. Lord, what am I, that Thou hast called me to this dreadful honour? Who is sufficient for these things? Blessed be Thy holy name, for that most gracious declaration, "My grace is sufficient for thee." So replenish me, O Lord, with the truth of Thy doctrine, and endue me with innocency of life, that I may earnestly feed Thy flock, diligently preach Thy word, and faithfully serve before Thee, to the glory of Thy great name, and the benefit of Thy holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Thus ends a year by far the most eventful of my life. Blessed, in the early part of it, in the birth of a sweet boy, my second child, followed on the part of my beloved wife, by severe illness and long debility. The Summer much distracted, with dissensions in the Church at large, and attempts at division in my own Parish. Then my unlooked for, and most undeserved election to the Episcopate of New Jersey. In October, attended the General Convention, and by the special mercy of God's blessing and the generous interposition of friends, was rescued from a foul and cruel conspiracy, against my character and usefulness. Consecrated on the last day of October, (every cloud being dispersed, as by a wind from the Lord,) to the office of a Bishop. The remaining three months of deep domestic sorrow: yet God be praised, diversified with manifold and great mercies. Truly a memorable year."

CHAPTER IV.

CALL TO NEW JERSEY—CONSECRATION AND EPISCOPATE—WHARTON, WINSLOW AND OGILBY—MONUMENTS—GROWTH OF THE DIOCESE—GENERAL PUBLIC INTERESTS.

FULL of work, rich in influence, blessed with the utmost devotion of friendship, green with Croswell's affection, and beautiful with the opening of married love, my Father's life in Boston was full of happiness and promise. And yet it was but another class, of the training school, in which God was fitting him, for the labours and sufferings and triumphs, of his apostleship. He was digging out the channel, and planting the trees and flowers along its banks, in which the strong current of his life, should run, over the sands of sorrow, and past the rocks of bitter opposition, through meadows and pasture lands which it beautified and blessed, into the great eternal ocean of God's perfect peace. On the 17th of September A. D. 1829, in Christ Church, Boston, he was married by his friend Croswell, to Mrs. Eliza G. Perkins. Of his married life, on which the darkest clouds lowered, that the brightest sunlight might break through them, I may not speak. How near its joys, and she who made them, were to his inmost soul, his constant lines to her will best show, to those who have not had the opportunity to see and judge for themselves. Nor may I now, of his home, amid the lingering rays of its home light. Of all else that concerned him most intimately; of labour, and love, and friendship which faltered never through life; of influence, success, and usefulness I have spoken. Of suffering and sorrow I may speak again. But now I leave them, where in the year 1832 he stood so unconsciously, at the threshold of a "larger room" of labour, and suffering and success. I say unconsciously, for never could a more unexpected thing have fallen to any, than the call to the Episcopate of New Jersey proved to him.

At the annual Convention of the Diocese, held in Morristown in May A.D. 1832, the venerable Bishop Croes, prevented from

being present by the illness which proved to be "unto death," proposed by letter to the Convention, the election of an assistant Bishop. The proposition was not accepted; and the Convention, after ordering a letter of respect and sympathy to the Bishop, and of assurance that they would relieve his solicitude, about the future discharge of the Episcopal duties of the Diocese, "adjourned to meet in Morristown on the 2d day of August," in the same year. Two weeks before the Convention assembled, the Bishop entered into the rest prepared for the people of God. No election was made at the Convention in August, though two votes were taken. After resolutions of sorrow and of sympathy, the Convention adjourned to meet on the first Wednesday in October, for the purpose of making the election. During this time, my Father was quietly pursuing his plans and work, proposing larger labour, in the same field, and looking, with no thought beyond, to the continuance of his position.

* By the good hand of our God upon us, we are enabled now, to enter on our *second* editorial year. With our fervent praises, we renew in His strength, to whom alone all praise is due, our humble but determined resolutions of entire devotion, to the CROSS, and CHURCH, of JESUS CHRIST. In regard to the future, the editors make no professions, and no promises. They have a year's experience, and they hope to make it profitable. Valuable sources have been opened, which will facilitate and enrich, they trust, their future labours. Past errors, it will be their effort to avoid, and past deficiencies, to supply. For the rest, it shall be their purpose, and their prayer, the Lord being their helper, 'CONSTANTLY TO SPEAK THE TRUTH, BOLDLY TO REBUKE VICE, AND PATIENTLY TO SUFFER FOR THE TRUTH'S SAKE.'

At New Brunswick, where Bishop Croes laid down the pastoral staff to take the victor's palm,† and where my Father held afterwards his first visitation as an act of respect to his predecessor, the Convention assembled. On the sixth ballot, my Father was elected, eleven out of fourteen clerical votes, and twelve out of twenty-two lay votes being cast for him. It is curious, that three of the other candidates, the Rev. Drs. Kemper, Delancey, and Johns, are now Bishops; and one, the Rev. Dr. Creighton, was Bishop elect of the Diocese of New York. Of the Committee appointed to inform him of his election, the Rev. Messrs. Noble and Peters, and B. Williamson Esq., two survive. Of the clergy who elected him, seven are still living; two of them, the Rev. Messrs. Dunn

* Banner of the Church, Sept. 15th, A. D. 1832.

† "I was induced to enter on my official labours, at this point, that I might follow more immediately, in the footsteps of my venerated predecessor, who for thirty years, ministered, in holy things, to the people of that congregation."—*First Conventional Address, May A. D. 1833.*

and Finch, still in the Diocese. And of the forty-one laymen, present at that Convention, only thirteen are known to be living, all still in the Diocese, and of its Convention. When the Committee waited on him, with the official notice of his election, the first which he received, he came with trembling to announce it to his family, pale with surprise, and the overwhelming sense of unexpected responsibility. But he was "the servant of the Church, by the solemn obligation of his ordination vows," and it was "not for him to choose the place or kind of service." Nor was he the man to delay, in a matter of such moment; or to allow any feelings of self interest to affect his choice. His universal principle in all such matters, was, that an unsought and unsolicited call to the highest order of the Ministry, was a voice from God; whose only answer could be, "Here am I; send me." The first letter to any Bishop elect was his, and was always one of welcome, and of urgency; while of the few things, that really woke his annoyance and indignation, a refusal to such a call, was almost the chief. So in thirteen days his letter of acceptance went to the Committee. From his private journal I may quote the correspondence and his account of the consecration. They are fit beginnings of all the issues that sprung from them.

"NEW BRUNSWICK, Oct. 3, 1832.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR :

"We take the earliest opportunity to inform you that at the adjourned meeting of our Convention, held here this day, you were elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in this Diocese. After several ballotings, the other candidates were gradually withdrawn, and a majority of both orders proved to be in favour of you. It was then unanimously declared that you were elected Bishop. We believe we may safely say that your election gives general satisfaction, and we hope it may meet your acceptance. The requisite testimonials were signed, by all the members of the Convention, (including 14 Clergymen,) and will be forwarded to you by a Committee appointed for that purpose. We write this unofficially, although you will perceive by our signatures that we are officers of the Convention. With sentiments of the highest respect and regard, we are truly your friends and brothers.

"JOHN CROES, *Sec'y.*

"CLARKSON DUNN, *Asst. Sec'y.*

"REV. G. W. DOANE."

On Saturday, October 6, the Committee, the Rev. B. G. Noble, the Rev. H. R. Peters, and Benjamin Williamson, Esq., arrived in Boston, bearing the official papers, with letters from Bishops B. T. Onderdonk, and L. S. Ives, and the Rev. Drs. Wainwright, Berrian, and Creighton, urging my acceptance; which were followed the next mail, by letters from Bps. Brownell, and H. U. Onderdonk, Messrs. E. A. Newton, S. H. Huntington, and others, to the same purport.

On Monday night, Oct. 15, left Boston for New York in company with my faithful friend, the Rev. Wm. Croswell, and arrived there on Wednesday, 17th. Days much to be remembered! Arrived at St. Paul's Chapel in time to hear nearly all the sermon at the opening of the Convention, by the Rt. Rev. H U. Onderdonk, D. D., and received the Holy Communion at the hands of Bps. Griswold and Brownell. It was soothing and comfortable, and I hope profitable. Never did I so much need its strengthening and refreshing for my soul. On Friday, Oct. 19, after (I hope) due consideration, not without prayer, gave my answer to the Committee of the Diocese of New Jersey as follows:

DEAR BRETHREN:

After as much of careful consideration as the time allowed, I have resolved to accept the office of Bishop, conferred upon me by the too favourable consideration of the Diocese of New Jersey. I do it cheerfully, and I do it resolutely. Cheerfully, though it involves the surrender of enjoyments peculiarly dear to me, and counted on for life; but resolutely, because I do it in the name and strength of God. All that I am, and all that I have given me of the Lord, I have long accustomed myself to consider as dedicated to the service of the Church. To God, and to the Church, then, in the service which his providence now seems to indicate, I devote myself, body, soul, and spirit. My He graciously accept and bless the unworthy offering!

Of the provision for the Episcopate, you are aware that I know nothing further than that there is the beginning of a fund, and that arrangements are in progress to increase it to an amount suitable at once to the dignity of the office, and to the ability of the Diocese.* My ignorance on this subject has had no effect in making my decision. I most cheerfully and confidently throw myself on the generosity and piety of the Churchmen of New Jersey; convinced that what is right they will do. Permit me, however, in that spirit of perfect candour, which is, I hope, to actuate all our intercourse, to suggest the earliest attention to its accomplishment.

Let me entreat your fervent supplications, with my own, dear brethren, that the solemn engagement now concluded, and soon to be ratified and consecrated by holy hands, and with prayer, may by the gracious providence of God, be made to serve the promotion of His great glory, and the salvation of immortal souls.

Faithfully your brother and servant in the Gospel and Church of our Lord Jesus Christ,

G. W. DOANE.

Messrs. NOBLE, PETERS, and WILLIAMSON, *Committee*.

Wednesday, Oct. 31.—Consecrated to the office of Bishop of the diocese of New Jersey, by the Rt. Rev. William White, D. D., Presiding Bishop, assisted by the Rt. Rev. B T. Onderdonk, D. D., Bishop of the diocese of New York, and the Rt. Rev. L. S. Ives, D. D., Bishop

* Among many reasons urged upon him why he should not leave Boston, his friends told him that he must take out his salary in watermelons and sweet potatoes, and as he repeated it, he sometimes playfully added that even they had failed.

of the diocese of North Carolina. The service was performed in St. Paul's Chapel, New York. It was in, and about this Church, that my first meditations of the sacred ministry were entertained in the year 1818: and here, after the lapse of fourteen years, I am called to the fearful responsibilities of its highest office! It is a day which absorbs in the infinite importance of its transactions, the days and years of my whole life past! May its issues be blessed of the Lord! May He accept the offering of my heart and life! and by His heavenly grace assisting and enabling me, make it promotive of His glory, and of the edification of His Church!

In attaining this point, not sought, not expected, not desired, not yielded to but on the clear ground of duty to my Master and His Church, I may say almost without a figure, that I have passed through fire and water.* Two things it has made clear, the never-failing Providence of God overruling all things against all human probability in the behalf of truth and justice: ('Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in Him, and He will bring it to pass,') and the value as instruments in His hands of true and faithful friends. Such I have found, and for them my heart pours out its fervent thanks to Him. I need not commemorate them here. The impression of their steadfastness can only fade from my heart beneath the touch of death, and their names, I trust, are written in Heaven. * * Read before the service with great comfort Psalm thirty-fourth, part second, in metre, and of the Psalter, Psalms 20th and 21st. May they be tokens to me for good. Read before retiring, Paul's *first* to Timothy. Henceforward, having freely forgiven all who have injured me, I am not to speak of them but with kindness.†

The record of his first Sunday in Trinity Church, after his consecration, attests the ‡ pain of the parting that was to be, on both sides.

* Every effort was made to blast his character in Boston, and prevent his consecration. The courage of the presiding Bishop, the firm rallying of the leading men in Boston, the perfect consciousness of truth and the power of Almighty God prevailed here, as so often again.

† This was always and uniformly true. So true in this case that I never heard the fact till 1853, and the details, never until this summer from his papers, when he had escaped the power of all such things.

‡ *To the Wardens and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, Boston:*

DEAR FRIENDS,—My election to the Episcopate of New Jersey, followed by my consecration on the 31st ultimo, to the office of a Bishop in the Church of God, of necessity involves a dissolution of the pastoral connection which for several years I have had the honour and the happiness to hold with you. Upon this subject I am not now in a frame, if indeed it were necessary for me to speak. So much it seemed proper that I should officially communicate. I have only to add, that for the few ensuing months previous to my ultimate arrangements for the entrance upon my episcopal duties, my best services are, as the best wishes of my heart will ever be, at your entire disposal.

With a grateful sense, dear friends, of your uniform, and generous confidence, support, and kindness, storing up with my heart's best treasures, the remembrance of our official and personal intercourse, and commending you and yours, and the Church of our common love, to the care and keeping of Almighty God, I remain affectionately and faithfully, your friend and servant in Christ,

G. W. DOANE.

Nov. 4, twentieth Sunday after Trinity.—A trying day—the Communion; my first since my episcopate, my first return to my own people since my fiery trial. I was feeble and faint-hearted, but the Lord strengthened me. In the service I was much comforted. Preached from Colossians ii. 10, “Ye are complete in Him.” Administered the Holy Sacrament. A most impressive, and by God’s grace, I hope profitable service. Saw many weeping, and though I bore up, or rather was borne up, before that, found the Gloria in Excelsis and the Benediction too much for me. Preached in the afternoon at Christ Church, and baptized a child in the absence of my dear friend Croswell. Sermon from St. James i. 12, the blessedness of enduring temptation. O, Lord that hast sent the trial, mercifully grant the grace to endure, that we fail not of the blessing.

To complete this record, I may add the account of his consecration, taken from the last number of the *Banner of the Church*; and the words of love, that greeted his entrance into the arduous duties of his new life:

“The Rev. John H. Hopkins, D.D., Bishop elect of the Diocese of Vermont; the Rev. Benjamin B. Smith, D. D., Bishop elect of the Diocese of Kentucky; the Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, D.D., Bishop elect of the Diocese of Ohio; and the Rev. George W. Doane, Bishop elect of the Diocese of New Jersey;—were respectively consecrated to the sacred office of Bishop, in St. Paul’s Chapel, in New York, on Wednesday, the 31st ult., by the Rt. Rev. William White, D.D.,

Boston, 16th November, 1892.

RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR,—By direction of the Wardens and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, the undersigned acknowledge in their behalf the receipt of your letter of the 6th inst, communicating to them officially the event of your consecration to the Episcopate of New Jersey, and consequent dissolution of the pastoral connection which has for several years so happily bound us together. The event we were already prepared for; but we cannot suffer it to pass without expressing to you, our grateful sense of your faithful and devoted ministry among us, and our full appreciation of talents and services which have *elevated you thus early to the highest dignity of the Church. May it please God that you should long continue to administer that holy office with honour and usefulness to his Church, in the full enjoyment of personal health and domestic happiness, and, allow us to add, with such degree of exemption hereafter, as the lot of man may permit, from the evil assaults of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. You will at all events bear with you, the affectionate remembrance of those with whom you have been thus intimately connected, by official intercourse and personal friendship, and especially of those who now execute the wishes of the wardens and vestrymen of Trinity Church in conveying to you these sentiments, subscribing themselves at the same time with the truest respect and esteem,

Your sincere friends and well wishers,

W. H. GARDNER, }
JOSEPH TILDEN, } *Committee.*

RT. REV. GEORGE W. DOANE.

* “At his Institution as Rector of Trinity Church, Bishop Griswold preached, taking for his text, St. John iii. 30: ‘he must increase, but I must decrease;’ and what was very remarkable in a Preacher of Bishop Griswold’s impersonal character, he closed the sermon by applying the text to the newly instituted Rector and himself.”—*Ch. Review*, October, 1859.

Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States; the remaining Bishops, with the exception of the Rt. Rev. Drs. Moore, and Stone, being present, and assisting as follows—in the Consecration of Bishop Hopkins, Bishops Griswold and Bowen;—in the Consecration of Bishop Smith, Bishops Brownell and H. U. Onderdonk;—in the Consecration of Bishop McIlvaine, Bishops Griswold and Meade;—and in the Consecration of Bishop Doane, Bishops B. T. Onderdonk and Ives. The Daily Morning Prayer was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, President of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, and the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Secretary of the House of Bishops. The tenth Selection of Psalms was read, instead of the Psalms for the day;—the lessons were part of Ezekiel xxxiii.—and John x. Three verses of the 80th Psalm, from the 8th, and the 53rd Hymn, were sung. The Ante-Communion service was read in part by Bishop White; Bishop Bowen reading the Epistle, and Bishop Griswold the Gospel, as appointed in the office of Consecration. The Consecration Sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Onderdonk, of Pennsylvania, from the text Isaiah lxvi. 21. It was appropriate to the occasion, and a truly practical discourse upon the topics discussed,—Why should a ministry exist in the Christian Church? and why should it be distinguished by orders? Many of the most specious popular objections to Episcopacy, were well and ingeniously answered. The sermon is in the press, and will be further noticed by us on its publication. The address to the candidates was brief, but very impressive. A passage from the Oratorio of the Messiah,—‘Comfort ye, my people,’ &c., was sung immediately after the sermon; and, though we have heard loud censure as to some of the circumstances of this well meant addition to the usual services, we thought it seasonably introduced, and fitted to add much to their interest and solemnity; and peculiarly so as regarded the minds of the candidates. The Bishops elect were then presented, their respective testimonials read, and the solemn interrogatories by the Presiding Bishop, put and answered. After the deeply solemn devotions prescribed in the office of Consecration, the admission of the candidates to their high office followed, as stated above; and the Holy Communion was then administered by Bishop White, assisted by the other Bishops present. Four Bishops, all of them distinguished for zeal and ability, are now added to the number of those to whose oversight our Church is intrusted. May they, in the language of the Consecration office, ‘be to the flock of Christ shepherds, not wolves;—to feed, not to devour them: holding up the weak, healing the sick, binding up the broken; bringing again the outcast; seeking the lost. Being so merciful that

they be not too remiss ; so ministering discipline that they forget not mercy ; that when the chief Shepherd shall appear they may receive the never-fading crown of glory, through JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.’

“From the solemnities of such an occasion, it was impossible for a reflecting mind to retire without serious impressions, and a feeling of interest in the future history of the men thus set apart anew to the service of their generation, and the glory of God. Each should lay to heart the cause that demands their labours—a world lying in sin ;—and each may well consider his own need of holy ministrations, and inquire as to their past influence upon his character and heart.”

AD AMICUM.

Let no gainsaying lips despise thy youth,
 Like his, the great Apostle's favourite son,
 Whose early rule at Ephesus begun :
 Thy Urim and thy Thummim—Light and Truth,
 Be thy protection, from the Holy One :
 And for thy fiery trials, be there shed
 A sevenfold grace on thine anointed head,
 Till thy “right onward” course shall all be run.
 And when thy earthly championship is through,
 Thy warfare fought, the battle nobly won,
 And heaven's own palms of triumph bright in view,
 May this thy thrilling welcome be :—“Well done,
 Because thou hast been faithful over few,
 A mightier rule be thine, O servant good and true!”

W. C.

NEW YORK, *October 31, 1832.*

His first address to the Convention, contains this brief mention of his election, acceptance and consecration :

With the circumstances, which in the course of divine Providence, have brought me into the responsible and interesting relation with the diocese of New Jersey, which, by your too favourable consideration, I hold, you, my brethren and friends, are more intimately acquainted than I am myself. Resident then in a distant diocese, I had not received the slightest intimation that your regards had been turned towards me, when the official evidences of my election to the Episcopate were placed in my hands, on the evening of the 6th day of October last, by the very respectable Committee appointed by the Convention, to proceed to Boston for that purpose. The fearful responsibility thus devolved upon me, to decide, for myself and for the Church, a question of such importance, before wholly unthought of, was not a little enhanced by the consideration, that in less than twelve days, the General Convention was to hold its session, in the city of New York ; during which it was greatly desired that the consecration, no impediment interfering, should take place. On the 19th day of October, convinced, on principles which have been, long since, delib-

erately adopted as the rules of my life, and by the concurring judgments of those who were best fitted to form an accurate decision in the premises, that such was my duty to His Church, whose soldier and servant I am,—I communicated to the committee above named, my letter of acceptance ; and on the 31st day of the same month, was consecrated to the office of a Bishop in the Church of God, by the venerable and Rt. Rev. Dr. White, the presiding Bishop, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Onderdonk, of New York, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Ives, of North Carolina. That the solemnities of that day may be propitious to this our portion of the vineyard of the Lord, and promotive, now and hereafter, of the kingdom and glory of our divine Redeemer, let me have, brethren, as I most truly need, your fervent and continual prayers !

In his primary visitation of the Diocese, he records, in his private journal, the progress of his work, with constant prayers. After his first sermon he writes, “ May the word spoken be blessed to him who spoke and them who hear. May I henceforward never shun to declare the whole counsel of God, and to be pure from the blood of all men.” So after his first baptism. “ My first office in the diocese. May it be accepted and blessed.” And at the close of his first visitation. “ Thus have I completed, by the help of God, my primary visitation of the Churches, over which the Holy Ghost hath made me overseer. May the Lord mercifully bless the seed thus sown, give me strength and skill and grace to labour acceptably in his vineyard, and admit me in his own good time for Christ’s sake into the rest reserved for the faithful. The end of my journey, thanks be to Him who hath hitherto helped me, has been most grateful to me. God be praised for all his mercies.” It was a day of small things. “ A very little Church,” he writes of Woodbridge, “ and a less congregation, only twenty ! never mind—one soul outweighs a world.” It was a period of severe and most fatiguing work. “ Mounted the hearse, an open waggon so called, for carrying the mail, and rode all night, damp and cold,” “ roads very bad,” “ very rainy and cold.” But he, as he used to say, was “ weather or no.” His haste here, was to waste the least time in travelling, and to get home soon, which he never could bear to leave. Many a midnight baggage train brought him back from a journey. His visits during the first years were longer, until incessant labour made it impossible. And the people once known, he did more in a morning, than many in a month. He does not fail to record the little things, in his private diary, and they remained always in his mind ; “ the welcome of his old friend, and first teacher, Dr. Barry ; the Church where Bishop Hobart occasionally preached,” “ I felt it deeply when preaching ;” “ an apple thirteen and a half inches round kept for the Bishop ;” his first

meeting with Dr. Wharton, "a fine old gentleman, *cruda viridisque senectus*;" these were recorded, never to be forgotten; and many a sentence, of the beautiful scenery through which he passed. December 17th at Newcastle, he writes: "Saw for the first time the locomotive engine on the railway. Stupendous result of human ingenuity. What a world, if men were as skilful and as active in promoting holiness, as in advancing their temporal interests."

He did not remove into New Jersey, for various reasons, until the Spring of 1833, continuing to officiate in Trinity Church until Easter. His first purpose was to make Newark his residence, and it was urged upon him very strongly. But the ordering of God's Providence seemed to draw him here. He mentions in detail, the circumstances which brought it about, in his second address to the Convention, A. D. 1834:

Since the last Convention, my residence at Burlington, which was then temporary, and without parochial charge, has assumed a different character. Being, of course, from my distant residence, unacquainted with the local peculiarities of the diocese, I determined at my consecration, not to decide on the place of my abode among you, until I had become satisfied by personal investigation, and the careful comparison of individual opinions, as to what seemed the position most favourable to the discharge of my official duties, and the advancement of the interests of the Church. I did not doubt, moreover, that in the lapse of time, the course of Providence would be developed with sufficient clearness. Soon after I had gone into temporary residence at Burlington, (to which I was chiefly induced by local and personal considerations,) I received from the Rector, Wardens, and Vestry of Trinity Church, Newark, an invitation of the most gratifying character, to establish myself in that place; accompanied with an offer from the Congregation, of so generous a nature as to leave no doubt on my mind, that the desire for my removal there was not only universal, but most sincere and hearty. To an expression from such a source, so earnest in its terms, and so liberally enforced, I felt it my duty to respond in the affirmative, the more especially as I should thus be left free from parochial responsibility; when the death of the Rev. Dr. Wharton, and the peculiar circumstances of the parish of St. Mary's, Burlington, presented a conflicting duty. After mature deliberation, with inquiry of those whose judgments in the matter were best instructed, it seemed incumbent on me to assume the charge of the interesting parish thus vacated; which I did,—first for six months, and, afterwards as its Rector. In thus yielding to a strong sense of ecclesiastical duty, I am happy in knowing that my munificent friends at Newark, though disappointed, have not been displeased. The same liberal spirit which devised such liberal things to induce my residence among them, enabled and disposed them cheerfully to yield their own preference, to what seemed to be essential to the welfare of a sister parish. May brotherly love so continue, and ever increase amongst

us !—It is due to my office, to my own judgment, and to the best interests of the Church, to say, that it is not well that the Bishop of any diocese should be responsible for the entire pastoral charge of a congregation. When this is the case, either the parochial or the diocesan interest must suffer. Cases may occur, where the Rectorship of a parish seems proper, or indeed necessary, as the means of support, to be united to the Episcopate ; but provision should then be made, not merely to relieve the Bishop from such portion of the duty of preaching, as may enable him to accomplish his visitations, but for the discharge, under his direction, of those daily pastoral offices, without the faithful, constant performance of which, Christ's sheep can never be duly fed. An economical and judicious arrangement for this purpose has always seemed to me, the appointment of a clergyman to reside in the Bishop's parish, to supply the pulpit in his absence, to take the immediate charge of the Sunday School, and other interests of the parish, and to perform occasional missionary duty. The provision for the support of such a clergyman, as missionary assistant to the Bishop, might properly be chargeable on the missionary fund of the diocese. I commend the subject to the consideration of the Convention. The extensive plan of visitation which I propose, cannot well be carried into effect unless there be some such provision.

Of his relations to Dr. Wharton, the termination of which, had such an influence upon his future life, I must speak here ; and may best do it in his own words. My Father looked gladly, to the rich storehouse of his learning and experience and wisdom, as a guide and support to his yet untried, and comparative youth. He had looked forward to it always, and while it was given rejoiced in it, and relied on it greatly. And when it could be no more, with grateful love, he showed his full appreciation, of his very remarkable qualities, in various ways ; in his sermon after the funeral ; in his address to the Convention ; and in the editing of his works with a memoir.

* Your own friend, and the friend of your fathers, having admitted many of you in baptism into the Christian Church, having consecrated the endearing bond of your domestic union, followed your parents to the grave, and taught your children's lips to lisp the first accents of religious truth,—I can well appreciate the interest with which you watched the progress of his last disease, the deep and silent sorrow with which the tidings of its issue filled all hearts, and the affecting tenderness with which, when dust was rendered back to dust, your bitter tears were blended with the clods that covered from your sight all that was mortal of your loved and venerated friend.

It was not, as you all know, my good fortune to share with you this intimate and long continued friendship. By reputation I had indeed known him as a pillar and ornament of the Church, adorning by his life the doctrines which with his voice he proclaimed, and with

* Quoted from Sermon.

his pen had so ably advocated. I knew him as among the very first in scholarship of the clergy of America, a sound and thoroughly accomplished divine, a practised and successful controversialist, a faithful parish priest, a patriarch in the diocese in which he lived; but I had never seen him. When, therefore, by a strange Providence, I was called to the highest office in this diocese, among the thoughts which were the first to follow the appalling conviction of its responsibilities, was that of the relationship which its acceptance would create between myself and him; and I confess that in the reflection I was deeply humbled. But scarcely had the evidence of my appointment reached me, when a letter came from him, so kind, so encouraging, so expressive of his hearty acquiescence in the appointment, and his hearty desire for its consummation, as to contribute most materially to the determination of my assent. I saw him first in my visitation of this parish in December last; and though for a few hours only, there was in his deportment a tender so free and generous of his approbation and confidence, a simplicity so perfectly translucent, and a mixture, so much in keeping with his venerable aspect, his profound acquirements, and his long experience,—of the affection expressed for a son, and the deference designed for an official superior, as embarrassed and perplexed me, while it entirely won my heart. Our subsequent intercourse was of the most endearing character, and leaves nothing for the survivor to lament, but that, as Providence designed it to be so brief, official absence should have diminished so much its golden opportunities. I looked forward, I confess, with eagerness to the conclusion of my public engagement, that I might sit down with him, in his delightful, quiet home, and gather wisdom from his words, while I learned piety from his example. But the Disposer of all things did not gratify my hopes.

*The venerable Dr. Wharton, the senior Presbyter, not only of our own diocese, but of the whole American Church, whose name has honoured place in all our journals from the first year of the present century, and whose latest public service was his engagement with so much zeal and earnestness, in the affairs of our last Convention, † fell asleep in Jesus, on the morning of the twenty-third day of July last, and now rests in hope by the side of that peaceful sanctuary in which, for more than thirty-five years, he had ministered before God.—Of his eminent abilities, ripe scholarship, and rare virtues,—his high standing in the Church, his long and useful services, and the beautiful illustration which the life which he lived, through grace, afforded of the doctrines and precepts which he proclaimed,—occasion has been taken, at other times, and in another way, to speak. With you who knew him, loved him, and honoured him, there needs no prompter of his praise.

The invitation to the vacant Rectorship, which he had at

* Conventional Address, 1834.

† "The venerable Bede is no more. He died yesterday morning, and I arrived the night before, just in time to see the last. His death-bed was peaceful and glorious, a fit conclusion of his pure and pious life."

To the Rev. Mr. CROSWELL.

first accepted for six months, my Father accepted permanently, on the 1st of October, A. D. 1833, and continued in the constant and active discharge of its duties, until his death. I shall have to speak again of his acceptable faithfulness, as a Pastor to the sheep and lambs of Christ's flock. And there are results in saved souls, that welcomed him to Paradise, or that linger here, longing for him, with intensest love, and willing to have died for him, which no computation or arrangement can show. Of external marks there are very many. The old Church was twice enlarged. And the new St. Mary's, than which there is no nobler building in America, lays the long shadow of its beautiful spire, in loving embrace, upon his grave. The number of communicants, from 35 has grown to 300. The baptisms in the 26 years, have numbered 991; the confirmations, 1119, and the contributions, not including the amount for Church building, have been \$36,000. And this, in a small country town, which, but for him, would be unknown to the Church, and to the world. It was the result of very constant labour, in every line of work. His care of the Sunday School, was personal for most of his Rectorship. His visits were as constant, as they could be, until, in the last few years, some aid was given him; to the sick, or suffering or sorrowing, always most prompt, and full of the most real sympathy. His public teachings, were faithful, fresh, earnest, incessant, twice every Sunday, with the rarest exceptions when he was at home. His preparation, and seeking, of candidates for confirmation, was most faithful and thorough, and his personal relations to his flock were intimate and close. In all points, far more than the clergy of his time of training, far more than most of any time, he fed the portion of the flock of Christ committed unto him with food convenient, and with watchful, anxious care. But I have other things to deal with, now.

The sketch of my Father's Episcopate, is written best in the length and breadth of this Diocese. A photograph of it here, taken in the light of his place of perfect peace, will be its best record. And the waymarks of his Conventional addresses, will guide us, as we look over it all, to see the steady, constant, wonderful progress, from year to year. When he came into the Diocese, it was indeed a little one; little among the thousands of Judah; perhaps the least, in influence and prominence, of the Dioceses then existing. Its parishes were feeble; its Clergy few; its contributions small; its influence slight. It had scarcely the promise, which infancy often gives, of manhood. How all is changed now. Its clergy from eighteen, have grown to ninety-nine; fifty-four parishes have been added to its thirty. One hundred and thirty-six clergymen have been ordained, and eighty have been instituted. Fifty-eight

Churches have been consecrated. The confirmations, growing every year, have reached in all seven thousand four hundred and thirty. The communicants from six hundred and fifty-seven have become five thousand. The Sunday School teachers and scholars are multiplied tenfold. And from \$392,20, the alms of the Diocese have reached the annual sum of \$50,000. I do not speak of these so much as contrasts, as for tokens of a growth, which could not have been, but by God's blessing on a constant, faithful sowing of "the good seed." Beyond these mere statistics, the missionary spirit; the spirit of Christian education; the spirit of Christian almsgiving; the spirit of feeding Christ's lambs; the spirit of full conformity to the Prayer Book; the spirit of preaching the Gospel to the poor; the spirit of frequent services and Eucharists; the spirit of faithful parochial work, pervade and animate the whole Diocese. And they were all caught from him. Surely the prophecies of one of his associates in early ministerial work, and his brother in the higher offices, which his later life adorned, were fully verified. "New Jersey wants just such an active, energetic, straightforward, honest, sound, talented, fearless Churchman as yourself. The Church will grow under your ministrations, I am *sure*." But the record of these labours shall be the writing of his life. In his first address he writes :

My brethren of the Clergy and Laity, the object for which we have assembled is the promotion of the interests of Christ's kingdom, in that portion of it which is committed to our care. It might seem to a hasty observer, whose eye should for a moment rest on the small space which the diocese of New Jersey fills on the map of the United States, that it was a light work, and soon discharged. It does not so seem to me; nor can it to any thoughtful Christian. "Jacob," indeed, "is small." The territorial limits of the diocese are soon passed over. Our Churches are few. Our parishes feeble. Our people poor. But how much larger was the land promised to the fathers of the old covenant, the scene of the wonders, and the cradle of the glories, of the new? How much more in number were the Churches of Christ, which even St. John lived to behold established on the earth? How much more rich or powerful, as the world accounts of power and riches, were the primitive flocks, whose sheep,—nay, whose inspired, and now glorified, pastors,—were destitute, afflicted, tormented, wandering in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth?" My brethren, reverend and beloved, I need not remind you, that "there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." I need not remind you, that small as Jacob then was, he has arisen and filled the earth.—"Jacob," indeed, "is small." Temporal power and splendour, do not, and cannot, appertain to the Churches of this diocese. What then? Are our efforts to be discouraged? Is our hope of influence or usefulness in the Church to

be repressed? Are we hindered thus in the promoting of our Master's great work, the care, and the salvation of souls? Directly the reverse. There is no circumstance, it seems to me,—and should the conviction be the result of that partiality which is natural to one's own, you will not greatly blame me,—there is no circumstance, it seems to me, peculiar to our condition, which does not favour the growth of primitive piety, and therefore, of primitive prosperity. There are many circumstances that encourage us particularly to zeal, to fidelity, to perseverance, in setting forth the GOSPEL in the CHURCH; in the sure confidence, that, “in due season, we shall reap, if we faint not.” Is our diocese small? It can, and ought to be the better tended, watered, and cultivated. It is the less exposed to internal division and distraction. It is the more easily defended from external evil and injury. We are brought more nearly together. We feel, or ought to feel, more as brethren of one family. We can more easily “stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel.”—Are our parishes few and feeble? The sympathy of a good cause can the more easily pervade them. They offer nothing to tempt the ambitious or the worldly-minded. Their equality with each other preserves them from envying and jealousy.—Are our people poor? They have the less then to hinder their pursuit of “the true riches.” They are the nearer to His condition and the better prepared to receive His Gospel, who, “made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant.” They have the easier approach to his favour, who has “chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him.” Instead of repining then at our condition, or excusing ourselves from effort, on the ground that we can do so little, let us rather thank God that he has put it in our power to do so very much. He requires nothing of us, let us ever remember, that he has not first given us. The “one talent” that we have, if we do but “trade diligently” with it, and secure its proper increase, will as surely gain His favour, with whom we have to do, as if it were the “five” or the “ten” of our outwardly more favoured brethren.—If it be asked, then, “how shall Jacob arise, for he is small?”—how shall we best improve the ability which God has given us, and bring forth richest fruit to his glory and the good of souls? I answer, by the diligent, faithful, constant exercise, with prayer, to Him who alone can give the increase, of all the means which he has put into our hands. Small as our diocese is, there are many “fields white for the harvest,” that implore the sickle of the reaper. In the occupation of new positions, in the re-occupation of such as have been abandoned, or in the re-inforcement of them that are feeble, and ready to perish, *ten* additional Clergymen, had we the means of their support, could be at once most profitably employed. The services of at least *five* are of almost indispensable necessity. And few and feeble as our parishes are, and poor as are our people, we have at our command the means for their support. All that is needed is the love of Christ to move us to the effort, faith to attempt and to pursue it, and *method*, Christian method, in its prosecution. Let the Churchmen of New Jersey adopt, in earnest, the direction of

St. Paul to them of Galatia, and at Corinth, and the result is sure. "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."

The brave heart that is not discouraged, the hopeful heart that makes the best of things, the wise heart that forecasts the remedy, are they not all here? His recommendation of the weekly offertory, which grew into his plan of systematic charity, pursued in his own Parish, adopted through the Diocese, spreading through the Church, and quoted as his, through England and America, begins so soon as this. He seized, at the beginning, another point, always dwelt on with utmost attention and earnestness, by word and deed, catechizing the children.

In an age like ours, of great division on religious subjects, and still greater indifference to much that is purest and most primitive, I cannot too earnestly impress upon my brethren of the Clergy, the importance of a constant inculcation by catechetical and other instructions,—through the favourable medium, especially, of the Sunday School and Bible Classes,—of those fundamental principles of Apostolic truth and order, which constitute together our inestimable Christian heritage,—“the means of grace,” preparing us for the attainment, through the Saviour’s merits, of “the hope of glory.” There can be no better pattern for our imitation than the Psalmist has sketched,—“Hear my law, O my people; incline your ears unto the words of my mouth. I will open my mouth in a parable; I will declare hard sentences of old, which we have heard and known, and *such as our fathers* have told us; that we should not hide them from *the children of the generations to come*; but to show the honour of the Lord, his mighty and wonderful works that he hath done. He made a covenant with Jacob, and made Israel a law, which he commanded our forefathers *to teach their children*; that *their posterity might know it, and the children which were yet unborn*; to the intent, that when they came up, they might *show their children* the same.”

The loose-ended dealing with the Prayer Book, so common then, is well rebuked in his second address: *

I deem it proper, in this connection, to record my experience, and to express my wishes, on a subject which I regard as of great moment to the unity of the Church. It is sometimes thought necessary, in introducing her service into a new place, to accommodate it to the inexperience, and perhaps the prejudices of the people, by omissions or alterations. There is, of course, no authority to do this, and there is as little necessity. At Bordentown, at Moorestown, and at Prince-

* In the private record of his first visitation he says: “Visited a Church and conferred with vestry on the subject of the Ante-Communion Service (which, from being unaccustomed to it, the congregation are unwilling to have introduced.) So much for doing evil that good may come!”

ton, I have, within the last year, used, for the first time, the entire service of the Church, without the slightest variation from the rubric in any of the cases, and with a fulness in the responsive portions in all of them, not always found in established congregations. It will seldom happen in any place where the service is to be introduced, that there are not two or three persons familiar with its order. Even where there are not, two or three persons are easily instructed in it. Their responses guide the rest. The service is introduced in all its symmetry and completeness. The novices learn their whole lesson from the first. After a few trials, there is nothing left for them, but to apply more and more to the heart, that "beauty of holiness," which from the first they could not but admire, and which, as it is more understood, will ever be more prized and loved. The complaints of difficulty on this subject are, I believe, not founded in fact. They claim that it cannot be done, who have never made the trial. It is the clear conviction of my experience that the regular way is the most easy and the most satisfactory. It is, at all events, the only way which the Canons authorize, and the order of the Church allows.

Writing of his wish for the Clergy to be with him on his visitations, a thing which he accomplished more than any Bishop in the land, he says in his second address :

The Clergy will, indeed, be taken for a few days in each year from their parishes : but it cannot be doubted that they will return to them invigorated both in body and mind, with improved experience and renewed devotion ; while the parishes will enjoy, in the special services of the Bishop and Clergy, a valuable equivalent. The means of more intimate intercourse among the Clergy themselves, and between them and myself, will thus be stately enjoyed ; there will be a free and familiar interchange of thought and feeling ; and from their preaching in presence of each other, and in my presence,—a thing which is now of the rarest occurrence,—mutual improvement cannot but be derived. It may reasonably be believed that the presence of several of the Clergy, for two or three days, in a parish, with services reasonably multiplied,—and our Church provides for two in each day,—might be so ordered, as to promote its spiritual interests, strengthening the hands of the Minister, while it encouraged the hearts of the people. It is but too certain that whether by the injudicious repetition of services, or by irregularity in their performance, or by the admission of improper feelings and motives, much evil may be, and has been done. Unmixed good cannot, of course, be expected on earth. In this respect, however, as in most others, the provisions of the Church will be found safe and salutary. Faithful adherence to the order of her services, in the due subordination of her Ministry, will leave room for sufficient variety, while it restrains irregularity and excess. I have long thought that the arrangement now proposed, would secure a just medium, and be productive of excellent results. It is but frank to say, that arrangements of a similar character, *not* in connection with the ecclesiastical head of the diocese, are, to say the least, of questionable advantage. Where, as on the part of him who addresses you,

there is an entire readiness, in addition to the provision now proposed, to meet, to the utmost extent of ability, the parochial emergencies which may, from time to time, occur, there cannot surely be pleaded for them the least necessity.

How he loved to record the result, in the Psalmist's words, "Great was the company of the preachers." He caught at the idea of a Christian School, too, as early as the second year of his Episcopate :

There is but one subject more, of a general character, to which I shall at present venture to invite your attention. And I do so, because from its great importance, it deserves to be presented as early as may be to your notice, that you may be the sooner prepared to act in regard to it with efficiency. I recommend, brethren of the Clergy and of the Laity, for your most serious consideration, the establishment, under the auspices of the Church, of a *School or Seminary*, of a high order, at which there may be provision, wholly, or in part, gratuitous, for the preparatory education of young men designing to enter on a course of Theological study. The diocese of New Jersey presents peculiar facilities for institutions of learning. An Episcopal School that deserved patronage—and I should be sorry to see one that did not—would be liberally sustained by scholars from the vicinity, and from abroad. A portion of the profits should be set aside as a foundation for the purposes above named ; and individual bounty would, I am very confident, come liberally in aid of the enterprise. We should thus have the means of educating our own sons, under circumstances most favourable to their character and principles. The number of candidates for orders would be increased by the facilities of education. The standard of learning among us would be elevated. Better than all, the means of instruction would be presented, as they ought ever to be, under the sanctifying influences of religion. I am sanguine in the opinion, that a judicious plan for this purpose would be most cordially encouraged. I should most cheerfully devote myself, as a duty of the highest moment, to its establishment and furtherance. Having done what our hands find to do, in a work so charitable and holy, we may safely leave it to the blessing of Almighty God.

Again, in his fourth address :

I have pledged myself never to forsake the plan of a Diocesan School, and I never will. I am more and more convinced of its importance. There is nothing in so great demand among us, as good education, and there is nothing so scarce. There is no influence so generally desired for its direction and its control, as that of the Episcopal Church, and there is none which exerts itself so little. This ought not to be so. We are losing what we cannot calculate, and never can regain. There is no part of the United States more favourable for the purpose, than that in which we are most concerned, and there is nothing which we so greatly need. Why should it not be done ? We have declared ourselves a Missionary Church ; why should we not have Missionary Schools, and a Missionary College ?

His own view of the past progress, and of the condition of this Diocese when he came to it, he states in his third address.

It is now within nine days of forty-two years, since the first Convention was held in St. Mary's Church. Since then what changes have taken place! What progress has been made! What rich experience has been here enjoyed of God's protection of his Church! How fit an emblem is this holy and beautiful house,—enlarged, improved, adorned, and filled, we trust, with spiritual worshippers, of the increase and prosperity with which God has blessed the diocese! The number of the Clergy in 1793, was *five*, of whom, at the time alluded to, but *four* were present; while *fifteen* delegates, from *ten* parishes, composed the whole of the lay representation. There was then, and for twenty-two years thereafter, no Bishop in the diocese. Since that, there have been five meetings of the Convention in this Church. At that in 1800, there were present *four* Clergymen,—in 1805, there were *five*, in 1811, there were *seven*,—in 1817 there were *ten*,—in 1828, seven years ago there were *eleven*. There are now *twenty-three*. These are instructive statements. *They show the effective influence of the Episcopal office in strengthening and extending the Church.* Before the accession of the first Bishop of the diocese in 1815, the greatest number of the Clergy was *eight*. By the blessing of the Lord upon his faithful oversight, the number had increased in 1832, the year of his decease, to *nineteen*. There are now *twenty-nine*.—*They bear strong testimony to the prevailing power of the truth and order of the Gospel.* Nowhere has the Church had less to hope for from external aids. Nowhere has it been more true that “not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called.” Nowhere has the array of counteracting influences been more complete or formidable. Nowhere has “evangelical truth” been more distinctly taught, or “apostolic order” more steadfastly maintained. The triumph here achieved,—from my recent residence among you, I can speak of what has been as an impartial witness—the triumph here achieved has been the triumph of “the Gospel in the Church.” The Gospel has been here presented as the Gospel. The Church has been presented as the Church. The result, with His blessing, who is “Head over all things to the Church, which is his body,” is seen already in a good degree of increase, and in an approach as near as can be expected here on earth, to the unity enjoined by the Apostle on his Corinthian converts,—“now I beseech you brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you, but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.” It will be further seen, if we are faithful to our trust, in approaches constantly more near to “that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and to that ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ, that there be no place left among us, either for error in religion, or for viciousness in life.”—*While they instruct, dear brethren, these comparisons admonish us, as well.* Inheriting the benefits which those who went before have won for us, by toils and prayers, we inherit also the resulting obligations. We stand, as it were, upon their shoul-

ders. We can see farther. We can reach higher. The measure of their labours is no measure then for ours. We are not to sit down, and congratulate ourselves with what others have done for us. We are not to fold our hands in indolent satisfaction, or barely gather in the harvest which other men have sown. We should be up and doing. We have the land to occupy, in its length and in its breadth. We should aim at a result no less than this,—the offer, to every soul of man, within the limits of that fold, of which, by God's appointment, we are shepherds, of that pure doctrine, that authentic ministry, and that spiritual worship, which, under God, have made us what we are. For its accomplishment, we must give up ourselves, our time, our abilities, our acquirements, all that we are and all that we have,—spending and being spent,—not sparing of our strength or of our substance—counting it our chief joy, people as well as ministers, that we are permitted to be fellow-workers with God in extending the kingdom of his dear Son—counting all things but loss, both ministers and people, that we may not only “win Christ” ourselves, but win others to win him; that being the subjects with us here of his transforming grace, they may be partakers with us hereafter of his triumphant glory.

The Missionary spirit breathes with full life in such words as these :

Had we the shepherds to send out, and gather together the scattered sheep, there would be no village or hamlet in the diocese without its little flock. It ought to be so. There is no mistake greater or more injurious than theirs, who deem their duty to be limited to the supplying of such as seek, and can entirely or very nearly sustain, the ministrations of the Gospel. The multitude of the ungodly and the careless who desire them not, and the pious few who long for, but cannot procure them, are precisely those to whom they should be surely sent. “I came,” said the divine Saviour, “not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” “The whole need not a physician but the sick.” Where had the world been, where had we been, if the Son of man had not come, if the Gospel had not been preached, if the Church had not been set up, until men had found out their necessity, and gone to seek them? When will Christians rise to a due appreciation of their privilege to aid in the extension of the heavenly kingdom? When will Christians practically admit the force of that inevitable conclusion of the beloved Apostle, “hercby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.” So far from laying down their lives, how few are they who willingly lay down a little of their money.

The cheering signs of his past three years, are thus reported to the General Convention, of A. D. 1847.

The blessing of God has been signally manifested during the last three years, in the temporal and spiritual prosperity of the diocese. As evidences of this, in addition to what has already been shown of the general increase of the Clergy, congregations and Churches of the

diocese, may be enumerated the establishment of the new parishes at Princeton and Camden, with their noble stone edifices,—the flourishing condition of Trinity Church, Swedesborough; St. Peter's, Berkeley; and St. John's, Chew's Landing, for a long time greatly depressed—the enlargement of the ancient edifice of St. Mary's Church, Burlington, with a more than corresponding increase in the congregation—the number of persons confirmed more than double the number in any previous three years—the zealous attention paid by the Clergy to the catechetical instruction of the children—and the rapid increase of the Missionary spirit, the receipts of the diocese for the support of Missions during the last year, being very nearly equal to the whole receipts of the last seven years. Among the measures which may be regarded as of especial moment to the best interests of the diocese, and of the Church at large, may be enumerated the appointment of a public catechetical exercise at the Episcopal visitation of each parish, thus bringing this important pastoral duty strongly and effectively before the people, and encouraging the Clergy and their assistants in the Sunday School to greater interest in its discharge,—the establishment of stated convocations, who at the call of the Bishop, meet at convenient places, thrice in every year, to receive his exhortations, and to “provoke one another to love and good works”—the introduction and almost universal adoption of the plan of systematic charity, known as the “Offerings of the Church,” the effect of which has been, (each person being called on, in the language of the Apostle Paul, to lay by him in store on every Lord's day as God hath prospered him) to increase sevenfold the average amount of Missionary receipts of the seven previous years,—and the employment of the Press, under the direction of the Bishop, for the promotion of the diocesan and other purposes of the Church.

In the journal for 1838, he draws out a Missionary lesson, from the results of the labours of one Missionary.

I have before this, called the attention of the Clergy to the importance of rearing up and strengthening outposts, in the neighbourhood of our parish Churches and Missionary Stations. Strength is thus gained for our old congregations, while in many an instance the nucleus of a new one will be formed. We are too apt to think that our commission to preach the Gospel is discharged, when we have duly ministered to all who come to hear us on the Lord's day, in the parish Church. So far from that, the commandment is, “preach the Gospel to every creature.” The blessed Saviour “came to seek” as well as “to save,” and “went about doing good.” And St. Paul's injunction to Timothy is, “be instant in season, out of season.” It was so that the truth was propagated at the first, and it is so that it must still be propagated. The native growth is everywhere the same, “thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee.” With sweat of brow, the good seed must be gathered in. Of all men, we who have the care of souls, must be the last to please ourselves. We serve the Lord Christ. And to spend and be spent in the service of his blessed Gospel, is not so much our bounden duty, as it is our gracious and exalted privilege. Strait-

ened on every side, as the faith once delivered to the saints now is, by ignorance and prejudice, by heresy and schism, by infidelity and irreligion, it is not just to it, nor to the multitudes who wander from its safe and beaten path, to leave it for them to seek for, and to find it. We should go after men, and make them acquainted with it, and so win them to it. We are ordained and sent to seek Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad. If Jesus Christ had waited, if the Apostles whom he sent had waited, till men came to them for the Gospel, Tertullian never would have written, "we are of yesterday, yet we have filled the world." Let every minister of Jesus Christ regard himself as sent to all to whom his influence can reach. If there is a hamlet or a household where the word is not preached and the ministry is not enjoyed, let it not be through defect or fault of his. Let him carry the Gospel in the Church to them who come not for it. Where two or three will meet together for prayer and for the hearing of the word, let him be with them. Let him not wait to be urged, nor stand upon ceremony, nor expect remuneration, nor be particular about the mode of his conveyance. The blessed Jesus went on foot from village to village preaching the kingdom of God. "We seek not yours but you," was the sentiment which Paul everywhere professed and practised. It is the good shepherd who goes among his sheep, and calls them by their names, whose voice the sheep know, and who follow him whithersoever he goeth.

He hails the revival of a Scriptural custom which has been of late years a little less neglected.

Infant baptism was also administered by the minister, the Rev. Mr. Davies, and three women were churched. I was pleased with this instance of a pious usage which has come down to us from other days, and must record my wonder and regret that it has gone so nearly out of use. When Christian mothers grow forgetful of the mercy which they receive from God, it cannot be surprising if "the love of many shall wax cold."

Speaking of Parsonage Houses, whose remarkable increase in New Jersey, he prompted and welcomed most cordially, he writes :

Considerable efforts are in train in this parish to secure the purchase of a convenient Parsonage. The petitioners are disposed to do what they can to secure the object, and Christian liberality, I trust, will accomplish the remainder. To secure a Parsonage House in every parish, besides promoting greatly the comfort of our Clergy, would do much to diminish the removals and changes of residence which are now so common, and so great an evil. Men are slow to leave the house where their children were born ; and every tree that is planted and every vine that is trained, knits the heart more closely to the soil from which they spring. The Parsonage, too, becomes the pride and the pleasure of the parish. The young regard it as the pleasant place, where pastoral peace and pastoral piety reside together ; and the old remember when their happiest hours were spent beside its cheerful hearth, or in the shadow of its venerable trees.

At the consecration of Zion Church Moravia, once used as a Moravian Church, he speaks of the Moravians, and of the building, very gracefully.

I could not but run back in fancy to the time when the little band of Missionary Christians—for in the beautiful practice of the Moravian Church every Christian is a Missionary—assembled first in the unfinished temple, which with pains and prayer they had erected to their God. How fervent the devotion which inspired their simple offices and anthems of thanksgiving! How deep their gratitude to Him who through their toils and tears had led them still in safety and in comfort, and made them joyful in his house of prayer! Here they resorted, when the sacred day returned, to hear the message of salvation, and to worship its divine and blessed Author. Here they brought up their children to receive the signet of the sacred Cross, and to be trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And here, when all their toils were ended, and their watchmanship for souls accomplished, did they bring their meek and holy pastors, to repose till earth shall render up her dead; and here did they lie down beside them, to participate in their unbroken rest. The little flock grew less. The toils and trials of their lot increased. They were oppressed with poverty. They were wasted by sickness. Slowly and sadly the conviction came upon them, that they must abandon their long-cherished enterprise. Slowly and sadly did the pale and feeble remnant take their leave of what had been their home, and turn their back upon their household hearths, their fathers' graves, the altar of their God. A generation has passed by, since there was a congregation to this house of prayer. Years and years have passed since it was vocal with the voice of worship. Its windows were gone. Its roof had fallen in. It was defiled with unclean beasts. It was abandoned to the owl and bat. A few short months passed by, and it was filled with faithful worshippers, it was radiant with the beauty of holiness, it echoed with the solemn prayer and the resounding psalm, it was consecrated with the holy symbols of the blood and body of the Lord. Who shall say that a tree which God hath planted is yet dead? Who shall say that the place where he has set his name can be cast off forever? Is it not so that Jerusalem, the holy city, though trodden down by the Gentiles, shall shake herself from the dust, and put on her beautiful garments? Is it not so that in the Churches where Paul preached, corrupted now and wholly given up to idolatry, the Cross shall again be reared, and hailed by contrite sinners as the power of God unto salvation? Is it not so that the dark land of heathenism and slavery, where Cyprian and Tertullian and Augustine proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ, shall yet "arise and shine," and even, "Ethiopia stretch out her hands unto God"? The things which are impossible with men, are possible with God.

That large place in his soul, given up to Missions overflows often, in such words, as these to the Convention of 1838:

I would suggest to the Convention the great importance of provid-

ing for the liberal distribution of Prayer Books throughout the diocese. They are always in demand, and especially at the Episcopal Visitations. If arrangements were made to furnish all who call for them on these occasions, our Missionaries who enter on new fields, to till them for the Lord, would find their way prepared before them. The Prayer Book is our best pioneer.

I have extended the Episcopal visitations this year to every county of the State. The question is sometimes asked, as to the new points which are designated from year to year, whether there are any Churchmen there, that I include them in my list. The answer in many instances is, no, and that is the reason why I wish to visit them. How can they be Churchmen, if they are never made acquainted with the Church? My brethren of the Clergy and of the Laity, I must repeat it—though before referred to—we are greatly deficient in this matter. We are inclined to wait till the Church is sent for, is entreated, is demanded of us. We ought to go everywhere, and preach the Gospel in the Church to every creature. Why should any who name the name of Christ be more forward in this work than we are? Why should there not be a Missionary of the Church in every town, in every village, in every neighbourhood? Why should others enter in and occupy; and we come, late and lame, to glean the field which they have reaped? Why should we warrant by our neglect the inference that there are souls for whom we do not care, circumstances for which our services are not adapted, places to which our ministry cannot go? In the name of Christ and of his Church, I most distinctly and indignantly deny the imputation. There is nothing which the Gospel offers, there is nothing which the sinner needs—nothing for the instruction of the ignorant or the conversion of the heathen, nothing to console the poor or to dignify the rich, nothing for the reformation of society, nothing for the establishment of free institutions, nothing for present comfort or for perpetuity of endurance—that is not provided in the Church, and better provided than in any other way it possibly can be. We have failed to carry out our principles. We have neglected to extend our institutions. We have been contented to act on the defensive only, receiving all who come to us; when our duty is to wage aggressive warfare on all the foes of God and of his truth, and to seek and save them which are astray, like lost sheep from the one fold of the good Shepherd. What we need is ministers, ministers after the apostolic pattern, ministers that will deny themselves, and take up the Cross, and follow Christ—ministers, in a word, that will be content to live as the people live, and in self-denial, self-abasement and self-sacrifice, become “all things to all men,” that they may bring them to Christ. Why should we content ourselves with ministering to the people in a few large towns and pleasant villages? What have the people done that are scattered in our rural districts, or the lonely dwellers among the barren pines, or they that snatch their scanty and precarious living from the sea, that there should be no man among us to care for their souls? Why should there be whole counties that never hear of the Church, unless it be once in a year at the Episcopal visitation? Why should there be any neighbourhood which has not

opportunity to hear at stated times, from a ministry which bears express commission from the Lord Jesus Christ, the faith which by the apostles was delivered once to the old saints? We shall never be in the way of our duty, we shall never get the Church upon its true foundation, we shall never have, or deserve to have, the confidence of the people, until we go among them with familiar and domestic ministrations; and from hamlet to hamlet, and from house to house, and from hovel to hovel, approve ourselves in all long-suffering and patience, their servants for Jesus' sake. In few and simple words, we need to add to our parochial Clergy, and to those who stately officiate at distinct and recognized Missionary stations, an itinerant ministry, whose feet shall be upon all mountains and in every valley, "to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for his children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ forever." There is no organization so well adapted as ours, for such a provision—it needs but such a provision to carry it through the land in all its length and breadth, to its most remote recesses, and give it, perfect acceptance among all sorts and conditions of men. I never shall regard my office as discharged, until the Gospel in the Church is brought within the reach of every son and daughter of New Jersey. I can only do what you enable me to do. As long as I am in this tabernacle, therefore, I shall stir you up by putting you in remembrance of these things. We want Missionaries. We want humble, patient, laborious, self-denying Missionaries. We want Missionaries who will be contented if need be, like the blessed Apostle, to have no certain dwelling place. We want Missionaries to penetrate every forest, and climb every mountain, and traverse every plain, and bring the Bible and the Prayer Book, Christ and the Church, within the reach of every house. We want the men not only, but we want the means for their support. One such at least there should be in every county. With such a "company of preachers" the good work should begin. God's blessing upon their faithfulness would in due time accomplish all the rest. The means, beloved brethren, are in your hands, and in the hands of those whom you represent, if only the determination be within your hearts. Think of these things. Think of a world lying in wickedness. Think of God's judgments going about through all the land for our unfaithfulness. Think of the peaceful kingdom of the Saviour, for which we daily pray, stayed in mid-heaven by our indifference. Think then of your responsibility. Ask yourselves, here before God, if you can stand when he shall take account for all these things. Ask yourselves, while there is yet time, what you shall do, when your Lord shall take away from you the stewardship.

To the Convention of 1839, he writes thus of two subjects, often in his heart as connected closely with each other, Christian Missions and Christian Education.

A Church is not a Missionary Church because it has a Missionary Constitution, and a Board of Missions, and Committees Foreign and Domestic: but because it follows implicitly, just as far, and just as fast, as it can, "God who seeth the hearts" being the judge, the

Saviour's mandate, "Go ye, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" "preach the Gospel to every creature." It is to the influence of Christian Education, the other leading topic of the General Convention, that we must look, under God, for the formation of this character among us. The Church of God is made up of Christian households. The hope of a Christian household is in the religious training of the young. When our children, imbued with holy nurture from the womb, and nourished, as from the bosom of maternal love, with "the sincere milk of the word," shall grow up in the heartfelt sense that they are not their own, that life is but a stewardship, that its happiest lot and highest distinction is to serve their Father in heaven, and do good to their brethren who are on the earth, that the extension and establishment of the Church for the conversion and salvation of the world, as it brought the Saviour down from heaven, and occupies, "day without night," the ministry of the angelic hosts, so it is the truest interest and noblest aim of every child of God—when all the children of the Church shall be thus brought up, in the way in which they ought to go, and Christian households shall be made up of Christian parents, nurturing Christian children in the holy faith and practice of the Gospel; I do not say that the Millennium will commence, for I do not know what that is. I do not say that sin will cease from off the earth, for "this infection of our nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated." But I do say that we shall then have the nearest thing to heaven, that can be upon earth, an apostolical, an evangelical, a Missionary Church. It will not be necessary then to be forever "laying again the foundation;" for men and women will be like Timothy, who "knew the holy Scriptures from a child." It will not be necessary then to keep up a perpetual skirmishing about distinctive principles; for, like the first Churchmen, they who gladly receive the word, will continue "steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." It will not be necessary then to plead for the charity of Christians, to sustain the Church of God, as one begs for daily bread; for, like the Christians of the first days, the multitude of them that believe will be "of one heart and of one soul," neither will any one say that any of the things which he possesses is his own; but "to their power," like them of Macedonia, whose praise is in the Scriptures, "yea, and beyond their power," they will be "willing of themselves." Important functions of the Church, my reverend and beloved brethren, are Christian Education and Christian Missions—essential both for her great agency, as steward of the Gospel; yea, vital to her very being, as the body of the Lord. Her due attention to the one, feeding the lambs of Christ with food convenient for them, her best reliance, under God, for the increase not only, but for the health, the peace, the unity, the purity and the prosperity of the flock. Her zealous and assiduous engagement in the other, "twice blessed"—pouring the light of truth and immortality upon the world, and making heavenly sunshine in earth's shadiest places; and, at the same time, wooing from the presence of the Holy One, blessings and glories on herself, which transcend the glowing visions even of prophetic rap-

ture : her righteousness going forth, as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth ;” and she herself, “ a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of her God.”

He was ever careful of the comfort of his clergy ; in private and in public urging their support ; often, very plainly.

I take this occasion to say publicly, what I have always held in conversations with my respected brethren of the Laity, that wherever it is possible—and to a strong will there are few things that are impossible—it is on every account better that the salary of the Clergy should be raised by rents assessed upon the pews, than by annual subscriptions.* The money is procured more easily. The amount can be better ascertained beforehand. It has less the aspect of a personal favour. The system of subscriptions is most effectual in harassing the Clergy with uncertainty, and in subjecting them to an undue dependence. Put the case to yourselves, my beloved brethren of the Laity, that your recompense as physicians, or as lawyers, or as merchants, or as farmers, or as mechanics, were so paid ; and think how you would bear it. Make your minister comfortable. Make him feel that he is independent. Never tempt him to withhold the truth, lest his children starve by it. Never tempt him to discourage among you every application for that charity which is “ twice blessed,” lest his own living be so much diminished. Love him as a brother or a father ; and so minister to his necessities and them that are with him. Honour him as the messenger of God ; and so dignify yourselves, and glorify our common Lord.

Of the slow increase of the ministry, he speaks very wisely, in this same address :

It is a matter of deep solicitude, that there is so limited a supply of candidates for holy orders. It betokens a lamentable deficiency among us in the love of Christ and souls ; and is one of the worst, and most alarming signs of the times. The single proof that the Gospel prevails in the hearts of men, is found in their readiness to “ spend and be spent ” in its service. “ Come follow me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven,” is the only certain test. The increase of the Church must necessarily be restrained by this deficiency. So far from spreading the Gospel in other lands, we shall soon be straitened for lack of service in our own. We remember, and we must adopt the Saviour’s remedy, and persevere in its effectual, fervent application—“ the harvest truly is plenteous but the labourers are few ; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth labourers into His harvest.” But there are two other things which we must also do. We must attend more diligently to the religious education of our children, and we must provide more liberally for the maintenance of the ministry. The former duty is incumbent chiefly on Christian parents, the Christian ministry aiding, encouraging, and directing their exertions. The latter rests with the beloved Laity in

* This is mainly advised, as a choice between these two evils. What my Father felt about free churches, will be seen later.

general. Let the ministry of reconciliation be duly regarded, as God's ordinance for the saving of souls; let children be instructed, from the very first, to look to its life of toil and self-denial, as the most acceptable service which man can yield to God; let Christian parents recognize the gift of God as Hannah did, by lending their children to the Lord; let no child be sent to any school which is not, to all intents and purposes, a seminary of the Church, in which sound learning and good manners, based on the word of God, are crowned and sanctified by piety and prayer; let the pastors of the flock retain their hold upon the lambs, feeding them with food convenient for them, and gently guiding them by precept, influence and example, to the green pastures and still waters of a holy life, and there will be no want among us of Samuels and Timothys. We may rely with perfect certainty on the sure word of promise, "They that seek me early shall find me." The tender vine, that is trained to the pillars of the sanctuary, and has learned to twine itself about the holy altar of our God, will not turn lightly from the peacefulness of its still shelter, to the rough winds, and stormy weather of the world. It cannot be doubted, that to discharge our duty to the world, and God, a ministry, increased tenfold, an hundred fold, a thousand fold, is needed. The Church cannot too soon contemplate her great duty, nor too zealously prepare for it. When the hearts of our young men, through the blessing of God, upon domestic piety and the fidelity of pastors, shall be turned to the Lord, and prompt to answer the prophetic question, "Whom shall we send, and who will go for us?"—"Here are we, send us!"—there must be large provision for their preparation for the ministry. The priests' lips are to keep knowledge; but it must be first acquired. Instead of two or three starveling schools of the prophets, we need one, at least, in every diocese; and one, larger than all the rest, to train up Missionaries for the world.* Nor is the Church's duty done, when men are educated for the Ministry. Flesh and blood, though it be the preacher of the everlasting Gospel, must still be clothed and fed. The labourer is not only worthy of his hire, but, now that miracles are ceased, must be dependent on it for his "daily bread." The "Gospel of the kingdom" must be sent to men, not wait till men send for it. Who sent for Jesus Christ from heaven? What human message called the Apostle into Macedonia? How long before Athenian wisdom, or Corinthian fashion, or Ephesian wealth would have sent after Paul and Barnabas? The application to the Gospel of the rule of political economy, which makes the demand and the supply reciprocal and equal, is most unphilosophical. Men do not want the Gospel. They do not want its strict morality. They do not want its penetrating holiness. They do not want its free salvation. They think that they are rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and do not know that they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. Before men know that they have need of Christ, he must be preached to them. "How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" *Our*

supply must precede, and create the demand. The Church, whose privilege it is to "preach the Gospel to every creature," has also the privilege to "be at charges" for it. And it *is* a privilege. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The highest happiness, and most transcendent glory is His, who openeth his hand, and filleth all things living with plenteousness. Next to his, will be the happiness and glory of his spouse, the Church, when, roused to the dignity of her high calling, and supplied with riches, as from a river, she too can open her hand, and satisfy the longings of every living soul.

His first proposed remedy has vindicated its power. How much would have been done, may be done still, if the people will adopt the second. The candidates for orders in the last three years were fourteen, thirteen, twelve; and the ordinations, six, five and nine.

With a little verging on Ecclesiology he speaks of some new "chancel arrangements" in Trinity Church Princeton as follows:

Though I am not ignorant of the stern censorship, the more severe as it is self-constituted and irresponsible, which dogs the track of Bishops who presume to speak of "the position of the altar;" and though I lay claim neither to the ancient learning nor the instinctive taste which should unite in him who would decide such questions, I must yet presume to express my approbation of the changes which have been made, since my last visit, in this beautiful Church. Heretofore, in this, as in too many of our Churches, the solemnity of our most solemn services has been greatly hindered by the narrowness of the chancel. The removal of the desk has obviated this entirely. The sacrifice of prayer is appropriately offered from the altar. A beautiful reading stand commodiously supports the Bible, for the lessons. A new railing for the chancel, and hangings of the richest and most costly texture, attest the conviction of some, whom God has made his stewards, that it is an honourable thing to honour God. The effect of this change has led me to think that it might be carried still farther, to advantage. For what, does the pulpit in most of our Churches serve, but to set the preacher to the greatest disadvantage with the people, over whose heads he is elevated? For what is a pulpit needed, more than a desk? Why not remove the holy table back, and set it up a step or two, on a broad platform, with the chancel space before it? Then, as the prayers are offered from the altar, why not let the sermon, lecture, or exhortation be delivered from the reading stand, at which the lessons are read? Why should the human exposition be elevated above the word of God? Why should that, which should be simple, familiar, pastoral, parental, be forced into formality by the position of the speaker? Would there not, in such an arrangement, be less of declamation and more of exposition; less exhibition of the man, and more of the message which he brings? I do not wish to be understood as settling the question, but as suggesting points for consideration. To me, it seems, that, in this way, expense will be avoided, convenience promoted, uniformity secured, the solemnity of the service increased, and the true ends of pastoral teaching greatly

furthered. Certainly, in our smaller Churches, where room for the chancel is with so much difficulty obtained, the plan may be adopted to the very best advantage.

To the Diocese of Maryland, of which he had charge during the year 1840, he speaks, as he could with no personality, as to the support of the Episcopate.

I ask your attention to the unquestionable duty of providing, without delay, for the adequate support of your Episcopate. I know there will be some who will question the expediency of my allusion at this time to this subject: some, because it does not become me, in my temporary relation to you; and some, because the due order is, first to get a Bishop, and then to provide for his support. To the first objection, I reply, that I know nothing of temporary relations in the Church. The Church, and every thing in the Church, is for eternity. I am your Bishop now, with full authority, and therefore with entire responsibility. It is in the present only that we can act. The future is not ours. It is with God. I must account under eternal sanctions for my temporary trust; and therefore I must discharge it with eternity in my eye. I say then, in reply to the second objection, that it proceeds on the erroneous and unworthy supposition, that in providing for the support of the Episcopate, you are providing for him who, in the providence of God, may hold the office: that it is to be therefore more or less according to his greater or less acceptance among the people; or according to any other human standard or consideration. All this I steadfastly deny. The Episcopacy is God's ordinance. The support of the Bishop is due to him as God's ambassador. The honour paid to the Episcopate is honour shown to God. "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me." You can just as properly dispense with the Episcopate, as you can omit for one single moment a just provision for its support. They go together, and cannot be separated. "It is my heart's desire and prayer to God" that you may be divinely guided at this time to the election of a Bishop. But whether you are or not, it is my most earnest and affectionate entreaty that you do not separate, until you have provided what you shall judge a suitable maintenance for your Bishop, whenever you shall have one, and whoever he may be. You owe it to God. You owe it to the Church. You owe it to yourselves. Cheerfully I say, the Bishops of the flock of Christ are not to take "the oversight thereof" "for filthy lucre;" are not to decline their care and charge because provision is not made: nay, are to suffer and to starve with them, if need so be. But fearlessly I say, that no such necessity is to be laid upon the ministry; nor even a shadow of doubtfulness to be permitted, by a people who are "rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing." "I speak as unto wise," and just and generous "men." Judge ye what I say.

What an article on clerical changes, is this!

Clerical changes have not been frequent, in this Docese. I regard this as a matter of true thankfulness. I know of nothing

that is not positively sinful, that so much hinders the progress of the Church, or brings so much distrust upon the Clergy. I am very far from laying the whole of it at their door. The ministers of Christ are flesh and blood, and what is more, their wives and children too. If they have "food and raiment," we have St. Paul's authority for saying, they should be content. But what if they have not? This is a matter for the Laity to look to. I commend it to their care. A Committee to inquire would find such cases, not a few. But, on the other hand, the Clergy often are at fault. They think too lightly of the pastoral bond. They give occasion to the worldly to think of them, as seeking great things for themselves. They are too often spoken of, as if, in Walpole's celebrated phrase, "they had each man his price." What is our true relation to the Church? Is it not that of officers on military duty, "good soldiers of Jesus Christ?" Now what would he be thought of, in the service, who should shun' one post as dangerous, and desire another as convenient? There is no thought of such a thing. They are all "under authority." When he who is over them says, Go; they go. When he says, Come; they come. When he says, Do this; it is done. So with us. We are all sworn officers of the great sacramental host, to fight manfully, under the Banner of the Cross, at the bidding of the Captain of our salvation. His orders, now that he himself has gone to heaven, come to us through His Church. To us, her voice is His. From the moment that in her due order the deacon is admitted to His service, he is no more his own. He is no more to seek his own. He is to confer no more with flesh and blood. His hand is on the plough; and woe unto him if he looks back! This is the theory of our obedience, who are Christ's officers, to fight the battles of His Cross, as it is taught in Holy Scripture, and adopted in the ordinal and canons of the Church. How very far from it our practice is! The call to service is declined, habitually, at human will. One does not go here, because the climate is unhealthy. Another does not go there, because the society is not good. One leaves this post, because he can get a larger salary at that. Another is tempted from his lot by that seduction of the self-complacent heart, a larger sphere of duty. In the mean time, there is no order, there is no subordination. Bishops, with infinite responsibility, have scarce the shadow of power. The Clergy are in the market for a higher price. The people look on them as mercenary, and treat them as if they were. The host of God, with all the beauty of its organization, with all the sanctity of their commission who are over it, in Christ; which might go "forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners," is now like that mixed multitude, which, when they had been brought up out of Egypt, "lusted a lust." The sarcasm of the world imprints itself upon their banners, and clouds their shining armour; "all seek their own, and not the things of Jesus Christ." Will it be asked, where is the remedy for this? Is it supposed that I desire more power in fewer hands? That I would give more authority to Bishops? That I would introduce the tactics of Ignatius Loyola? That I desire a Pope? The farthest from it possible. This would be no remedy: or that which

is far worse than the disease. No ; the reform we need is individual. The remedy, to make a certain cure, is in each man's hand, to lay to his own heart. It lies in fewest words, and those of Holy Scripture : " ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price ; " " none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself ; " " neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." These words are true indeed, of all who have been baptized into the death of Christ ; but more especially are our portion, whom He hath counted faithful, putting us into the ministry. Our eminence in office is an eminence to do, and bear, and suffer, for the Gospel. Like those blessed Apostles, who, when they had been beaten, " departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name." Let these be made our pattern. Let us drink into their spirit. Let it be made apparent of every one of us, whatever be his office for the souls of men, that we are seeking them, not theirs ! So shall the Gospel, in our hearts and lives, approve itself " the power of God." Men will surrender at discretion to these arguments of love. They will emulate our zeal, to suffer and to die for Christ. They will give, first themselves, and then their all to Him. Whatever else may lack, the treasury of the Lord shall be kept full. I know that men will count this visionary. But, if it be so, faith is visionary, and Gospel truth, and Gospel love. The difficulty is, we do not make the trial. The question is directly asked, how shall we live while we are making it ? The answer is, St. Paul made tents. Let there be found a ministry that will preach Christ, whether men hear, or whether they forbear ; that, pitching there their tent where, in the providence of God, the Church shall place them, determine there to live and die, unless the same Church call them thence ; that, plainly teaching to all men their common duty, nay, their highest privilege, to sustain the ministry which God has sent for their salvation, as plainly show, by all the signs of an Apostle, " in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecution, in distresses, for Christ's sake," in fishing or in tent-making, in ploughing or in school-keeping, that, if the miracles and wonders have, the faith and love of the first age, have not, departed from the Church : let this be done, through one generation ; and if it bring not back (God's answer to our prayers,) the " one heart " and " the one soul," which counted nothing that it had its own, but laid all down at the Apostles' feet, to be laid out for Christ ; then, and not till then, let us distrust the word of God, and count His Gospel a delusion, and give His Church up, as a phantom from Utopia ! It is because the Church is worldly, that the world was not made Christian long ago. It is because the standard-bearers flinch, that God crowns * not the banner of

* " This may do very well for Bishops to say," some will remark, who only think of office as a source of revenue : " but not so well for deacons, or for priests to do and bear." It is but just, then, to the argument, to state, that the whole amount of salary received by the present Bishop, from his consecration, 1832, to the assembling of the Diocesan Convention in 1842, is \$955 33. He also pays one third of his salary, as Rector of St. Mary's Church, to an assistant in the parish, made necessary by his Episcopal duties.

the Church with victory. Look at the march of the Apostle Paul, from realm to realm, and through the islands of the sea. Look at the Schools, the Colleges, the Hospitals, and the Cathedrals of the ages, which philosophers call dark. Look at the scattered sheep, the starving shepherds, the palaces for man, the cottages for God, of this, our age of science and of steam. What is the difference but this, that then the Church had faith? What is the difference but this, that then the Church did honour to her Lord, and He put honour upon her? Let us return to Him, and He will certainly return to us. Let us prove Him now with penitence, and confidence, and piety, with hands that bring Him of their best, with hearts that give Him their first love, and see if He will not "open us the windows of Heaven, and pour us out a blessing that there shall not be room enough for us to receive it." These are the things which cut a Bishop to the soul. These are the things which bring gray hairs before the time. To see a pastor and his children starve; to lose one after another of the fellow-helpers in the Gospel, with whom it is in his heart to live and die, because they cannot work unless they eat; to know that field after field is whitening for the harvest, with no reaper near; to hear the lamentation, day by day, for opportunities that have been lost, for enterprises that have failed, for progress that has retrograded, and to have no power to help: these are the trials of our office which we find the worst to bear, which crush and grind our very hearts within us by their pressure; and which, God is our witness, we would gladly ward off from His Church, if we could do it, with our blood.

There have been many cases in New Jersey, of clergymen whose first change was to the Church triumphant. Of the Clergy in the Diocese, at my Father's first coming into it, two, out of five living, are in it now; and five of the others died in it.

The Parochial School establishment* awakes his cordial interest. Of the first, I think, in the Diocese, at Trinity Church Princeton, he says:

There is in this, what I would gladly see in every parish, a parochial School, supported by the bounty of the parishioners, and under the direction of the Rector. The little children from it, that were brought up at the catechizing, some of whom could scarcely lisp the Lord's prayer, were most attractive to my eye and heart. Surely, upon such a work of love the Saviour smiles. Vain is the hope to propagate the Gospel, that begins not thus. "Whom shall he teach knowledge," says Isaiah, "and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts." And it will not do to trust to Sunday teaching. "For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little." Let every parish do what this is doing. Let one or two generations thus grow up, under the shadow of the Church. Let all the week-day influences, instead of running counter to the spirit of the holy day, tend to confirm its lessons, and deepen

* That at St. Mary's, Burlington, began in 1847; and there are now 13.

its impressions. It will then be seen and felt that the Gospel is for practice, not for profession. It will then be seen and felt that the Church is an essence, and not an accident. It will then be seen and felt that Christianity is a life to live, and not a lesson to be learned. It is of children, that are trained up in the way in which they ought to go, that God has promised they shall not depart from it. It is when all our children shall be taught of the Lord, that great will be the peace of our children. A Christian nation can be made, only by Christian education.

Of pulpits and preaching and their connection, he writes in 1843, speaking of improvements at St. Peter's Church, Morristown :

I must record my gratification at the improvements made in the chancel of this Church. It is with increasing reluctance, every year, that I mount far up above the heads of the people, among whom I stand to minister the word of life. Paul could not so have "reasoned" with Felix, nor *persuaded* the Romans "concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets, from morning till evening." But preaching nowadays, is declamation; and the preacher fitly mounts the *rostrum*. To make a pastoral sermon what it should be, *a discourse with men* to bring it home to their bosoms and business, to become a real thing, and to enable them to realize it, it must come nearly to their level, in every sense, and bring them so to its. Take the inspired models which the holy Scripture has preserved to us. Take the remains of primitive Christian teaching. Take the homilies (to mention but one name, and that the most renowned) of St. John Chrysostom, surnamed, for very eloquence, *the golden-mouthed*. See what simple following of the Scripture, as it stands! See what profusion of the sacred text! See how plain, how direct, how practical! There is no shooting over the heads of hearers. The arrow takes the level of the heart. It is winged from "the cords of a man." It is a pointblank shot. There are no words for words' sake. There is no squeamishness as to details of duty, or the usages of men. It is a thing of life, and to the life. It breathes. It stirs. It animates. Men recognize it, as for them. They see its aim; and yet they cannot dodge it. It takes hold of them. It stays by them. It lives with them. It becomes to them another conscience, to reprove, to rebuke, to exhort. Will it be thought irreverent to set up, as the mark and model of the preacher, what the Apostle to the Hebrews writes of that with which he is intrusted? "The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Let no one think that I would vulgarize the teaching of the Church; or that I am the advocate for a theory of preaching-made-easy; or that the thing, though well enough for plain, poor people, and perhaps for country parishes, would never do in cities, and with what is called "a fashionable congregation." St. John Chrysostom was Archbishop of Constantinople, when the Court was there. He who shall make the effort, will find, the sternest trial of

abilities and of acquirements is that which, when accomplished, every man regards as most within his reach. The homily which catches the attention, and sustains the interest of men that work six days, from sun to sun, and seldom sit but in the house of God, will bear the palm with scholars, and command the homage of the worldly.

The perfectly independent way, in which my Father battered the solid front of his convictions, against the wall of popular opinions, was another element of his character and work. Of all walls, none is more solid and brazen, than the prevailing notion which considers the commission to evangelize the world, as given mainly to Sunday School Teachers. He had not so learned. And he spoke out :

I should be sorry to think of the Sunday School, as such, as a permanent idea in the Church. I do not care to see it stereotyped in brick and mortar. It is the offspring of a superficial, labour-saving, self-sparing age. It has done some good, but hindered more, and brought with it much mischief. It has taken off from parents and sponsors, the sense of their responsibility in the religious care of children. It has cheated pastors with the notion of an easier way of doing, what Jesus laid on Simon, as the highest test of love, the feeding of His lambs. It has puffed up multitudes with the conceit of knowledge, and almost of a new order in the Church. And it has substituted in the minds of children, the most superficial smattering, for that sound, patient, thorough instruction in the faith and practice of the Gospel, which Christ intrusted to His Church, for which He holds her accountable, and for which she makes the fullest and most adequate provision. How could it be otherwise? What office more responsible and difficult than that of teacher? For the Christian teacher, what long probation, what various acquirements, what careful preparation, what thorough scrutiny; and, when all these are done, the solemn laying on of an Apostle's hands, with invocation of the Holy Spirit! But, for the teachers of the Sunday School,—teachers, Christian teachers, the first Christian teachers, after their mothers, of the rising generation; whose privilege and opportunity it is to forestall the ministry, and give the first shape to their work,—who ever thinks of asking for any other qualification than willingness to undertake the office! In a parish, which, with difficulty, finds one man to be the teacher of the men and women, twenty, thirty, fifty, in spontaneous growth, spring up to be the teachers of the children. Can they be qualified? Is it just to expect it of them? Is it safe to intrust it to them? And, then, their opportunity! One, two, or at most, three hours, in any week—I had almost said, thinking what day it is, the more, the worse—crowded in upon the proper duties, and maiming the precious privileges of the day of sacred rest: making a working day of it, a very tread-mill of tasks, and teachers, and school books, and school rooms; a dismal day of drudgery, instead of the sweet, calm sabbath of the soul! Who could expect from nine days in a year—and more cannot be made of it *—distributed at such disad-

* Four hours a week will make 208 hours in a year, which are less than nine days.

vantage, any valuable result of knowledge or of discipline? Who will be answerable for the effects, in after life, of such associations, on the observance of the sacred day? Who could expect, from means so questionable, a valuable result? Who must not fear, from grounds so neglected, the rankest overgrowth of irreverence and insubordination, of error and false doctrine, of heresy and schism? Does any ask, what is the substitute proposed? The natural, the reasonable, the divine provision. Children are born of parents. They are new born, with sponsors. To these, the first responsibility belongs. It cannot be delegated, it cannot be escaped from, it cannot be neglected, without fearful consequences, in time, and through eternity. But, though the first and chief, these are not the whole reliance. There comes in, as their delegated auxiliary, the Christian schoolmaster or mistress; the parish school, as the joint-nursery, to train the minds and hearts of children of one neighbourhood. A Christian school; as it is sanctified by daily prayer. A Christian school; as Christian doctrines, and Christian duties, are among its daily themes. A Christian school; as it is taught by those who, in word, and deed, and good example, are tried Christians. A Christian school; as its design is to train Christians for whatever state of life it may please God to call them to. A Christian school; as it is under the entire control, and enjoys the constant supervision of the Christian Pastor. And, finally, the Christian Pastor's chiefest work, the catechizing "openly in the Church," of the children, who, in the parish school, are thoroughly instructed in the catechism; and his preparation of them, in full and strict compliance with the requirements of the rubrics, to be "brought to the Bishop to be confirmed by him." This is the Church's plan. An old plan. A tried plan. A sure plan. It is wise in its provisions. It is responsible in its agencies. It is safe in its results. It is the plan of the Book of Common Prayer and of the Holy Scriptures. It is God's plan, and has the promise of His blessing. But it is old-fashioned: it is troublesome: it is expensive: and so the Sunday School comes in, and crowds it out. Why stay in that old, dull, dry, beaten road, when the new short-cut is so much more attractive? Why trouble the parents, and the sponsors, and the pastor, with the care of children when there are others to come in, and take it off their hands? Why provide a parish school-house and maintain a parochial teacher, and multiply ministers to be supported, when it can all be done for nothing? And this is an age which calls itself utilitarian! A new name, for what our forefathers in their plain way, described, as "penny-wise, pound-foolish." The Christian care of children, to be faithfully discharged, calls for the establishment of thorough Christian schools, accessible to every child, in every parish; and also calls for the increase of Clergy, so that every parish minister, who has the care of fifty to an hundred families, shall have at least one deacon, to assist him in his duties. Men may refuse to do this, for a while; and will, most probably: although the morning of a better day is spread upon the mountains. And, while this is so, a Sunday School carefully superintended by the minister himself, taught by none whom he does not himself select, admitting no text books but the Bible and

Prayer Book, and constantly subordinate to his stated catechizing, "openly in the Church," may be of use, as a mere monitorial assistant in his labours. I freely grant that there have been, of late years, great improvements in our Sunday Schools, in simplifying them, subjecting them to the pastoral care, and keeping them secondary to the catechism. And it is only just to say, that, as a teacher of children, I know of no one more devoted, skilful and successful, than the minister of the parish, in connection with which these remarks are made. But the system is unscriptural, unchurchlike, unnatural, and unwholesome, and our efforts and our prayers, should be directed to restore the ancient plan, and bring back the ancient spirit. Entertaining these views, on most deliberate conviction, I see with no satisfaction any movement which tends to perpetuate the Sunday School, as such. *

As to the custom of a prescribed age for confirmation, he writes :

I was pleased to notice two or three quite young persons come forward to be confirmed : catechumens kept in the training of the Church. This is the true course. I would have the provisions of the rubric in this matter carefully observed. We are not likely to be wiser than the Church.

Speaking of the small number of candidates for Holy Orders, he adds :

In what age of the world will the Gospel in the Church at this rate of increase be preached throughout New Jersey ?

Of the universal establishment of Daily Prayers, he often spoke :

"* 1. Very curious results would come of a committee of inspection, appointed for our Sunday School Libraries. Are pastors aware of the sad trash on which their lambs are feeding ?

2. There are large Sunday Schools, bearing the name of the Church, in which the Church Catechism never is taught. When a conscientious teacher, in one of our city schools, introduced it, it was ordered out by the Superintendent, a layman, as unsound in doctrine.

3. This is not written without full consideration of, what I believe is commonly relied on as the strongest recommendation of the Sunday School, its pioneer and Missionary uses. It is said, that in many places, where the Church is not established, and in large towns and cities, where its ministrations are imperfectly supplied, Sunday Schools are useful, in collecting congregations, and in the instruction of children, otherwise destitute. The best that can be made of this argument is, that the Sunday School is to be used, where we can do no better. But the question is as to the "*can*." No one will doubt, that a true Missionary and a real Christian Schoolmaster would do the work of a dozen Sunday Schools, and need no raking after. It is not doubted that the zealous labours, and pious prayers, of Christian men and women, gathering the children round them, in lanes and alleys, will attract their parents to the Church, and bring a blessing down. But the question, in all these matters, is, how to do the Lord's work best ; and self-sparing and money-saving in its ministry, are but affronts to Him, whose honour it affects to seek. In the Lord's house, the very "snuffers" were of gold. How strange, that Christian, should be less than Jewish, service ! How strange, that the ministration of righteousness should fall behind the ministration of condemnation !"

On this occasion, the unusual complaint was made to me, that, in appointing the Convocation on a Holy-day, I made it inconvenient for the Parochial Clergy to attend; some of them observing, in their parishes, the venerable appointment of the Church. In this respect, it was as gratifying as it was unusual; since it gave the token of a more consistent practice, and the promise of a return to the golden days of ancient piety. I may observe that, when, not only Holy-days, but all the days, are honoured, as the Church appoints, in her order for *daily* morning, and for *daily* evening, prayer, the ground for the complaint will be removed, with the distinction. The gatherings of the Clergy, for these great occasions, will be noticeable then, for the rare intermission of, what now, alas, is almost never made, the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise. It was when "they that believed" continued "*daily*, with one accord, in the temple," that "the Lord added to the Church *daily* such as should be saved."

In Burlington, now, the daily sacrifice rises morning and evening, from four altars, and the Daily Prayers are said in the Diocese in ten Churches. It is rare courage and a brave heart that closes his address, in 1845, with these words:

My brethren, these are times of trouble for the Church. But the Church was made for times of trouble. If there had been no flood, there would not have needed any ark. Gallant and glorious, though the storms of nearly twice a thousand years have beat upon her prow, the sacred ship bears on. Her broad and beaming banner blazes with the Cross, and conquers by that sign. The weapons that are formed against her perish all. The arm uplifted for her hurt is palsied as it falls. The tongue, that frames itself for curses, is compelled, as Balaam's was, to utter an unpurposed blessing. The type of all their tribe is Julian, the apostate; as he died, with the extorted exclamation on his lips, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" Brethren, the powers of earth, the powers of hell, are without power against us, while Christ is with us in the ship. Fearless and firm, let us stand by His Cross. Let us proclaim it, as the rescue for mankind. Let us embrace it, as the refuge of our souls. In that safe harbour, storms will fail to harm. To that dear shelter, foes can never come. With Jesus in the ship, we are already in the haven of our hope. With Jesus in the ship, we bear our victory with us, and are conquerors in Him. Only let Him be in our hearts. Only let our lives be given up to Him. "The floods are risen, O Lord, the floods have lift up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly; but yet the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier." He "stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people." Steadfast in His faith, joyful through His hope, rooted in His love, we shall "so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally, we shall come to the land of everlasting life; there to reign with" Him, "world without end, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

What a key is in these words, to the secret of his amazing

influence and intense love. Is it not the Good Shepherd, going out for the one stray lamb, and gently leading those that are with young?

Peculiar circumstances have given me a peculiar interest in this parish. It is with Bishops as it is with mothers; the young children, and the sick, and the infirm, secure the most of their attention. A Bishop is not brought into the closest contact with well-established, rich, and prosperous congregations. They feel that they have little need of him. The new, the feeble, the struggling, the lately revived, the long vacant, the distracted, grow into his heart. I found this old place well nigh "the least of all the seeds," so far as Church relations were concerned. There have been peculiar difficulties in this case. I have had some occasion to find fault. Much more to pity, and to praise. They have taken all in good part. They have relied on my counsel. They have maintained my fullest interest. They have justified my highest confidence. They are doing well. It is my trust and prayer, that they will still go on in their well doing. A simple, kinder people, pastor never found; and they are well suited in their pastor.

Of the incorporation of Burlington College, in A. D. 1846, and the opening ways of usefulness, to which it leads, he writes:

I have singular pleasure in announcing to the Convention the incorporation of Burlington College with a charter securing its direction, forever, to the Church. I shall append a copy to this Address. Arrangements are in progress for opening the Preparatory School, as a nursery for the College, on the first of November next, under the most promising auspices. The Convention will remember, that, for many years, I have earnestly expressed my conviction of the importance of such an Institution, for the Diocese. They will unite their grateful thanks with mine, to Him who has given it to us, in His accepted time. They will do more than this. They will unite their prayers with mine, for every blessing on the work; and they will combine with mine, their efforts, that what "we desire faithfully, we may obtain effectually." I owe it to the truth to say, that a body of men of higher intelligence and more entire devotion to their enterprise than the Board of Trustees, I have never been permitted to co-operate with. They have purchased a most eligible site, and are disposed to make the most liberal arrangements for the Institution. As my best approval of their spirit and exertions, I have accepted their appointment as Agent, to procure a suitable endowment for it. I design to devote myself to it unreservedly; and shall count on a generous reception from my brethren of the Clergy and Laity. I can conceive of no better opportunity for the commencement of a work, which generations yet to come will rise and bless; nor is there a responsibility so incumbent on the diocese of New Jersey, in my judgment, as its immediate and effectual establishment. I need not repeat here, what I have urged so often and so earnestly, my strong conviction of the eminent fitness of the diocese of New Jersey for all

the purposes of education ; and chiefly for what concerns us most, of education in the Church. I rejoice, therefore, to know that St. Matthew's Hall, at Port Colden, under the care of the Rev. Peter L. Jaques, (as Deacon, the first fruits of my Episcopate,) is growing deeply and rapidly in the confidence of parents ; and that St. Mark's Hall, of which the Rev. Anthony Ten Broeck, (who five and twenty years ago was my attentive and exemplary pupil,) though but a year in operation, may be regarded as fully established, as a nursery of sound learning and good Churchmanship. I regard the establishment of Burlington College as certain to give vigour and influence to these Institutions. People resort for every thing to the place where they can find the best supply. Multiply good schools in New Jersey, and you increase the flow of scholars, in proportion. Let the College of the diocese become established in the general confidence, as an accepted reservoir, where men resort to quench the noble rage for science ; and these and similar places will be sought to, with an eager joy, as fountains among Palm-trees, to refresh them by the way. Let us unite with heart and hand in furthering, in every form, the work of Christian education. Parochial Schools ; Seminaries, at suitable places, for the young of either sex ; a College for the Church ; and the "more hereafter," which, if God please, shall grow out of it : these are the objects most worthy of our interest, our exertions, and our prayers. Let it be our constant aim and end, "that our sons may grow up as the young plants, and our daughters as the polished corners of the temple ;" that so we may claim, and find fulfilled, in us, that gracious promise, by Isaiah, "all thy children shall be taught of God, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

Of private confirmations, he writes :

I regard the increasing frequency with which confirmation is requested by sick persons, in private, as an evidence of the better understanding of its nature, and juster appreciation of its importance. Where it is regarded merely as the public recognition of baptismal vows, it is apt to be thought of as a simple ceremony : a relation towards men, and not a reference to God ; an act of will-worship, rather than a means of grace. And there is another and more interesting view of private confirmations. They show the adaptation of the Church to human weaknesses and wants. They present her in the attitude of a self-sacrificing love. No matter who the person, and no matter what the place. There is a human soul, that cannot come to her ; and there she is, with all the holy gifts and heavenly graces, of which Christ has made her His trustee : going about, like Him, to do men good ; stooping, like Him, to wash disciples' feet.

In 1848, he speaks again, of God's blessing on this portion of the vineyard :

Brethren, this is my sixteenth Convention. I have been your servant, now, almost as many years. At God's command, through you, unthought of and undreamed of by myself, I came, to do your bidding. I left for you one of the oldest and most influential parishes

of our communion, abundant duties, a competent provision, my bosom friends, my children's home. I came to an obscure and feeble diocese; one half of which I was assured by one of your chief Presbyters, was dead, and could not be revived. But I have never for one moment doubted, that I did right; or regretted what I did. I have found the best and truest friends. A happy home has grown up, to my hand. I have been favoured with as wide an influence, and with as large a confidence as heart could wish. And best of all, the work of God, through His unbounded and unmerited benevolence, has prospered in my hands. The eighteen Clergymen of 1832 are sixty-two: the twenty-nine Churches are now forty-nine. Twenty-nine Churches have been built, and one third of that number have been well nigh rebuilt. Nine Parsonage Houses have been added. The revival and increase, thus noted, I ascribe under God, to the influence, direct and indirect, of the undertaking for Christian Education, in which, I have, for eleven years been engaged. And under God, I rely, for the continuance of this revival, and the extension of this increase, on the prosperity of the two Institutions now in successful operation at Burlington.

Recovering from a dangerous illness in 1849, the unreserved devotion of his life is renewed to his Diocese, in the address to the Convention of that year.

On Sunday, 5th November, I was prostrated by an illness, as severe, as it was sudden; which confined me to the house, till Christmas; and, after an interval of imperfect restoration, for three weeks, was followed by a relapse, far more violent and dangerous, from which I did not get out again, till nearly the end of March. In the course of this second attack, I lingered, for three days, on the immediate borders of the grave; with the full conviction, that there was not so much as a step between me and death; and, with the strong presumption, that the narrow and precarious footing must be lost. It did not please God that this should be so. When He had given me grace to feel and own the depth and darkness of my sins, and seek their cleansing in the blood of His dear Son, and stay myself for pardon and acceptance upon His atoning Cross, He sent such blessing, on that rarest skill, and unexampled love, which He had given me, first,—and, more than all, in answer to the faithful prayers, which, from many places, in the diocese, and elsewhere, rose to God, for me—as raised me from the very edge and entrance of the grave, and set me up upon the rock of life, and put a new song into my mouth, to the praise of the glory of His grace; and I am here among you, now, beloved brethren, as one come back from the dead, to draw more closely the bonds of love, which nearly seventeen years of mutual service, in the Master's work, have twined about our hearts; to renew the vows of duty and devotion, to a cause for which our lives were worthily laid down, and to implore new measures of His grace, from whom alone, all good things come, that, whether we live or die, the glory may be His.

I hoped that, before the sitting of the Convention, I might be able to

complete the Southern Visitation by private and occasional arrangements. But—what I never took into the account before—the season has been unpropitious; and I have been assured by my medical advisers, that undue exertion or exposure, before my health is perfectly restored, would subject me to a recurrence of the dangerous illness, by which my life was threatened, and withdraw me longer from the work, in which my soul delights. I have yielded to their judgment; and gone only to such places, as required a special service, which could not be postponed. The reflection, that, in the almost seventeen years of my Episcopate, an Annual Visitation of the diocese has never failed before, reconciles me, in a measure, to what I cannot but regret. But a fallow year, if it so please God, may be succeeded by a more abundant harvest.

Dearly beloved in the Lord, in the years that I have gone in and out among you, as your servant for Jesus' sake, I have desired at times like this, by arts and arguments, which I have sought from God, to stir your hearts and mine to deeper purposes, and higher aspirations, in the great work, which we all have in hand, from Christ, for the extension of His Gospel, and the edification of His Church; and, that I might the deeper feel my office, and your own, I have endeavoured so to speak to you, as a dying man, should speak to dying men. But, in the year just past, this solemn posture has been well nigh realized. I have felt upon my brow the damp and shade of death. I bear in my body the scars and bruises of the grave. May it be for chastisement, in the subjection of my spirit more entirely to the law of Christ; and for admonition to greater earnestness, and more entire devotion to the Master's work! May we all be more engaged, more vigilant, more faithful, emptier of self, more filled with the Spirit, farther from the world, and nearer to the Cross. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh shall find watching."

The plan of hiring clergymen was always odious to him. To one who proposed it once, he wrote in very brief reply, "I do not ordain Coachmen." In his address, speaking of a case where it had occurred, he writes: "The Rev. Mr. B—— is invited for one year. It is a case entirely at variance with the principles of the Church, and so with sound expediency."

From this time until 1854, it pleased God to give him further signs of his Apostleship, the bearing of "perils from false brethren," of "persecutions and afflictions." These things I pass by now. His peace, that keeps them from his soul, leaves only for my heart, the record of the glory, which through them, God wrought out, in the perfecting of his character. Through them all, he pursued his work as fearlessly and faithfully, as of old. With utmost dignity and entire confidence, the simple story of the facts, from time

to time, was laid before the Convention, as mere incidents (and so they were) of his life of service to the Master whose token for Himself, and for His followers, was the agonizing bleeding Cross.

Of the special Convention, which assembled, on my call, in St. Mary's Church, Burlington, on Wednesday, the 17th day of March, there is no occasion for me, now, to speak. The Journal is in your hands; and, with it, a full minute, of the debates, as well as of the proceedings. I must be permitted, here, to say, that the trials, toils, and sufferings of my whole Episcopate were overpaid, by the unfaltering confidence, and unflinching determination to maintain the right, of the clergy and people, over whom God has made me the overseer. With such a clergy, and with such a people, I am ready, for whatever is appointed to me; to live, or die, with them. It is my duty, here, to state, that, the action of the Special Convention notwithstanding, what purports to be an "official summons" "to appear in Camden, New Jersey, on the 24th day of June, 1852, and answer to the specifications made in the presentment" "by" "the Bishops of Virginia, Ohio and Maine, for trial," signed "Phil'r Chase, Pres'g B'p," was served on me, on the 30th day of April. I trust, that I shall have grace from God, not to fail, in what I owe to my brethren, in the Episcopate, and to my successors, in that office, in this extraordinary state of affairs. And, I have perfect confidence, that the Diocese, whose representatives, at the Special Convention, filled the hearts of Christendom, with grateful admiration, will look well to its own rights and responsibilities, in the premises. The paper, purporting to be a presentment, will be laid on the table of the Secretary.

Dearly beloved, the work, which waits us now, I need not say, demands our utmost wisdom and our utmost charity. The most important interests of the Church, which Jesus purchased with His blood, are involved in the subject of our approaching deliberations. The eyes of Christendom, it is not too much to say, are fixed upon our action. I should be no man, and, so, not fit to be your Bishop; did I not own my deep and sacred interest in that decision. I should sink the Bishop, in the man, and, so, betray my sacred trust; did I desire that any interest, personal to me, should sway your minds, or influence your action. I commend your counsels, and yourselves, to the controlling grace of that divine and Holy Spirit, Who, as the Church, in all the world, rejoices to commemorate, came down, as at this time, from Heaven, to teach the Apostles, and their successors, and to lead them to all truth. I humbly ask, for all of you, and for myself, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and of true godliness, and of the holy fear of God. "And unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory, in the Church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

On the week days, from 7th October, to the 15th, inclusive, I was occupied, with a Court of Bishops, assembled, at the instance of Bishop Meade, Bishop McIlvaine, and Bishop Burgess, for the trial of a Presentment, signed by them, by Bishop Philander Chase, then Senior Bishop. I forbear to dwell on the original intrusion of the three Bishops, first named, into the Diocese of New Jersey, by the letter, which they addressed to me, under date of September, 1851. I forbear to dwell on the hot haste, with which, while the Canon, "of the trial of a Bishop," assigns to the Convention the duty, in the first instance, of making presentment of its Bishop, when charged with immorality, and when the Convention of the Diocese, at its Special Session, 17th March, 1852, pledged itself to the investigation of any authentic charges against its Bishop, the three Bishops above named, produced their paper, called a "Presentment." I forbear to dwell on the substitution, at the shortest possible notice, permitted by the Canon, of a second, for the first, presentment; when, at no instance or request of mine, the Senior Bishop had postponed the meeting of the Court. I forbear to dwell on the interference of the Presenting Bishops, with the Senior Bishop, in the appointment of Camden, as the place of trial; remote from my residence, remote from my daily duties, remote from my books and papers, remote from my witnesses, remote from the scene of my transactions for twenty years: in direct opposition to the charitable wisdom of the Common Law, which secures to every man the protection and sympathy of his vicinage. I forbear to dwell on the tone and temper manifested, towards the Diocese, as well as towards myself, in the answer of the three Presenting Bishops, to the paper read before the Court by the Committee of the Convention. I content myself with simply citing the decree of the Court: "*Whereas*, Previous to the making of the Presentment now before this Court, the Convention of New Jersey had investigated most of the matters contained therein, and had determined that there was no ground for Presentment; therefore, *Ordered*, that as to the matters thus acted upon by said Convention, this Court is not called upon to proceed further." And, again, "*Whereas*, The Diocese of New Jersey stands pledged to investigate any charges against its Bishop, that may be presented from any responsible source; and *whereas* a Special Convention has been called shortly to meet, in reference to the new matters contained in the Presentment now before this Court: therefore, *Ordered*, That this Court, relying upon the said pledge, do not proceed to any further action in the premises.

On Wednesday, 27th, I presided at the Special Convention, called to meet, in Trinity Church, Newark, to consider the new charges contained in the second paper, purporting to be a presentment, signed by Bishops Meade, McIlvaine, and Burgess. At this Convention, the Committee, appointed to represent the Diocese before the Court of Bishops, made their report. It was then resolved, in accordance with the decree of the two orders of the Court of Bishops, cited above, that the new charges be referred, for investigation, to the Committee, appointed for the investigation of the charges brought before: and, that

an adjourned Convention be held in St. Mary's Church, Burlington, on the first day of December, to receive their report.

I was prevented by severe indisposition, from being present at the adjourned Convention, which assembled, in this Church, on the first day of December. I need make no further reference to its proceedings, than to say that, with a voice almost unanimous, it adopted the report of the Committee of investigation, which had resulted in my full exculpation from any charge of crime or immorality. I dare not trust myself to speak my feelings, on the subject: or to say, how thoroughly the constant confidence and attachment of my Diocese, in these strange trials, with which my course has been beset, enables me, through grace, to bear the Cross, which has been laid upon me; and "to rejoice in tribulations" also.

On Easter Tuesday, 29th March, a paper, which professes to be a presentment, signed by Bishops Meade, Mellvaine, and Burgess, was left at my residence, while I was engaged in the closing exercises of St. Mary's Hall; at which seventeen daughters of the Church received the testimonial of the Institution, as having completed its course of instruction. There was also a Summons, signed "Thomas Church Brownell," to attend a Court of Bishops, at Camden, on the first day of September. You will observe, that the Presentment, so-called, which I lay on your table, offers no new charge. I content myself with this simple record, in this place.

He closes his address in 1853, and opens that for '54, with a record of the past and a promise for the future, which end the public story of his wrongs.

My brethren of the Clergy and Laity, you have before you a faithful record of my labours through the year, and an accurate representation of the condition of the Diocese. The interruption of my health has been felt, in some respects. But, on the whole, I regard the year, just closed, as among the most prosperous, of my Episcopate. Whether the number of the Clergy be regarded, or the number of the Churches in progress towards completion, or the number of new points opening to our hands; or whether we regard the continued prosperity and increasing influence of the Institutions at Burlington, and the unprecedented growth and strength of the parish, of which I have the pastoral care; or whether I contemplate the unquestionable tokens of affection, sympathy and confidence, which have met me, at every point of my Episcopal Visitation, and come in to me, from every quarter of the Church, I am bold, in Christ, to say, that, at no moment of my official life, have I ever felt so strongly the ability to serve you; or rejoiced so fervently in God's blessing on my service. I am well aware that glorying is not for man; and, least of all, for me. But, even Paul was goaded into boldness. And, while, at humble distance, after him, I point you to the benefits and blessings, from the Lord, which my unworthy ministrations have not kept from you, I will not own myself one whit behind, even him, when I renew before you, now, and in the sight of God, the self-devotion of my consecration vows; again, declaring my readiness of mind and heart,

gladly to spend, and to be spent for you ; again recording the expression of my thankfulness to God, of whose only gift it is, through His dear Son, that I am enabled "to take pleasure, in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake." Pray for me, my beloved, that, "in nothing I shall be ashamed ; but, that, with all boldness, as always, so, now, also, Christ shall be magnified, in my body, whether it be by life, or by death." "Brethren, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit."

From the next day, 1st September, to the 15th, inclusive, I was in attendance on the Court of Bishops, assembled, in Camden, on the third presentment, made, for substantially the same charges, by the Bishops of Virginia, Ohio and Maine : all of which had been investigated by a Committee of your body, after testimony, taken under oath ; and declared to be not sustained by evidence. As the order of the Court, that "the presentment be dismissed, and the respondent be discharged, without day," was unanimous, seventeen Bishops, the whole of the Court, being present, I content myself with the single remark, that the form, which its conclusion took, was not of my seeking ; and was recommended to me, as, in the highest degree, desirable, for the peace and unity of the Church. Having laboured, assiduously, for that end, during a ministry, which overruns the third part of a century, I am thankful to believe that it has still been furthered, by the decision of this vexatious controversy. "O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem ; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will wish thee prosperity. Yea, because of the House of the Lord our God, I will seek to do thee good."

In 1855, he welcomes the Convention to the new St. Mary's.

My heart has realized, to-day, the wish of many years. It has welcomed you to the holy and beautiful house, which God has permitted us to build, to the praise of His glorious name. My feet will turn to it more joyfully, that yours have trode its courts, with mine. And the daily chorus of its prayers, and praises, shall fall more sweetly, upon my ear, for the echo of your voices, that shall linger among their melodies. The Psalmist's gladness, when it was said unto him, "Let us go into the house of the Lord," was enhanced, by the presence of "the tribes : " and his prayer, for the prosperity of Zion, far fuller, and more fervent, "for" his "brethren and companions' sakes."

Of Bishop Wainwright's death, my Father speaks with the deepest feeling, in the same address. He was his friend of very many years. In their earlier days they had worked, and thought, and prayed together as "brethren in unity," over the cause of missions. He welcomed his consecration to the Episcopate, with most sanguine hope. And in his noble over-faithfulness, with all its trophies and triumphs, his brother's heart rejoiced. What they had been to each other, he will

speak, in the words he uttered when that companionship was broken, to his Convention and to the Church at large, in his address, and in the memoir prepared by him, whose power attests it, as the work of long, and deep, and lasting love.

On Saturday, September 23d, my heart was melted within me, as I ministered, with the Bishop of Illinois, and divers of the Clergy, in Trinity Church, New York, at the funeral of my beloved and lamented brother, the Provisional Bishop of that Diocese, the excellent, the admirable, Wainwright. The closest friendship had existed between us, for the third part of a century. As a Candidate for Orders, I was benefited by his counsels and instructions. His house had always been a home, to me. I had rejoiced to assist in his Consecration. He had come over, but a few days before, in his own loving way, to participate in a most interesting service, in my Diocese. We had parted in health, and hope, and love; with mutual pledges of an early meeting. At the first intimation of his illness, I had hastened to him: but he was too ill to recognize even his physicians. And the last, and only, privilege, of so much love, was, to commend his sacred ashes to the dews of the Resurrection; and to lay my hand, on the coffin, over his venerable head. Too literal, in their truth and tenderness, were, then, the words of David: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

"Alas, for love, if life were all;

"And nought, beyond the grave."

It is a pleasing fancy which the elder D'Israeli has preserved somewhere in amber, that portrait painting had its origin, in the inventive fondness of a girl, who traced upon the wall, the profile of her sleeping lover. It was an outline merely. But love could always fill it up, and make it live. It is the most, that I can hope to do, for my dear, dead brother. But, how many there are—the world-wide circle of his friends, his admiring diocese, his attached clergy, the immediate inmates of his heart, the loved ones of his hearth—from whose informing breath, it will take life, reality, and beauty.

I never felt so tenderly, the sacred trust of a surviving friendship, as when Mrs. Wainwright announced to me her purpose of publishing a MEMORIAL VOLUME of her husband's sermons; and requested me to furnish the preliminary sketch of my faithful friend, of five-and-thirty years. In an instant he was vividly before me, as I saw him, first, and as I saw him, last. *As I saw him, first*, in 1819, when he had just removed to New York, in the fresh bloom of twenty-seven; alive to every tasteful theme, and every genial impulse, and, yet, sedate and thoughtful in his youth. And, *as I saw him, last*, when in the kindness of his heart he had come, to be with me, at the consecration of Christ Chapel, in Elizabeth; and hastened from me when the service was completed, with his sunniest smile, to resume the work, which he had only intermitted, for my sake; and which, in little more than two months, brought him to a grave, to all, untimely, but himself.

To a vacancy, in Trinity Church, N. Y., Mr. Wainwright was called, on the 25th day of November, in the year, 1819. I have, before me, the letters of Bishop Hobart and Bishop Brownell, addressed to him, on the subject of his removal to New York: and they make out a case of clear and imperative duty. He yielded to it, and went, at once. I was a member of the parish, and a candidate for holy orders; and well do I remember the welcome which he met, and the acceptance which he secured. A kindredness of tastes and sentiments, combined with our engagement in the same sacred pursuit, drew us early together, in the closest and most congenial bonds; and from that time till the very moment of his death, our friendship ripened and grew mellow.

Here, let me drop the impersonal, so hard to keep, when heart has knit itself with heart, and close my sketch, in outline, with the few words, to which, on the day after the funeral, I gave utterance, in my own pulpit, in the midst of my parishioners. They were heart-words. And hearts were melted by them, till they flowed like water.

Beloved, in the one-and-twenty years, that we have lived, and loved together, how few of you there are, with whom I have not wept! Is there a house of yours to which I have not come, in sorrow, or in sickness, or in death; to lay my heart, by yours, and soothe its throbbings with the sympathy of mine? To-day, I bring my sorrow, to your door. To-day, I come to you for sympathy. My heart for the last week, has been beside the dying and the dead. And I now come to you from the very grave, which opens nearest to my own. When Jesus came where Lazarus was laid, He could not speak. He could but weep. Yes, "Jesus wept." And you will let me say as little, as I may, to you, this morning; and rather listen to my dear, dead friend, than, to him, whom he has left, to loneliness and lamentation. My brethren, life is short, to lose a friend, of five-and-thirty years. To him, who is to live the longest, there is not time enough, for such another. And, such an one, I buried, yesterday. I was, yet, a candidate for holy orders, and but twenty years of age, when, in 1819, the Rev. Mr. Wainwright came to New York, as one of the ministers of Trinity Church, where I was a parishioner. He was but seven years older, and peculiar sympathy, in tastes and studies, soon made that difference as nothing. And though officially, my pastor, we, from the first, were personal friends. We read, together; we studied, together; we thought, and felt, and almost lived, together. And, from the time I left New York, in 1824, until he had none upon earth, his house was as welcome to me, as my own; and always was, as home to me. When my first born son was to be new born, in Holy Baptism, he took the vows, and ever tenderly regarded, the relation of a sponsor. He succeeded me in the only rectorship, I ever held, till I was your Rector; that of Trinity Church, Boston: and was thus knit in, more closely with my heart, through the fond love of mutual friends. At the eventful period of my consecration, I was his guest; and leaned upon his friendship, and was encouraged by his love. In all the troubles and sorrows, that have befallen me, his was the sympathizing heart,

and his the word of consolation. He was in England, when more than my life was perilled ; and in the noblest presence, that the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel ever had assembled, he stood up ; and with a voice, which rang, the kingdom through, and had an echo, here, asserted his own perfect assurance of his friend's integrity. Not quite two years ago, I laid my whole heart, with my hand upon his venerable head ; when he was consecrated to the office of a Bishop. There was nothing that he did not do, except neglect his duty, to be with me, at the consecration of this Church, on which his heart was fully set ; and which our necessary postponement of it, alone, prevented. The last time that I ever saw him, was when he came to be with me, at the consecration of another church, in the northern portion of the Diocese : when we parted, with purposes and plans, and promises, of a reunion, here, which never was to be. And the last line to me, that his true hand ever traced, was the assurance, that, though he must be in a distant quarter of his Diocese, his spirit would be with us, when God fulfilled our prayer ; and took this temple for His own. You will deeply feel, my well-beloved, with what anxiety of heart I took my pilgrimage, to his sick chamber, when I first learned, that his sickness threatened death ; and only reached it, though I went at once, when so little of him was left, that even his two devoted physicians failed to rouse his consciousness. You will feel deeply, how my heart was pierced, when, in the midst of academic duties, on Friday last, the tidings of his death came suddenly upon me ; and, as I hastened out, into the bright and balmy day—as bright and balmy, as if death had never been—I felt myself alone on earth. And you will deeply feel, with what yearnings of the soul, I stood among the darlings of his heart, by the bright hearth, which God had darkened, by his death ; with what grief, too deep for tears, I said, over his dear remains, the words which consecrated them for the Resurrection, “ earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; ” and, how, when I passed the coffin, as it left the church, and laid my hand upon its head, in token of the fond embrace, which, as, I trust, await me where he is, the man was melted ; and like Joseph, I went out and wept, alone. Too literal, in me, the words of mourning David, when the brother of his heart was taken, from him : “ I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan ; very pleasant hast thou been unto me ; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished ! ” But of myself, and of my grief, enough. Let me ask your prayers, beloved, for as bright and happy a home as ever lighted its hearth-fires ; now dark and desolate : a widowed mother, weeping with her fatherless. Let me ask your prayers, for a Diocese bereaved of its Bishop : who had knit all hearts into his own ; and God's blessing, on whose labours, gave as fair a promise, as the Church has ever seen. Let me ask your prayers for the whole Church ; which mourns, in him, one of her wisest counsellors, and one of the most valiant leaders of her host ; “ *decus atque columen* ; ” her pillar and her pride. And, for the lesson of his death, accept but this : THE BEAUTY AND THE GLORY OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

More and more alone, as to the personal and full sympathy of long intimacy, trials were heavier and battles harder, but the victory was nearer too. With the same calm courage as before, he records the saddest sorrow of his life, to his Convention, my brother's perversion to the Roman Communion. Duty to him was irresistible, cost what it might. And what that cost him, only God knows, and we, in part, who saw him, in the first falling of the sorrow, in the wavering hope of a return, in the quiet agony of the conviction of his duty ; in the intensity of his prayer at the passing of his sentence ; and in the long, yearning, "hoping against hope" of all his life. Its one comfort was in the undiminished mutual love, whose free and full expression, was his heart's brightest sunshine, to the last.

Of my father's care for the comfort of his clergy, I have spoken before. To it, as to all else of his, was added fearlessness. Report came to him, from sources he was bound to rely on, that the death of one of his clergy was in great measure caused by a want of the necessities of life. A careful committee of investigation, explained the whole case, sustaining the credit of the parish ; and asserting the sincerity of the erroneous convictions of my Father's informants. But before this, he spoke out, in Mr. Douglass's parish :

At the Visitation, I said, in substance, that I had come to Trinity Chapel, for the annual Visitation ; but, that, owing to the serious illness of the missionary, there had been no preparation for catechizing, or for confirmation : an illness, I was grieved and ashamed to say, occasioned by the want of the actual necessities of life ; and that, in a community abounding in plenty. I added the expression of my hope, that God would send His ravens, to His servant, to provide him with bread and flesh in the morning, and with bread and flesh, in the evening.

Here, I would gladly leave the subject. Neither the justification of my own words, at my last visit to the Parish, nor historic justice to my deceased brother's memory, would alone, or both together, induce me to go on. What I add, is for the living labourers, who, here, and elsewhere, are permitted to toil on, half-fed, half-clothed : the weight of pastoral responsibility, which, an ancient said, the shoulders of an angel might well shrink from, overborne, by the stern conflict, with necessity ; the shamefacedness of inevitable indebtedness ; and the daily wants of those, whose life is dearer, to them, than their own. It is a melancholy truth, that the Clergy are not adequately supported. While the prices, of all that life demands, have nearly doubled, they are left to the proverbial pittance of old times. While the people are gathering wealth, with a rapidity unprecedented, the pastor is, too commonly, forgotten, in his poverty. As a duty to the people, as well as the pastors, of the Diocese : that there may be no more secret suffering of the one, to lacerate, too late, the feelings of the other, I introduce, in this place, the simple statements of the facts, in the case of

the Rev. Mr. Douglass, as furnished to me, by his widow, and by his physician. I shall add no remarks, draw no conclusions, and make no application. It is a sad addition to

“The short and simple annals of the poor!”

It tells its own story; and teaches its own lesson.

With these strange words, my Father's last address begins:

My brethren of the Clergy and of the Laity, God has been very gracious to us in the year just closed—the sacred phalanx has been broken by no death.

And when the Convention met again, the first words, in place of the living, familiar story, of *his* work, fell sadly on our ears. “It is with deep sorrow that the Standing Committee find themselves, by the providence of Almighty God which has taken from us our beloved Bishop, under the necessity of making a report to this Convention, as the Ecclesiastical authority of this Diocese.” His last address was in tune, with the “*Te Deum*.”

And my conclusion, after a thorough visitation of the Diocese, deliberately, is, that the Lord's work has never before so prospered in our hands. Shall we not set up, to-day, another “Stone of help;” and say, with Samuel, Hitherto, hath the Lord helped us? Shall we not lift, to heaven, the glad “*Te Deum*,” of our grateful hearts: “We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee, to be the Lord!” In the inimitable expression of the Angels' Hymn, the “*Gloria in Excelsis*,” shall we not “give thanks to” Him, “for” His “great glory?” Especially, does it become us, to confess, with David, in the deep sense of our entire dependence upon God, for all, we are, or have, or do; “*Non nobis, Domine:*” “Not unto us, O Lord, but, unto Thy name, give the praise; for Thy loving mercy, and for Thy truth's sake.”

How gladly he reports in it, the increase of the fruit of Burlington College.

Mr. S. has had his Theological training at Burlington College: and, so, knows how to work; and loves it.

On this occasion every one (of six clergy) connected with the service, was a member or graduate of Burlington College.

Mr. C. has begun well in his new field. He hails from Burlington College.

This young Missionary bears the mark of Burlington College, on his work.

Professor M. came to Burlington College, a boy; was one of its graduates; had received its theological training; and was acting successfully, as one of its Professors. Three of the Priests, who assisted in the service, were officers of the College. While, of the

two deacons present, one was an officer, and the other a graduate. These are interesting results, of less than ten years. Burlington College deserves a great deal more than it gets.

The record of his last work is the dry recital of its details. It is himself, in the incessant, various, successful labours. But it is his dead self, in the loss of all the touches of love, and interest, and counsel, and cheer, and warning, and approval, that made it live. And so the record, that is written on the earth, closes, with his last service in connection with, almost the oldest, and the youngest of his clergy, in Trinity Chapel, Red Bank; with the preaching of that eternal Life, which is now God's gift, to him, through Jesus Christ our Lord; with the administration of confirmation; and with that, which, above all he loved, a catechizing of the children, the feeding of Christ's lambs. From his annual reports, the following brief statement, will give the best tokens of the Church's yearly growth; and the statistics, from the table prepared by the Standing Committee, put most of the details, as they stood first and last.

	1892.	1858.	1859.	Total.
Clergy,	18	88	98	
Candidates,	1	13	12	
Ordinations,	2	5	7	136
Institutions,	2	15	12	82
Churches Consecrated, . .		2	2	58
Confirmations,	77	572	560	7,430
Baptisms,	175	1,241	1,119	13,792
Sunday-school Teachers, .	44	504	486	
" Children,	491	4,410	4,355	
Parish Schools,		12	13	
Parsonages,	6		32	
Free Churches,		18	20	
Episcopal Fund,	\$137.11	\$1,291.03	\$1,070.76	\$12,275.56
Diocesan Missions,	131.24	1,369.44	1,321.62	33,326.23
Aged and Infirm Clergy, .	60.50	170.30	172.30	
The Poor,		3,163.05	2,073.77	
Foreign Missions, }	65.50	1,013.78	1,271.14	
Domestic "		1,431.52	1,313.13	
Parish purposes,		24,966.39	27,203.54	
Church "		10,231.06	9,619.86	
Total,	312.21	50,189.85	34,905.38	

The visitation if finished, would give more than this. One visitation, since his death, made the confirmations 587.

Beyond these outward tokens of unsurpassed prosperity and growth, the spirit of his own life is indeed abroad through his whole Diocese. The plan of systematic charity which, so early and so constantly, he urged, is very generally adopted. The great educational works, to which his life was given, have

their offshoots, in very many Parochial Schools. The Missionary spirit, which I might almost call the vital principle of his great energy, has quickened many things that seemed ready to die. * His earnest abhorrence of doing every thing by societies, has kept from the Diocese, as it took from the General Church, the Missionary organization which prevails generally ;

* Is not the Church, a brotherhood? Are not Christians, brethren, all? Is not our father, God; and Christ, our elder brother? Was there any brotherhood, at Jerusalem, but the Church? Is there the shadow of any other, in the Acts of the Apostles? Is there a hint of such a thing, in any one of the apostolic letters? Does the Apostles' Creed know any brotherhood, but "the Communion of Saints?" Is it not sad, that so much zeal and energy and ability should be withdrawn, from the direct working of the Church? Is it not in human nature, that, for a time, the new interest will be the more attractive, and the older be neglected? Is it not according to all experience, that, after a while, it will work itself out; and the return to the old system be made, at disadvantage and with loss? May I not use the freedom of an elder brother, to beseech my brethren of the Brotherhoods, to pause, and to reflect? Is it a time to try experiments? Can we afford to divide our front? Can there be stronger obligations than those of Baptism? Can there be a closer fellowship than that of the Holy Communion? Have we made faithful trial of the whole capabilities of the Church? Where there are two co-extensive organizations, must not one interfere with the other? Will the use of *another* "common Liturgy," promote unity? Is there "a badge" needed for Christians, besides the Cross? Can we do better than to "walk by the same rule?" Can we do so well as to "mind the same thing?" It was the Brotherhood of the first baptized, that "was of one heart and of one soul," "and had all things common." And it was to them, that "the Lord added," "daily, such as should be saved."

It were long, to trace the progress, of this scheme of corporations, in the Church. How much of it the Church of Rome employs, is too familiar, to be noticed, here. How rampant it has been, in modern times, in * organizations for the furtherance of every virtue under heaven, I need not keep you here, to say. To all such movements, there is this capital objection, that they impugn the wisdom of God, in the organization of His Church. He set the apostolic ministry, "for the perfecting of the saints." Men deem, that, for the promotion of temperance, or for the observance of the Lord's day, or for the suppression of war, a further provision must be made. As if any human plan could possibly be better than the divine. As if what men will not do, through God's appointed channel, they will, through channels of their own.

That the Church does not do what she ought, that "the love of many has waxed cold," and God's poor are shamefully neglected, it were madness to deny. But, must we, therefore, have another Church? For, wink away from it, as any may, that is the actual case. The Brotherhood is to be the Church, for benevolence. One Church, for faith and worship; and another Church, for charity. One Church, to care for souls; another, to look after bodies. Is this right?

If the claim be, that the poor need service, nursing, comfort, encouragement, consolation, sepulture, what are the pastors of the flock for, but to see that these things are supplied; and what are Christian men and Christian women for, but to supply them? Let it be granted that it is not done. The fault is not in the Church; but in Church people. And if they forget their vows of baptism, and the bonds of their communion, will there be virtue in the constitution of any brotherhood, to hold them? No, my beloved, reverend brethren, it is not new associations, that we want; but a new spirit, in the old. More faith, more hope, more love. And these are promised, to our prayers. And, when they come, the Church will live, and move, and act, as at the first it did, and as it was always meant it should.—*Eighth Triennial Charge.*

* He once said, in reference to the unnecessary organizations within the Church, that he expected to see a Society established for the promotion of "Infant Baptism," and one to advocate the "Churching of Women."

his own theory being the rule, that the Church is "*the Brotherhood*," *the* Missionary Society, *the* Bible distributor, by divine right. The prominence, and the faithful discharge, of public catechizing, his greatest greatness, which in his own Parish was monthly, and whenever it could be, in all his visitations, shows his appreciation of the charge to Simon. A greater conformity to the requirements of the Prayer Book, in Daily Prayers and weekly and holyday Eucharists, and a far more rubrical performance of the services, than existed before, attest the influence of his frequent teaching, and the power of his example. And that of which all these are but the tokens, the assertion of the Church's true position, and the fearless preaching of the doctrines of the catholic faith, make fertile the portion of the vineyard into which his Master sent him at the third hour,* with a harvest, that attests and overpays the planting of his life, and the sowing, with his blood; and shall enrich the garner of the Lord of the harvest. Further I need not dwell on this. There is no town in all the state, that has not some memorial of him. He made his mark everywhere, and made it permanent and powerful, in the hearts of men, in the walls of God's holy temple, in the homes of the clergy, and their lives, in the love and devotion of the laymen, and in the graves of those who sleep in Jesus. For his monuments, one may stand anywhere and look around and see them, in the Churches, the Parsonages, the School-houses, that dot the land. And in Burlington, St. Mary's Church, St. Mary's Hall, and Burlington College, are enduring memorials ære perenniora, of his incessant, undaunted works of faith and love which God has blessed so richly. The labours of a Catholic Bishop, reach of course outside of his own Diocese. And to all the general Institutions of the Church, the Seminary, the Church Book Society, the Missionary Board, he gave, as we have amply seen in the latter case, the deepest interest and the most unsparing devotion. Fair and beautiful is our bounded view of these full years. And we see hardly more than the sowing. The blade is up, from the deep furrow which his hands dug down. But all there is, is but the opening promise, the first ingathering of all the increase God shall give. We rest content, under the welcome shadow of the tree that grew from his long care, but thousands must be gathered yet, under the ever spreading shade of its branches and its leaves. In fair proportions seems to us, the mere foundation he has laid, of what shall be a great spiritual temple of living stones. But as the harvest ripens, and the tree extends, and the

* He was just turned of thirty-three, at his consecration, only one year older than a Bishop's earliest age.

temple rises nearer heaven, while all the glory is the Lord's, the gratitude of generations, shall be for him, who, with the mighty forecast of great faith, great hope, great love, prepared for sowing such a wide spread field, scattered so broadcast the precious seed, and laid, so deep, so solid, and so broad, the foundation walls of the Lord's living temple.

There are memories, which the cares and labours of my Father's Episcopate cut deeply in his heart, which I must not pass by here. Winslow and Ogilby, at rest with him now in Paradise, were his close and constant comforters. Of the first, his own words will best tell the delight of his companionship, and the desolation of his loss. And all his life long, he almost never spoke of Paradise, but with the thought, that he was there, and would be to welcome him.

* My acquaintance with him began on my removal to Boston, in 1828, as the assistant minister of Trinity Church. I found him an intelligent and thoughtful boy, with a mind inquisitive and active beyond the common wont: and even then, although I knew it not, producing fruits that seldom ripen on the full grown tree. It was on Advent Sunday, November 28, 1830—the next Sunday, being the first in Advent, will complete the ninth Ecclesiastical or Christian year, the measurement by which he always loved to take his note of time—that I stood up with him as his godfather; when, at his own instance, and on the full conviction of his mind and heart, he was admitted to the Church of God, in holy Baptism, in Christ Church, Boston, by the hands of its beloved Rector, the Rev. William Croswell.

From Harvard University, which he left in 1835, he came to me. As he had been my spiritual son before, so now he became, so far as nature would, my son, according to the flesh. He grew up together with me, and my children. He did eat of my meat, and drink of my cup, and was unto me as a child. And never did community of blood enkindle an affection more warm, more true, more fond, than his for me. He has left none behind, I well believe, who loved me with a fuller, and more fervent love; and I could ill bear to lose it from the earth, did I not well believe that it now springs, immortal as his redeemed, transformed and glorious nature.

He was admitted in October, 1835, a member of the General Theological Seminary, on the Bishop Croes Scholarship, in the gift of the Bishop of the Diocese.

Daily sensible how much I needed some one to assist me in the duties of the parish, added as they are, in my case, to, "the care of all the churches" of the Diocese; and well convinced how useful he would be to me and you, even as a lay assistant, I took him from the Seminary, before his course was ended. From that day until it pleased God to lay His heavy hand upon him, his life was given all to you, and in the humble sphere of Catechist, he performed services, and accomplished results, such as very few attain, even in the ministry of the Church.

* Funeral Sermon.

Before that sacred rail he kneeled on Whitsunday of 1838, to receive at my hands the office and authority of Deacon : and never since the saintly Stephen, I am well persuaded, has one entered on it with a lower estimate of self, or with a purer self-devotion to its duties—never did one by “the modesty, humility and constancy of his ministrations,” his “ready will to observe all spiritual discipline,” and “the testimony of a good conscience,” approve himself more worthy to be called unto those “higher ministries,” which Jesus has appointed in His Church ; and to the lower of which, the office of a Priest, these hands that now have trembled in his last embrace, admitted him, on the fifteenth day of the last March.

And now, I surely felt that all my wishes had been realized, and all my hopes of comfort to myself and usefulness to the Church, were in the way of accomplishment. He had done every thing well. He was in all respects what I desired to see him. He had derived his principles from the pure fountain of the word of God. He had confirmed them all, and proved them true and real, by the attestation of that chain of witnesses, which God has ever kept, and set, in an unbroken series, in His Holy Church. He had put on—far, far beyond his years—the shining armour which the champions of the truth, age after age, have laid up in the house of God, for its “defence and confirmation.” He was imbued with the purest spirit of the best days of Christianity ; and he was drinking ever more and more from that full stream which, “flows fast by the oracle of God.” His vigorous mind, his fertile fancy, his judicious memory, his uncompromising firmness, his stern devotion to the truth, his comprehensive and prevailing Charity, all were daily ripening ; and I felt that I had in him a sympathizing friend, a prudent counsellor, an able auxiliary, to work with me while I could work, to carry out the principles and plans for which alone I live, and, when my voice is sealed in death, to bear them onward to another generation, and then to add his dying testimony to my own. Shall I repress it—I rejoiced in all he had, and all he was, as something of my own ? Need I deny it—I felt in all he had, and all he was, a father’s (yet, I trust, a Christian father’s) pride ? Often taken from the seat and centre of my heart’s affections, by official duty, I felt that all I loved were sure to have in him a faithful and judicious friend. Occupied with countless duties and concerns, which interfere with the entire performance of the pastoral office, I felt that in him I had, for every sheep and every lamb of all my flock, a shepherd that would “call them all by name,” and lead them out, and serve them, “faithful unto death.”

But it was not to be so. He who lent us such a treasure saw some use for him in heaven. Did He not see, dear brethren, that by us he was not duly valued ? In the midst of his usefulness, in the bright promise of his aspiring youth, when his nest was but just made, and warm with all the tender charities of life, the sure decree came forth ; and the inexorable hand of death was laid on our beloved. Thus died, as he had lived, “having the testimony of a good conscience, in the communion of the Catholic Church, in the

confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope, in favour with God," as we may well believe, "and in perfect charity with the world," a young man of the brightest promise I have ever known. Nor only that; for that if it were all, were very little. But of all that I have ever known, there has not been a holier and more charitable man, a more consistent Christian, a more intelligent, devoted, and uncompromising Churchman, a more faithful, conscientious, and self-sacrificing preacher of the Cross.

In one word, he was A TRUE CATHOLIC CHURCHMAN, IN HIS LIFE AND IN HIS DEATH.

Mr. Winslow was a Catholic Churchman, in equal contradistinction to the Papist and the Puritan. He had acquainted himself with both. It was THE CATHOLIC SYSTEM, *saving him*, in Christ, *from either error*, in which he lived, and in which he died; and of whose training he approved himself, through grace, so beautiful a specimen. Few men have had experience so critical of the dangerous influence of Popery. Never has there been exhibited a clearer demonstration than in his case, of the effectual resistance of THE CATHOLIC SYSTEM to its most winning blandishments. A piece of private history, as interesting as it is instructive, will perfectly establish, while it well illustrates, this statement.

It was during his residence at the University, that the Romish convent, at Charlestown, was destroyed, by an outrageous act of lawless violence. Winslow was a young man not only of an enthusiastic, but of a highly excitable, temperament. He felt most strongly the indignation which that deed enkindled in every generous breast. What he felt deeply, he was wont to express warmly. In some such way, his feelings were enlisted on the side of Rome. A young man of "mark and likelihood," his case attracted the notice of the clergy of that communion in Boston. One thing led to another, until he found himself admitted to what seemed their fullest confidence. Books were put into his hands. The enticing arts, which none know better how to use, were sedulously applied. His very position, as a leader among the young Churchmen of the University, when neither his years nor his acquirements had enabled him to know, much less to give—a reason of the hope that was in him, increased his exposure. With just enough acquaintance with the Church, to feel a reverence for antiquity, and a disposition to be governed by authority, he had made but little progress in that search of Holy Scripture, and of ancient authors, by which alone the Christian can be guarded against the countless forms of error—more dangerous, in proportion as they seem to assimilate themselves to truth. The result of such a state of things was natural and obvious. A young man of less than twenty, his spirit all alive to classical and chivalrous associations, thrown off his guard, by the stirring up of all his deepest impulses, thinking himself to be somewhat, as a Churchman, in close and constant conference with a Romish Bishop and his Priests! Who could hesitate as to the issue? Of all this I was in perfect ignorance; when I received from him the following letter:

"HARVARD UNIVERSITY, Feb, 23, 1835.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—The contents of the following letter will doubtless give you both surprise and pain; but duty to myself, to you, and to God, compel me to make this disclosure. The only thing for which I lament is, that I did not write you my doubts and difficulties six weeks ago: and then I might have been rescued from what you will consider a great error. To be brief, *I am all but converted to the faith of the Roman Catholic Church*; and unless I am to be reclaimed, I must in the course of a few weeks, openly join her communion. My affections, my sympathies, are all with the Protestant Episcopal Church; but my judgment is *almost* convinced that she is in a state of schism. But you will naturally enough inquire, how did this come about? Ever since the destruction of the convent at Charlestown my attention has been directed to the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. I have perused the works of several of her best champions; and have had long conversations with Bishop Fenwick of Boston, and another Roman Catholic Clergyman. Not that I would give you to understand that my investigations have been of an *ex parte* nature; I have also studied the ablest Protestant authors, and yet the result is, that I am nearly, if not quite convinced that the Church of Rome is the only Church of Christ.

"It is not my design, in writing these lines, to enter into a full relation of the various reasons which have led me to such conclusions; suffice it to say, that my present views seem to my mind, to be the *Church theory* of our own Church, carried out to its legitimate result. I have always believed that Christ is *not* divided—that there should be but *one* fold, as there is *one* Shepherd—that our Lord had promised to be with His visible Church, to the end of the world—that His Church should be guided into all truth, and be the pillar and ground of the truth, because He was to be with it *all days*. Now these are truths, as I humbly think, which are so firmly founded in Scripture, antiquity, reason, and common sense, that they cannot be overthrown. But if these views be true, the Church of Rome, as it appears to me, is the only true Church. Where was our Church, before the (so called) Reformation? Did she not separate from the Catholic Church at that time? If she be the true Church, then Christ deserted His Church, and was false to His promise of being with her *all days*. There certainly cannot be two true churches so at variance as Rome and England. If Rome be right, England must be wrong. If Rome be wrong, then our views of the Church must be erroneous. Such is my dilemma. And I cannot see any better alternative than that of returning to the Mother Church.

"No dissenter can possibly meet my objections. Churchmen, and *Churchmen alone*, can understand my peculiar difficulties. I would therefore beg you, my dear uncle, if you should have any time, to recommend any work which will meet my case; and also give me any light, by which I may conscientiously remain in the Protestant Episcopal Church—a Church which I have so much loved and honoured. Excuse my troubling you with this letter. It is no less

painful to me than it can prove to you. But it is my duty, and duty must be done.

“Very affectionately yours,

“BENJAMIN DAVIS WINSLOW.”

In a moment, I saw his position. I saw that to refer him to books, while Jesuit expositors had his confidence, was vain. I saw that he was not accessible to reason. I saw that to remain at Cambridge, was to rush, and that at once, into the gulf that yawned for him. The image that possessed my mind at once, and haunted it by day and night, for weeks and months, and has not yet lost all its vividness, was the poor bird, charmed by the rattlesnake, and shooting with a desperate impulse into his sanguinary jaws. I resolved, if there was help in God, to save him, and by the help of God, I did. I wrote to him briefly, but peremptorily, to come at once to me—that the subject was of the utmost moment,—that no correspondence at a distance could meet its requirements—that it called for time and thought, and careful study of authorities, without the bias of an overruling influence on either side—that Burlington was a calm, sequestered place—that my books were at his service—that he could investigate the subject thoroughly—that he should follow implicitly, wherever that investigation, guided by the promised Holy One, should lead—if it led to Rome, he should go—if, convinced himself, he could convince me, I would go with him—if conviction failed, his place was where the providence of God had set him. I used no word of argument, and I referred to no authority against the Romish claim: for I felt sure that they who had so far secured him, would have access to my letters. I told him to go at once to the President—to say that I had need for him; and that he must rely on my character that the occasion was sufficient, without a statement of the reasons. He went to the President. At first he refused permission. Then he sent for him, and told him that on further consideration, he felt assured my reasons must be good: and granted leave of absence. As I had anticipated so it was. My letter was shown to his seducers. Every argument that Romish craft could suggest, was used, to prevent, or delay his coming. One of them was going on soon and would accompany him. If he went, he must take letters to the communion in Philadelphia. At least, he must take books. But it was all in vain. The principle of loyalty was in him more strongly than in any man I ever knew, and knowing that his allegiance was to me, to me he came. Never shall I forget the day of his arrival, nor the peculiar expression with which he came to me. I saw that he was wrought up to the highest pitch, and that the first thing was for him to rest. Day after day, he sought to engage me in the topic, and day after day, I avoided it. At last, when he became solicitous, to hear my views, I told him, no: he was to make out his own case. I gave him then on a small slip of paper,—I have it now—a single point in the great controversy between the Truth and Rome; and told him to go into my library, and satisfy himself; when that was mastered he should have the

next. It was this:—THE PAPAL SUPREMACY; I. Can the primacy of Peter, in authority and power be established? II. If established, can it be shown that it was to be transmitted? III. If designed to be transmitted, can it be proved to appertain to the Bishop of Rome? The appeal to be, first, to Scripture; second, to ancient authors.—He spent five weeks, with me. I never dictated to him even the shadow of an opinion. He traced the truth up to its first fountains. He looked for Popery in Holy Scripture, and ancient authors; and it was not there. He perfectly satisfied himself that the claims of Rome were arrogant and unfounded. He settled perfectly in the conviction, that the Church of his choice, was a true and living branch of the Catholic Church of Christ. And he went forward, from that moment, increasing in wisdom, and in stature, through the grace of her communion; and growing in knowledge and in virtue, by the wholesome nutriment of her divine instructions. Never did he cease to rejoice, that HE had taken him from the mire and clay, and set his feet upon a rock, and ordered his goings. Never did he speak of that eventful moment of his life, but with devoutest gratitude to HIM, who had delivered him from the snare of the fowler.

I have put this narrative on record here, as part of the true history, of the lamented subject of this memoir; on the one hand, that it may correct their error who underrate the dangerous attraction of the Church of Rome; and on the other, that it may reprove their calumny who connect the teachings of the Catholic Church of Christ, with the corruptions of the Papal schism. Multitudes lie within reach of the danger by which Winslow was beset. The searching spirit of inquiry into old foundations, which is now abroad, if rudely checked, or wrongly guided, infinitely increases their danger. Meanwhile Rome lies her wily wait. Is there one for whom Antiquity presents its just attractions? Rome is ready with her claim of primitive antiquity. Is Unity relied on? Rome presents her claim of perfect unity. Are the associations of taste, and the sympathies of nature, and the refinements of art, seductive? Rome is skilful to combine them all, and make them most seducing. Now, false and groundless as the pretensions are to antiquity and unity, on her part, and ineffectual as is her utmost use of all “appliances and means to boot,” to hide the mass of error and corruption which fester at her heart, it is not the bare denial of her claims, far less vituperation and abuse, that will restrain the tide, when once it strongly sets towards Rome. Unless there be the unquestionable argument of Holy Scripture, as interpreted by the consent of ancient authors, her pretensions will prevail: and unless there be a system, palpable, that men can grasp it, venerable, that men may reverence it, affectionate, that men will feel it, and respond to it, and sympathize with it; the well compacted, well drilled, well directed, Romish system,—hollow, as it is, at heart, and hateful—will get the advantage. Man’s heart is warm, and cannot live with cold abstractions. Man’s heart is social, and will not dwell alone. Man’s nature is dependent, and must lean on something. Man’s nature is religious, and must look up to that on which it leans. The system which meets

these necessities of our condition will be the prevailing system. Rome would prevail, could it be shown, that Rome alone could meet them. It is incumbent on us, then, to show which is the truth—that men may have them all, without a pilgrimage to Rome: nay, that there they will not find them. Hence the Catholic system; “its daily services, its frequent communions, its weekly fasts, its holy anniversaries;” “an attempt to realize heaven upon earth, to make God all in all, to bind men together by the ties of Christian brotherhood, to promote those tempers of childlike submission, and humility, and unselfishness, which no believer in divine Revelation doubts to be the distinctive feature in the Evangelical character.” Hence the duty, incumbent on the Church, to develop her full system; that it may meet, to the full, the natural wants of men.

But I must check myself: for I have entered on a theme to fill a volume. Enough, if what I have, rather hinted at than said, shall move Churchmen to a better estimate of the high privileges which they enjoy, as “fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.”

“Fortunati, sua si bona norint.”

Enough, if I shall arrest but one, whose face is turned towards that “city of shadows,” and whose “feet” now “stumble upon the dark mountains;” and lead him by the example of the sainted Winslow, to the light, and peace, and steadfast trust, of that true city, “which hath foundations,” the type and pledge, on earth, of “that great city, the holy Jerusalem,” into which “there shall in no wise enter” “any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.”

I quote this history at length, as one of many instances of the wise and loving way of dealing with difficulties, (even with such as his own experience gave him no sympathy with) that grew out of the evenly balanced, and always combined greatness, of his head and heart.

The relations to Dr. Ogilby were of a very different sort. And yet the love was just as deep. They were *brothers* more, in sympathy and for counsel, on all points that interested either. In all the great work of the Diocese, he was most prominent. His coming into New Jersey was in the very year that Winslow died. And from then, until he went to Winslow, they were heart to heart in counsel, and confidence, and sympathy, and hand in hand in labours, especially for the work which matured in this time, of establishing St. Mary's Hall, and founding Burlington College. Dr. Ogilby in many points, most of all, in his union of intellect and affection, has always seemed to me, very like my Father. They were all in all to each other; and when he died, no death but Croswell's, outside of home, could have touched him so deeply. The picture of his bright, thoughtful face was always near him, with the label in his own writing, taken from the back of some of

my Father's letters to him, "My dearest Bishop." And the full mutual interchange of thought and heart marks all the many letters of his, which I find preserved. In one written on his last Christmas upon earth, he writes, "My dearest Bishop, I do not think I can better appropriate a portion of this, to me (for the second time,) lonely festival, that in communion with him who is, in spiritual relationship my next of kin for this life, my father, and besides my friend." The formation of the course of study for Burlington College, and then the efforts to endow it, kept them very closely together, and to no one did my Father ever turn for sympathy and advice, more readily, than to him. At his hands he received the Holy Communion, on what, we thought, was his death-bed, in 1849; and only in his last illness, as he recalled the severity of the former attack, and the care and comfort that were his then, and not now, he said "John Ogilby was with me then." I may best add to this, my Father's own estimate of him, from his memorial sermon, from the Missionary, and from his address to the Convention; in the year of his death.

His transfer to the diocese of New Jersey was characteristic of himself. He belonged, canonically, to the largest of the dioceses. He cast his lot in with almost the smallest; at that time not one half what it is now. He did so, on the ground of duty. He did so, that he might be useful. He did so, that he might serve God, and save the souls of men. His labours were the labours of true love. His record is in Heaven. Nor did the lustre of his beautiful example shut itself up, in its own immediate sphere of duty. The records of the Vestry of Trinity Church, and of the students and alumni of Burlington College, are radiant with his name. The fathers of our oldest sacred corporation are here, to bow their venerable heads, in silent submission to the holy will of God; and more than a score of the sons of our youngest College have come up, together with their teachers, to weep with us the tears of their first sorrow.

In the Convention of the Diocese of New Jersey, he was always active, energetic, and useful; and no man, of his years, has ever taken a higher stand, in the General Convention, for learning or for eloquence.

In the foundation of Burlington College, and in its administration as a Trustee, his services were invaluable. Not a provision, in instruction, or in discipline, that did not pass the scrutiny of his full and searching mind. Not an interest connected with it, that had not the entire devotion of his warm and noble heart. I bear my record here—and they are few that will dissent from it—that, in Dr. Ogilby, the diocese had, and has lost, a treasure, never to be estimated. An inmate, for twelve years, not of my house only, but of my heart; an elder brother to my children; the sharer of my closest thoughts; the partner of my counsels and my cares; next to me, always, in the hour of trial; and, in a sickness, that was only not a sickness unto

death, administering to me the holiest consolations of our religion, under the very shadow of the grave: what have I not lost, in him? Do I not need your pity? Shall I not have your prayers? He embarked, for Europe, on the 21st day of November, 1849. A week, before that, I spent the day with him; and administered to him, in the midst of his beloved, the holy sacrament of the Supper of the Lord. I never witnessed a more solemn and affecting scene. He fully knew his danger. He fully realized, that he never might return. Indeed, though he had hope of restoration; he was aware that a few weeks or months might terminate his life. He spoke to me as calmly as he ever did. He avowed his simple and entire dependence, for acceptance and salvation, on the Cross of Jesus Christ. He submitted himself, in perfect resignation, to the holy will of God. Whether he lived, or died, he was the Lord's. His letters all have breathed the same devout and tranquil spirit. In his last weeks, he was even more than usually engaged in prayer and meditation. And, when the summons came, to call him home, he met it, as a child, that falls, in weariness, upon his mother's breast: and, with the simple sentence, "I am tired," upon his lips, he entered into rest.

All life's dearest relationships were realized to my Father's heart, in the four names, that I could not but commemorate with him. * "The thread of their lives had become invoven into the very texture of his life." And as, one by one they left him,—father, son, brother, closest friend, the place of the departed, seemed to his heart, more peopled, almost than this earth.

Before I leave this record of my Father's Episcopate a mere table of contents, and imperfect even so, of the great book of the Diocese, in which living letters and lasting signs record the story, I must refer to one feature of his life, which prominently increased his influence and his greatness. Its secret lies in the name which so nobly describes him, "the Great-hearted Shepherd." And this great-heartedness was not only in his pastoral life and work, but reached into every phase and feature of his character. Parochial limits did not bound his Church work, whose energy was given, when he was a presbyter, to the whole Diocese: nor did Diocesan interests shut out, from his great heart, the interests of the Church throughout the country and the world. And so, while his whole life in soul and mind and body, was consecrated to the Church, he entered, with all the earnestness of his soul, into any question, that stirred the nation, into all matters that touched the interests and honour of his native State, into every effort which could improve, or benefit, or dignify the old city which his residence adorns. In all religious matters, his motto was "I am a debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians,"

* The Rev. Dr. Mahan.

and the great human leading of his life, in ordinary things, was the legend of the heathen poet ;

“Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto.”

In the American Colonization Society, he took always the deepest interest, regarding it as one of the wisest and most real works of mercy, that the age has produced. To all concerns of state, he was wide awake, and though never mixing in mere politics, he was a most discerning and thoughtful statesman. When the historical society of New Jersey was formed, he was among the earliest members, for many years attending their meetings, and finding time in 1846 to write an address, to be delivered before them, by their invitation, in which he stands on the broad ground, “a Jerseyman in New Jersey.” With glowing and most cordial eloquence, he undertook the oration in 1845, before the venerable Society of Cincinnati. And in Burlington, he was always ready to lend a helping hand and cheering voice. In a severe winter, it would be a soup-society. Now, it was the Apprentices’ Library, in whose foundation he assisted greatly. Now, the erection of the Hall for “the Burlington Lyceum” of which he was President : at the opening of which he delivered the address on “the Word of God to be studied with His works” ; with this introduction :

Neighbours and Friends, I feel that I can say to-night, with the Apostle Paul, “I am a citizen of no mean city.” The erection of this building, for the purposes to which it is appropriated, does honour to this community, and I feel most sensibly the high distinction, of giving utterance first, to the purposes of your enlarged and wise benevolence. Long may the fountain you have opened here, pour forth perennial streams ! May you, and yours, and they that shall come after you, drink, and be refreshed ! May the pure wave of science, forever sparkling as it springs, tempt to these quiet seats, youth’s eager eye, the restless foot of manhood, and the serene repose of meditative age ! Never may vice corrupt, never may passion disturb, never may prejudice embitter one drop of its clear waters ! And may the noble thirst for knowledge, not quenched, but kindled more, by drinking here, urge to new efforts in the high pursuit ; and never cease its longings, till the river shall be reached which flows forever from the throne of God.

Again in 1851, he delivered the introductory lecture before the Mechanics’ Library and Reading Room Association ; on “the diffusion of useful knowledge,” whose opening attests the earnestness of his citizenship.

MR. MAYOR, MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION, NEIGHBOURS AND FRIENDS ;

It brings the old time, back, to stand, before you, here. It seems but yesterday, that I addressed you at the opening of this House. By almanac, I am, now, older, thirteen years. But, not “a jot” in

“heart or hope.” And I am, here, to-night, to offer, to your service, as strong an arm, as true a heart, as clear a head,—albeit, the snows have drifted on it—as when I came to you, now, almost twenty years ago : and had not ventured living, life, and more, to serve the Church, the country, and yourselves, in God’s own work, of Christian education. The work, thank God, goes on. The man, thank God, is here. And, so it please Him, will be here ; to bend to it his hands, his head, his heart, till it shall gloriously redeem more than was ever hoped : and vindicate, for you, your children, and your children’s children, till the last of them is born, in those twin seats of learning and true religion, which make your own majestic Delaware, a classic and a sacred stream, the truth and fitness of the first words, that were ever uttered, in this House, “I am a citizen of no mean city.” Neighbours and friends, I am right happy to be here. And I am most happy to be here, at the instance of the Mechanics’ Library and Reading Room Association of the City of Burlington. This voice of mine, such as it is, has been uplifted in a multitude of places, in both hemispheres. Within the borders of my own New Jersey, and beyond the immediate circle of my sacred calling, and my academic office, I have been honoured as their Orator, by your own Common Council, by the Historical Society of our State, and by the venerable Order of the Cincinnati. But I never answered, as your President will tell you, with a fuller or a prompter voice, than when he asked me, if I would deliver the Opening Lecture, before the Mechanics’—which, as more truly English, I shall call, to-night, the Working Men’s Library and Reading Room Association, of this city. I am a working man, myself. Find me a man, among you that works more hours in every day, than I do, and sleeps fewer, and I will bind myself seven years to him, as his apprentice. And, if any that could purport to be my son, were, not to be a working man, I should deny his claim. The working men of Burlington. The working men of New Jersey. The working men of the world. Why, theirs is the earliest, the only real order of nobility. Who can go higher up, than Adam, for his pedigree ? And, what do we know of Adam before the Fall, but that he was a working man ; and had a wife ? “And the Lord God took the man ; and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it.” “And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone : I will make him a help, meet for him.” I am most happy to be here ; a working man ; to speak to working men and their wives.

When President Harrison died, he delivered before the citizens of Burlington, an address at the invitation of the Common Council ; whose manly sympathy and wise and welcome advice, attest his patriotism and his manhood, in equal measure. When Taylor’s death roused and saddened the country with sudden sorrow, he preached a sermon on its lessons, at the request of the students, and addressed to the people of his charge, the following Pastoral letter.

PASTORAL LETTER TO THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW JERSEY.

DEAR AND REVEREND BRETHREN:—Regarding the death of President Taylor, as a great national calamity, and our whole nation as one afflicted family, I do not hesitate to request, that on Sunday next, the seventh after Trinity, you will use the Prayer which follows, before the two final Prayers of Morning and Evening Service. We shall do well to humble ourselves, under the chastening hand of Almighty God; and to beseech Him, for His dear Son's sake, to pardon our manifold transgressions, and turn away His anger from us, lest we perish. If prosperity have hardened the national heart; if we have been tempted to forget God our Saviour; in whatever way we have offended Him, who holds the nations in His hands, this signal Providence should be improved by us, in that humility of spirit, and with that consecration of heart and life, which becomes us, as ransomed sinners, and with which, alone, we can come acceptably before Him, through the propitiation of the Cross. Upon our hearts, thus softened and subdued, He will send down the blessings and the comforts of His grace, and restore to us, His pardoning and preserving love. Commending the bereaved household, of our late venerable Chief Magistrate, the honoured successor to him, in the highest trust which men bestow, his associates, in the several departments of the government, and the whole appalled and mourning nation, to your faithful prayers, and to the mercy and favour of God, I am, affectionately and faithfully, your brother and servant in Christ,

GEORGE W. DOANE,

Bishop of New Jersey.

Riverside, *July 19, 1850.*

In 1847 when the fearful famine desolated Ireland, he was the first to move the plan by which his native State should assert its sympathy. The following letter was the first thing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEWARK DAILY ADVERTISER:—The reports of suffering in Ireland continue, and increase in painfulness. Shall we not, *as Jerseymen*, do something for its relief? Surely, we owe it, in sympathy to our brethren, and in gratitude to God. I propose *a Jersey Ship*; to be chartered and freighted, with the least possible delay. I would suggest, that a Committee be raised for the purpose, among your enterprising merchants, and active business men; to correspond promptly with other parts of the State, and to accomplish the charitable work. I shall be glad to contribute for the purpose, One Hundred Dollars. Use this as seems best for the object; and believe me faithfully yours,

GEORGE W. DOANE.

Riverside, 12 Feb. 1847.

And the first resolution of the Newark meeting was to adopt the proposition, as his.

Resolved, That we approve of the proposition of the Right Rev. Bishop Doane to charter *a Jersey Ship*, and to freight her with the least possible delay.

In the Burlington Committee which was formed, he was most energetic and active. Their circular plainly bears his mark.

It cannot be necessary to enforce this application, for a starving people. It speaks for itself. It speaks to every heart. It will open every hand. Let Jerseymen attest their grateful estimate of their "own goodly heritage," by giving of their bread to the hungry; by pouring out, from their abundance upon a nation perishing with famine.

It will be seen, that whatever is given here, will be received, at the scene of suffering, free of all charges of whatever kind. In the commerce of Christian Charity, there is neither cost nor charge, tax nor toll, Custom House nor Collector. Where love is, all is free. Beautiful influence of love, to re-assert the oneness of our race, in Adam; and to anticipate the fulness of its re-union in Jesus Christ! "Whoso dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

And now, God speed *the Jersey Ship!*

He gave the columns of the Missionary freely, to kindle and keep up the interest. He addressed the Congregations of the Diocese, to secure the parochial co-operation. And the alms in his own congregation were \$619.

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

The undersigned had supposed that the pressure of this fearful Providence, on every Christian heart, would start a simultaneous and spontaneous action for its relief, which would outrun the promptest Pastoral. And he has no reason to doubt that it has been so. But, inasmuch as brethren of the Clergy and of the Laity, whose judgment he relies on, as of the best, have expressed the opinion, that a more efficient action would be brought about by an official communication of the subject to the Diocese, he now affectionately requests, that on the Sunday before Easter, the 28th day of March, the offerings of the Church, in any congregation where their sacred claim to sympathy and succour has not been fully urged, may be appropriated to the relief of the starving people of Ireland. Can there be a fitter object, or a more affecting motive, for our Lenten self-denial? "Is not this the fast," says God, "that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out, to thy home? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?" And that glowing promise! "Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee: the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward." That, through the grace of God, the self-denial, which bears fruits of charity, may so abound in us, that for His dear Son's sake, the promised blessing may be ours, the undersigned will ever pray.

GEORGE W. DOANE, *Bishop of New Jersey.*

RIVERSIDE, 27th February, 1847.

It was so too, in little things. The Burlington Military Company drew forth his courtesy two years ago, which appropriated seats to them, in St. Mary's Church, and addressed them in words of stirring sense, on Sunday the 4th of July A. D. 1858. At the time when Burlington was one great hospital, for the sufferers by the railroad accident, in August, A. D. 1855, all of him and all of his were poured out, in the ministries of priestly consolation, in the gift of all that could add personal comfort, in the utterance of the solemn lesson of the scenes: "In the midst of life we are in death." And he in no way was behind any of all those, who with such disregard of self, gave themselves over, as every one did, to the one gracious work of comforting sorrow and soothing pain.

When the country fluttered in the thrill of joy, over the Atlantic cable, as passing and as pervading as the electric shock that caused it, he was ready at an instant, without any preparation, not expecting to do it, and after an all night's journey from Baltimore, with an address, equal to the reality, of which those rejoicings were the too sanguine hope. Passing by his 4th of July orations, and his celebrations of Washington's birthday, which were more in the line of his official duty, almost the last public act of his life at home, was the magnificent address delivered, at the request of the Mt. Vernon Association and many prominent citizens, with the fire and fervour of freshest youth, that seemed kindling to higher shoots of light; rather than flashing, in its best brilliancy, just as it should go out from earth. It was a great hand, that could lay itself upon the graves of Washington and Taylor and Harrison, and upon the yet unbroken wire in the unfathomed sea. It was a great voice, that lifted up its clearness, for the mechanics and apprentices of his own town; for the wise and great and honourable of his own State; for suffering humanity, the world over. It was a great heart, that nestled, in the warmth of its love, the starving millions of a distant land, the sorrowing citizens of his own country, the sufferings of strangers, and the wants of a beggar child. Its one secret was the largeness of his love; its embrace, the world; its example, the Cross; its objects, the Crucified, and all for whom He died.

CHAPTER V.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE—VISIT TO ENGLAND.

A review of my Father's English Correspondence would, in many ways, be most interesting. Letters from and to, Hugh James Rose, Pusey, Keble, Newman and Manning, Dr. Hook, Archdeacon Harrison, Bishop Terrot, and Bishop Forbes, the Rev. T. H. Horne, the Bishops of Oxford and New Zealand, the late lamented Archbishop Howley, Sir Robert Inglis, Hope, Gladstone, Acland, and from Mrs. Southey, Wordsworth, and many others, would command, at all times, our interest. And most of them are the unreserved expression of the hopes and fears and interests of the men to whom, under God, we owe the new and glorious life of the Church of England and of this country. But as they were the recreation, rather than any part of the labour, of his life, and as many of them are both personal and private, I must, in great degree, forbear. On the 6th of July, 1849, Dr. Hook writes :

MY DEAR AND MOST RESPECTED BISHOP :—I have just been reading, with tears in my eyes, the Report of the Proceedings of the late Convention at Burlington : that emphatic *NO ! its sound has reached old England, and we echo it back with renewed emphasis to Burlington. That emphatic no, proclaims to the world that the Churchmen of New Jersey are true-hearted men, and will stand by their laborious and self-denying Bishop. May I be permitted to say, that your brief History of your Episcopate, is as dignified as it is eloquent.

It has pleased our Heavenly Father to visit you with bodily and mental afflictions ; He has restored you to health,—is it not that your diocese and the Church may see how a Christian struggles with adversity, and how by our sufferings as well as by our actions, the ends of God are accomplished. How can we assist you ? Command my services in England.

Bishop Terrot, of Edinburgh, that same year writes :

MY DEAR BROTHER :—I have received so many proofs that you have not forgotten me, that I cannot refrain any longer, from letting you know that I have not forgotten you.

* The vote, at the special Convention, on Mr. Halsted's resolution.

I regret to see, from your Missionary Paper, that your exertions in the cause of religious education have exposed you to pecuniary loss, and, as it appears, to malignant calumnies. In my own experience, the bitterest part of the latter trial, is the finding proofs of a wish to injure, in those whom one has never injured—it is very painful to feel that one is hated—and yet it ought not, after all, we are told, to take the Christian by surprise. May God guide and support you through this and all your trials.

EDINBURGH, *July 21, 1849.*

The late Justice Coleridge writes :

PARK CRESCENT, *April 23, 1849.*

* * * * Your account of yourself I was almost shocked to read—let me urge upon you, as not the least imperative of your duties, to relax somewhat in your exertions—if it were for self-indulgence, not an hour—but if it be only to enable yourself to do more—then for many days, every day.—I hope too, you are blessed with a quiet mind—and can trust the Institutions which by God's blessing you have given birth to, to God's care and keeping, though you may not as yet distinctly see your way to their permanent endowment.

J. T. COLERIDGE.

The venerable Archdeacon of Maidstone, whose wife, with all the memories of Battersea Rise and Stisted, and Sir Robert Inglis, was my Father's most beloved friend, writes in 1852 :

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP :—I must send a few lines, though you will not need the assurance of sincere and deep concern for all the trouble you have been in lately. Yesterday afternoon brought the "Banner," which told the tidings of your special Convention having terminated so satisfactorily. It gives just the numbers—the proceedings we shall hear, I presume, hereafter. It is curious to see how you have been driven back upon the Council of Ephesus and the canon which we were thrown back upon, last year by the "Papal Aggression." I was quoting it, among others, against Pio Nono ;—and you have had to take it up as your weapon and defence against *your* triple-crowned invader—I was going to have said, three-headed Cerberus. Heartily, however, do I rejoice that your Convention has been so rightminded and loyal, and stood so steadfastly by their Bishop, who has stood so stoutly by them. Ever, my dear Lord Bishop, your faithful and affectionate,

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

The Bishop of Brechin writes :

MY LORD :—There is a proposal to introduce, the laity into our synods similarly to the practice of the American Church.

I am very anxious to know from one so capable of judging as yourself, how such an experiment has answered with you.

I incline to resist the movement, though many names I venerate are to be found among its supporters. I think it likely that at our next synod a proposition to this effect will be brought forward, mean-

while Mr. William Gladstone is writing a letter upon the subject to break the ground, and to draw the attention of people to the subject.

If you would favour me with your views upon this subject, stating the strength and defect of the system, I should esteem it a very great favour. We look with intense interest on this side of the water on your progress in the west, our feeble Church regarding her well-grown daughter with no ungratified eye. Your Lordship's own character and career is the object of my very profound respect.

From one, who in a short intercourse grew into a life-long place in his heart, such words of cheer came, in his hours of grief:

PRECINCTS, CANTERBURY, *April 8.*

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP:—The kind assurances of your continual interest in us, alike in weal or woe, were very welcome. We enter with true sympathy into your varied trials. Do not suppose any *vindication* of any thing you have done, can be needed here. I wish you could have been present this day week when we breakfasted at Sir Robert's. Mr. Peet, his two ladies, Sir Tho's Acland, Mr. Ernest Hawkins, and others present. Sir R. was asked whether he had read the pamphlets you sent. "Do you mean," he said, "such and such? Certainly not—nor do I intend it. I should think it a complete waste of time.—A defence against a charge on such a subject. I have not read one word, and shall not read one word, written with such an object. *Bishop Doane* accused on a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence.—The thing itself is absurd.—If it had been even an obscure person—but known as he is—his whole life before the world—I owe it to him to say, I will never read one word on the subject." This he repeated in a loud voice more than once, and I charged Mr. Peet to tell you what he said, which he with cordiality and warmth undertook to do.—Yet I repeat it, knowing how cruelly you have been assailed, and how much such a spirit as Sir R's is needed among some who ought to know better.

The following is from one, whom always he delighted to honour, whose faithful devotion to the Church he always asserted, and whose sermons were his close companions and constant delight. This is one of many letters, full of grateful appreciation of his fearlessness and of his counsel, in the entire confidence of friendship, at a time of sorrow and anxious trial.

MY DEAR LORD:—When I had the pleasure of seeing your Lordship, I had not received your kind present. I know not the words to thank you for it; in these days of evil report and suspicion, it is affecting to be well spoken of, much more by one in authority, even in a passing word; but for a Bishop to condescend to enter into such a detailed defence of the general soundness of our views, and so fearlessly to anticipate all good of us, even when (as in the case of Tract 90) the details of our case had not yet reached you, is such exceeding kindness, that one knows not how to speak of it.

May it please Almighty God to repay your Lordship this your

kindness, and to bless your person and your labours for His ever blessed Son's sake. I have the honour to remain, with much respect,
 your Lordship's faithful servant, E. B. PUSEY.

CHRIST CHURCH, *June 10, 1841.*

MY DEAR LORD :—A three months' severe illness must be my excuse for having trusted that true reports would travel to you as fast as the false: indeed I was so ill with fever, partially remittent, that I could do nothing which I was not absolutely obliged to do. We come too but slowly to understand, what you have so kindly taught us in practice, how when one member suffers, the other members suffer with it. I know not how to thank you for your generous confidence in us. That you will still believe well of us, when all speak ill of us. I could not but be much affected by your letter to the *Burlington Gazette*, your entire confidence in me beforehand, and the new relation into which you brought me with your children there, as their "father's friend." God reward all your kindness seven fold into your bosom.

As to facts I have little to add to those of the *British Critic*; there is only one little inaccuracy, (if it is such,) as to the furious intention to attack some one, at least I know not of it. The rest of that able article is singularly happy, even in things which the writer could not for himself know. My friends and myself felt from the first that as in every preceding case, so in this, it would be overruled for good. The sentence is of course, in itself an evil, for it is a seeming condemnation of the truth by the authorities of the University; I did all I was permitted to, about it, but since it has fallen, it has been turned to good; the very mode in which it took place, without a hearing, has enlisted people's sympathies with us. The hardness of the newspaper accusations of the sermon, has led the people rather to review the truth. When they found that these accusations were untrue, the very poor, I have been told in our various towns, have taken an interest in the subject of my sentence and were prepared thereby for the reception of the truth, before the sermon was printed, and since, opposition has been nearly lulled. Thus by God's mercy, what seemed a great blow, has already in two ways been overruled to much good, for it has brought to persons' knowledge how much soundness of belief there is in the Church, where one would have dreaded unsoundness, and all the Patristic doctrine on the Holy Eucharist has been, for the most part, virtually accepted; and then also, no doubt any such decided occasion as this tends to fix the minds of persons who before were wavering, wishing to believe aright, but indefinite in their belief. Such times as these bring out what before they implicitly believed but vaguely, makes them conscious of their belief and fixes it. And so in this instance of His mercy, we have grounds to hope that the other troubles with which we are encompassed, may be removed, when men's patience has been sufficiently proved. One of the heaviest is the atmosphere of suspicion in which we live: people anticipate all evil of us, and so are ready to believe the vaguest reports, if they be but evil, and then their belief of these prepares them the more to believe any other evil, and so it goes on, acting and reacting, until hard-

ly any thing is not believed, and one might occupy all one's time in contradicting evil reports. However if one really commits one's way unto God, He will bring out one's innocence, in His time, and sooner, it were not good for us.

I am not myself sorry that the British Critic has come to an end. There was much, very valuable, in it, and seeing how much deep piety and thought there was in its writers, I could not speak against it even if (which I had not) I had had any office so to do. But it took a line in part distinct from our Church, and so I am not sorry it is ended. But I would I could see in others more signs of carrying out the system of our Church. There seems to me I own a want of depth and fervour in many who wish to advocate right principles; it seems too much of a paper system, a waxen image fairly proportioned, but without joints or marrow or life. One seems to know beforehand all a person is going to say, a set of formulæ true but unimportant and unwinning. They seem so afraid of any thing extreme, and yet, so little to know what is extreme, that they pass off from the track now and then, until one scarcely knows what remains. There seems little of the "speaking boldly as a minister of Christ ought to speak. That speaking which is the speaking of the Father within us."

However there is a bright side still, and though things are far from what we wish, there is among our young men, a deeper, more devotional spirit. Yet nothing equal to our gigantic evils. You will hear of the £100,000 which was raised in a few months for our schools. Yet "what is this among so many?" It is also, after all, but an extension (if one may so call it) of the miserable system, in which so much pay is given for so much work. It is not in this way that our great necessities will ever be met.

What we want is persons in each rank and age and sex, who will be content to give up all for Christ's sake, and look for their reward from Him alone, to whom they minister in His poor. This longing after something monastic, involving a higher, self-denying life, with fuller devotions, employing our brief time but for devotion and charity, seems to me the most hopeful sign of our day. One needs something to counteract this all-devouring selfishness, an unselfishness co-ordinate, which may grapple with it, and expel it. I looked to your part of the Church for some first instance of it, for our Bishops would not set themselves at the head of it, or take it under their guidance. You are freer. I hoped something of this kind might spring out of your female institution; that some would remain behind, to be brides of Christ and to teach others and the poor, for love of Him. News of that institution of the clergy, under Bishop Kemper, cheered us much, and I doubt not, many prayers have been offered for it. Have you seen the tract "on Holy Virginity" printed here from Bishop Ambrose? I am sure we must come to that question, and that it lies at the root of the highest selfdenial and devotion.

Things here are much at a stand; all seems suspended; there are no active movements going on against us, but all seems doubt and suspicion and misgiving; these are sifting times; some few whom we loved or trusted have been going off.

Newman's resignation has struck a panic into people, although I trust for good in the end ; things seem so bad and so full of suspicion, that one appears at last almost at liberty to do what one will, without regard to any thing but whether it be right. One cannot calculate consequences. There is such a spirit of lying abroad in the mouths of people, and such a credulity of evil, that it seems as if one would not make matters worse, except by doing what is wrong.

We have been deeply interested in the storm you have had to go through, about the ordination of Mr. Carey. It seemed strange that the daughter had to decide in this much agitated and important question before the mother. I was struck too by the truth which some of your journals spoke though on the wrong side, as though things were preparing for a final conflict in which the dissenters, or quasi-dissenters, Protestants of all sorts, would be on the one side, the High Church and the old Churches on the other ; our final strife between self-will and submission, dependence and independence, which will I suppose, in manifold forms, be the last strife between Christ and anti-Christ. It is cheering to one that your Church has been called upon to take a decided step ; only in all that one thinks of your part of the Church, one must add, " would that you could restore the Athanasian Creed." There can be, I feel sure, no real soundness any longer without it. People fall into heresy without knowing it. It also sets the mystery of the Trinity and of the Incarnation, as objects of contemplation before us and teaches how we may safely contemplate it.

This letter has been again and again delayed. You will not have thought these delays ungrateful. Slow recovery left me almost as little time as illness. Then came the arrears of nearly five months, which had been swallowed up as far as any active exertion goes, and the setting new plans in motion. But we cannot but cherish in heart the love which has been shown us.

Have your Bishops any communication with our Colonial Bishops ? They are nearer to you than to us, and it seems to belong to the oneness of the Church, that they should be in some sort of intercourse with you. The Bishop of New Zealand is, amid unceasing fatigue, and with unwavering energy, carrying out the system of our Church, in a way in which perhaps it has not been developed yet,—sleeping sometimes in his expeditions on a heather bed, and living on a crust of bread perhaps fourteen days old, or fish which may happen to be caught.

Let me commend myself now to your Lordship's blessing, and remain, your humble and obedient Servant, E. B. PUSEY.

From Sir Robert Inglis, whose cordial affection my Father cherished in most loving recollection, there are piles of letters, full of confidence and love.

MILTON BRYAN, WOBURN, *April 13, 1849.*

MY DEAR FRIEND AND LORD :—Your kind and welcome letter of the 19th of March found me suffering under an unfulfilled good intention of writing to you, which has pressed upon me ever since I heard of your double illness. I cannot explain the cause of my long de-

lay ; inasmuch as I can assure you with the most absolute sincerity that I never think of you without the same affection which I have felt ever since I had the privilege of first knowing you ; but the truth is, that I shrink from beginning a letter which is to go so far, apprehending that I can never fill it in a manner worthy of being read 3000 miles off. The difficulty of “beginning” is now over ; and I will go on at once, without prefixing another line to assure you that your silent friends on this side the water, I mean my wife, my sister, and myself, have read with deep interest the accounts both printed and manuscript which we have received during the last four months, in reference to your sickness. Even if the Missionary, &c., for which we are indebted to you, and for which I tender our kindest thanks, had not contained sufficient to make us anxious about you, ——’s letters have brought us nearer to your bed-side ; and have prepared us to be now thankful for your recovery. But, most of all, your own letter to Doane, the sweetest of English children, who deserves, if any child can, your beautiful stanzas to him, delighted us, both as an evidence of your renewed health, and—pardon a layman for saying it—of your own Catholic and Apostolic spirit.

In what you say of *yourself*,—of your proposed withdrawal into an inner circle, and of your abandonment of things without—while yet in the things which remain you have so much of thankful acknowledgment to God’s providence and grace, we unite in thinking with pleasure and satisfaction. May it please Him long to spare you to your honoured work in His cause ; but, if the frail body shall require further rest—at least a longer cessation from actual and active labour on the spot,—we have rejoiced, and do rejoice, in an intimation, that it is not impossible, but that we may be indulged with some hope of your re-appearance in England. You will be cordially welcomed, not less so than on your first visit, and even more so if you come not alone.

MILTON BRYAN, *April 3, 1847.*

MY DEAR LORD AND FRIEND :—I take advantage of a recess from the noise and smoke of Rome, to indulge myself in the renewal of an intercourse with you,—far too long interrupted on my part ; yet never, I trust, suspended for a moment, so far as kindly thoughts and feelings in my mind and heart have been always, and are, connected with you. I have, I fear, exhausted your patience as to writing letters to me, but I have not yet exhausted your kindness as to sending your works to me, since I have within these last few days to thank you for three separate publications all connected with your name. Independently of their intrinsic interest to strangers, they are to us *Milliaria* of your way ; and (being as many others of your works, sent forth periodically, or at least on stated occasions) they place you before us in your different duties as they recur, and enable us to trace your course. How I wish that we might again be permitted to see you bodily : *that* enjoyment will not be mine on your side of the Atlantic : Mahomet must come to the mountain, for the mountain cannot get to him.

Ever your affectionate and obliged friend, ROBERT H. INGLIS.

The dedication of his “*Impressions of England*,” and his

mention of Sir Robert's death, to his Convention, will best express his feelings towards him :

To Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Bart. M. P. D. C. L., the Christian Scholar, the Christian Gentleman, the Christian Statesman, beside whose hospitable hearth my feet first found an English home ; whose cordial hand grasped my first welcome to my father-land ; whose radiant smile cheered me through England, and still lingers on my western way ; this thankful recognition of God's abundant blessings on that glorious Church, in the long line of whose illustrious laity, he stands, among the foremost, first : is now inscribed, as justly as sincerely, by his affectionate and faithful friend, the Bishop of New Jersey.

I had written thus far, when tidings were brought me of the death of Sir Robert Harry Inglis. A name, for seventy years, synonymous with goodness. A death, which will touch the pulses of more hearts, in all the world, than any Englishman, whom Wellington had left. He died, on the 5th of May, at his residence, in Bedford Square ; the most beautiful, in its hospitality, among the Christian homes of England. His was the first English hand, that grasped mine, in 1841 ; and I have never ceased to feel its manly warmth, through every friend of mine, that has come within his reach. He had retired from public life, two years ago ; having, for twenty-six years, represented the University of Oxford, in Parliament : a connection, in which the two parties were alike honoured. He was a man of the most beautiful spirit, of kindness, and gentleness, and benevolence. No matter what the number or the weight of his occupations, he had time for all the charities, and all the courtesies, of life. And American Churchmen were sure of his most assiduous attentions. He was in public life, for nearly half a century ; and never was an action or a motive of his called in question, by any, for its honesty or purity. He was a Christian scholar, a Christian gentleman, a Christian statesman—what nobler character ?—a Christian man. All England mourns his loss. And we were all Englishmen, to him.

Mr. Keble's letters, too, are very many ; the letters of one full of faith and of suffering, and turning for sympathy to a kindred soul.

MY DEAR LORD :—Your most kind and friendly gifts would have been thankfully acknowledged long before now, had I not been kept waiting on, from day to day, and week to week, in the expectation of being able to send you some account of my Church matters that might interest you. And this I hope I can now do : but first I must say to you how much I value my own particular present, the Remains of Mr. Winslow, which I feel to be the same kind of token of cordial remembrance, as if you were introducing me to your very dearest friend, and allowing me to be his constant companion. Besides the admiration and love which every one must feel for the memory of such a person, it is a particular satisfaction to find one's own views on Tradition and such subjects confirmed by him, and I should think it

must prove of great service to many persons here, to see that what they call so cold and superstitious, should have approved itself to such a mind as his, as truly evangelical. What a providential comfort must you have found that sermon on the Recognition of friends among the Departed ; and indeed in the selection and arrangement of the whole book, bearing out as it does so effectually your report of its author. I will say no more of it at present, but believe me I think, and shall think a great deal.

You must let me thank you also most heartily on my wife's part and Lady Heathcote's, for the two copies of the *Christian Year*. I took my neighbour's to the Park as soon as it arrived and was commissioned, to convey to you her most sincere acknowledgments. She is now in London with Sir William who is attending Parliament, but the other Lady is sitting by me, not a little pleased to see me at last setting about a letter to your Lordship, for I must do her the justice and myself the disgrace, of owning that she has been for a great many weeks, uneasy at my not having acknowledged your kindness. She deeply feels it, and we both remember with great delight, your friendly visit, short as it was, and what is of more consequence, hundreds of us I should think must delight in recollecting the presence of your Lordship among us, at that particular time, as an intended token to countenance and encourage us, under the very peculiar annoyance, which was just then more than ever coming on.

I should be very glad to have the point of doctrine (the Real Presence) formally settled, if it might be without undutifulness or any unseemly exposure. I think it would tend much to steady persons, whom the sayings and doings of so many of our superiors, have of late shaken more or less in their Churchmanship ; and it would put us on the right ground in respect of what is misunderstood by many, and I fear must be more or less scandalous : I mean our continuing to hold our places, after censure from so many Bishops. I have suggested to the Bishop the desirableness of bringing some of these disputed questions to decision in the Archbishop's Court, and offered to furnish any statement of my own views that might be requisite to enable him to proceed in that way ; telling him that I should regard it as a kind of amicable suit, for a decision of a point of law.

One of the steps which I most sincerely regret is the mission of Dr. Alexander to Jerusalem, and still more the ground on which it seems to be semi-officially defended. They make us out one with the Lutherans, because of each side owning our Lord's Headship in the Church. This seems to me to dispense (in principle) with a visible Church altogether. Then there are some alarming symptoms of sympathizing, without much inquiry, with Nestorians and Monophysites in the East. On the whole I feel as if something bad were coming over us : I am sure we deserve it, and I only hope we may do nothing more to hasten or to aggravate it. One matter which has given more trouble than you could have thought has passed over, I trust without much mischief—the choice of a Poetry Professor at Oxford—my friend Williams has been fairly clamoured out of it, being beyond comparison the fittest person, but with such a number

in his minority (600 and more) as to make people hesitate how they begin formally, to persecute or exclude: And then the temper in which he has taken it, must I think have done good. The actual perversions to Rome have been few and comparatively uninfluential, and if the Governors of our own Church would take up her true ground, or only authorize us to do so, I should have small fear in that quarter.

But I am running into too great length: it is your own fault for making me so sure of your sympathy; however I must now release you for the present, begging you to believe me, my dear Lord, with all grateful and respectful thoughts, your true and affectionate friend and servant.

J. KEBLE.

Mr. Hope was his constant correspondent, mostly writing, as all the others do, of Church doings, with their own hopes and fears and prayers. He writes in 1849:

LONDON, *July 29, 1849.*

MY DEAR LORD:—I trust that you will not think me unsympathizing and unfriendly, because I have not sooner written to tell you how deeply, how sincerely I feel for you and with you, under the visitation which it has pleased God to try you with. I did not hear of it till a comparatively recent period. The manner in which your Clergy supported you was a great gratification to me, and it must have been to you the deepest pleasure, although no more than you had a right to call upon them for. Your own heart I know is most deeply fixed upon those noble Institutions for which you have perilled yourself while saving them. I trust your health is now completely restored, and that care has not produced its effects upon you.

Bishop Selwyn writes from Eton just before his departure for his distant see:

ETON COLLEGE, WINDSOR, *July 22, 1841.*

Your very kind letter of July 14th takes its place among the congratulations of many old and valued friends, by the power of that sympathy which can give to friendships of a day, the character of long continuance; by associating them, less with the passing events of this world, than with the eternal interests of the Christian Church. In ordinary cases, to become friends at first sight, would be a step involving much risk of disappointment, but if we could with singleness of heart, seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, we might feel sure, that every day would assimilate us more and more one to another, by bringing us nearer to the same common standard. It is in this respect that a friendship formed more hastily than is the custom of the world, bears upon it the promise of perpetuity, when Christ alone is acknowledged as the one standard to which we both must strive to be conformed, and the advancement of his kingdom as the one object to which we have solemnly yet humbly resolved to devote all our powers, and our whole life. So far as we can adhere, by God's blessing, to this rule of life, we have the security within ourselves that the sources of a true and lasting friendship will never fail.

To one who is about to go to the part of the globe, which is most

distant of all from his own country, it must be a ground of thankfulness and comfort, to think that by whichever course his thoughts wander to his native land, they rest upon successive halting places of Episcopacy, in each of which he knows that he may find at all times a brother and a friend. When we shall have encircled the globe, with our circle of episcopacy, though we may have but little intercourse either in person or by letter, with our brethren in Christ, we may still strengthen ourselves with that inward feeling of communion, by which we are united in one body under our Divine Head. We may rest in faith that the silver cord will not be broken, which God in his infinite mercy has given to encompass the world with its belt of light.

Your parcel reached us safely; and when I tell you that your sermon on the Consecration of the First Missionary Bishop, struck upon the hearts of myself and my wife, as a confirmation of all that we had felt, and as suggesting many high and holy thoughts, which had escaped us, you will I am sure accept this as the best practical tribute of thanks, which we can offer.

Mr. Foster's was among his dearest English names. He writes, also in 1849:

STISTED RECTORY, BRAINTREE, *Jan. 18, 1849.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:—The letter to —— in your own handwriting, with the No. of the "Missionary," by which it was accompanied, has relieved our hearts from the alarm and anxiety caused by the public announcement of your dangerous illness. "From the heart," (in Bp. Jebb's words,) do we sympathize and rejoice with your rejoicing friends, and with the Church herself, in the mercy vouchsafed to me and all, in your preservation to us. You, indeed, dwell little upon the danger which threatened a life so justly dear to the whole Anglican Church, in England as well as in America. But "the Missionary" reveals the extent of our cause for thankfulness; and I cannot doubt has called forth heartfelt thanksgivings to the Great Head of the Church from many, *οἱ οὐχ ἑωρακασί τὸ πρόσωπόν σου ἐν σαρκί.* What then, must not be the feelings of those who have?—

One word only of affectionate caution. Be not unmindful of the prudence required, and enjoined by your late severe illness. Full time must be allowed for the restoration of the constitution, before *it can be* again equal to your wonted, and wide, field of labour. In duty to the Church, you must "spare to spend." And all who love our Zion, will feel with those who most love you, that this is your first duty.

Justice Coleridge writes to him:

MY DEAR BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY:—I have been in the country, or I should have thanked you before very warmly and sincerely for the interesting present you have been kind enough to make me. The delay of this day has however given me an opportunity of reading a very large proportion of the publications—and it is no flattery, I assure you, to tell you that I have been delighted, and I hope may be improved, by what I have read. It would be presumptuous in me to

say any thing of what I think of the soundness of your views in matters of doctrine—but even a layman may have an opinion of the Scriptural and truly Catholic spirit which animates your sermons, and gives efficacy to their eloquent passages. I may just venture to express my personal rejoicing that you do not reject Pusey, Newman, and Keble—for all of whom I have a great respect, and with the last of whom I have kept up a brotherly intimacy since our undergraduateship passed in the same college—and a more saintly man I know not.

I beg to remain, with great respect, your faithful and much obliged,
J. T. COLERIDGE.

From many letters of Mrs. Southey, I may quote but one.

BUCKLAND, *March 2, 1849.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND :—Your letter permitted me so to address you, and though to one of your high and sacred station, such an address from *me* may savour of presumption; at the present moment especially I *cannot resort* to one less cordial, less free and fresh from the heart; for I have been made to feel more sensibly than ever, by a passage in one of the Missionaries you have lately sent me, how much I honour, and venerate, and may I say it—love you. You will guess to which paragraph I allude—it brought quick tears to my eyes, and I hurried through it to the reassuring close—not till drawing breath—such a long and deep breath as with the silent thanksgiving which went up with it, seemed to lighten the heart, of a mountain. After reading all that related to your illness in the Missionaries, I turned hastily to inspect your handwriting on the cover which had enclosed them—joyfully satisfying myself that the hand which had penned that direction (how kind of you to think of me so soon!) must have been perfectly firm and steady. In truth, my dear Sir, there are those on this side the Atlantic who *cannot spare* you—who having no claims of blood, or close connection, or long and intimate personal acquaintance, yet feel that the blank which your removal would occasion, would not be filled up in their hearts in this life. I little thought how near you had been *before me*, to the entrance of that dark valley which seemed opening to receive me during a great part of the months of December and January last.

Farewell, and God bless you, dear and revered friend. Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,
CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

These are but very few letters, among the hundreds that lie about me, full of outpouring affection, and reverence, and sympathy. It was itself a large correspondence, and he kept it up with great regularity. As far back as 1827, he was in correspondence with the Rev. T. H. Horne, his long and kind friend, and with Hugh James Rose, to whom he was warmly attached. His picture, and Sir Robert Inglis's (the gift of Wm. Wordsworth) were always in his library. Most of the later correspondents, he became acquainted with, during his visit to England. Of this visit, I am thankful from his record of

it, in his private journal, and from his various published writings that he should speak himself.

In the spring of 1841, my Father received from the Rev. Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, an invitation to preach the sermon, at the consecration of his new Parish Church. They had been correspondents, many years. The act, allowing the clergy of the American Church to officiate in England, had recently been passed. And many things combined, to make it a noble opportunity, for an act of Catholic Communion between the two branches, of the Church. As such, my Father judged it at once his duty and his pleasure, to accept the invitation, and he went. Of his journey, the passing entries in his journal speak very fully. And I quote them at length. There is a faded flower on the first page, with its story written underneath ;—it has learned a deeper one, now—“Heart’s Ease from Home, October 8, 1840, at Pine Bank.” And then he goes on :

Tuesday in Whitsun-Week, June 1, 1841.—At twenty minutes before 3 P. M., the signal was given, by the firing of two guns, that the Royal Mail Steamer Caledonia, from Boston, via Halifax, for Liverpool, had left her moorings, at the first-named place. I had left my dear ones two hours and a-half before, and had just parted with the friends and brethren, who accompanied me to the ship. It was a fine day, and all promised well. We had 80 passengers on board, and my dear and true brother Haight was by my side ; the sons of my best friends, N. B. and S. W., being of the party. The fatigues of the day invited me to an early rest, and I lay down, after commending my darlings to the keeping of the Holy One, in peace, and conscious safety, joyful in the assurance, that truest hearts had asked for heavenly blessings on the good ship and her freightage. May they descend in precious dews upon themselves.

Wednesday, June 2, 1841.—Rose very early after a good night’s rest. It is worth while to break up the routine of one’s own quiet home, and to go to sea, were it but for the vivid sense, which comes to one, at lying down, and rising up, of God’s immediate care.

Thursday, June 3, 1841.—Land in sight at early day, the rugged and repulsive coast of Nova Scotia. Made Sambro light before breakfast ; and on shore at Halifax, by ten A. M. Terra firma has a natural feeling in it after all.—Called with Mr. Haight on Bishop Inglis, whom we found at home, and were most kindly welcomed by his Lordship, Mrs. Inglis, and their daughter. Heard here of Mr. Keble’s letter to Justice Coleridge. The Bishop rings clearly, as to the great question of the day, Catholic truth and order.—Halifax has taken me by a most agreeable surprise. About eight we got off. Went weary to bed, after reading, as agreed with my dear wife, the third Psalm in the Psalter.

Friday, June 4, 1841.—Rose with the recollection of the fifth verse of the last night’s Psalm fresh in my memory—“I laid me down and slept, and rose up again ; for the Lord sustained me !”

Trinity Sunday, June 6, 1841.—Rougher than ever and very cold.

Felt rather *queerly*. Nevertheless, braced up to the work, and read morning prayer, and preached "the pierced One," to as many as the saloon would hold. Very attentive and orderly, the responses well made, and the singing good. In the afternoon read the service. Bishop Meade preached. While on duty suffered no annoyance, though the ship pitched furiously. A new proof of the power of occupation and engagement of mind, to overcome physical difficulties.—At night quite sick; a most comfortable thought that the ship was shielded by the prayers of my Diocese, as of faithful hearts elsewhere. May every blessing be with them!

Monday, June 7, 1841.—For the first time, not at table at breakfast. Did not rise till nearly time for dinner. Worth but very little. The sea is a dead leveller! Heartily agree with Lieut. Bury, after thirty-nine years at sea, "It is a poor house, that is not better than a ship!"

Wednesday, June 9, 1841.—Spent three or four hours by myself on the starboard wheel-house, in meditation of many things. The light spray dashed over me ever and anon, and a beautiful rainbow was formed every time at my feet. It lent its colouring to some thoughts tending to solicitude. Sit omen! Some very interesting conversation to-day with Mr. —, of Albany, on the great subject of Catholic truth. A very intelligent man, brought up as a Calvinist, shooting over to Socinianism, now resting in the Church, the true refuge. May they come like doves to their windows! Talked over the same topics with our admirable fellow-passenger, Mr. —, of Liverpool, to whom we are indebted for unwearied kindness. A pious Churchman, without knowing why, but anxious to learn. Among other projects of the brain, meditated "Two thoughts for those who think," touching the suspicion cast on the Oxford writers, by the patronage (*pretended*) of Papists.

Saturday, June 12, 1841.—Perplexing dreams of a dear friend last night. Domine dirige illum! Service in the fore-cabin, by my dear brother Haight. Must not forget that Mr. — tells me that Mr. Bancroft has altered the portion of his history of the Pilgrims objected to, in my notes to "the Bush that burned with fire." This is truly candid and ingenuous, and bespeaks a man determined to countenance neither the assertio falsi, nor the suppressio veri. Mean to ascertain the facts, and write to him.

First Sunday after Trinity, June 13, 1841.—A glorious day. Land descried a little after seven o'clock, being the southern extremity of Ireland. The steward brought me word while I was dressing. Offered my thanks to God the preserver of men. It was not wrong I hope, to think the next moment how much more my heart would swell at the sight of that western land, where dwell my dear ones. May they dwell safely under His feathers! After breakfast came alongside of Cape Clear with its old candle-looking light-house. And this is the elder world. Britannos orbe divisos. A barren looking shore enough.—But such a day.

Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!

Three thousand miles of ocean did not keep my thoughts from

where my darlings are asleep. Walked and talked peacefully, and joyfully, with my friends Haight and Collet. The liturgy not being read this morning (a missionary of the London Society officiating by appointment of the captain), my brother Haight and myself read our own prayers together, in our little state-room. There were two met together in His name, and I trust the Lord was with us, according to His most gracious promise. We also read two or three pieces from that sweetest book, the Christian Year. How it grows into one's heart. It surely is the very best companion for the Bible, and the Prayer Book, as it is born of both. Afterwards, read one of Ogilvie's excellent Bampton Lectures. Then spent an hour or two on deck, as we coasted along the shores of Ireland. Noticed the cliffs near old Kinsale Head, where the Albion left its precious freightage to the tender mercies of the winds and waves. A spot of deeply tragic interest. Could not but feel more deeply than ever, the blessing of steam navigation; and more than ever thankful to Him who has been with us, while we passed through the waters. See Keble's exquisite lines on the prayers at sea. Saw a ship going down the Channel, which was thought to be a transport with female convicts for New South Wales. What a sight for Sunday! What a motive of joyful thanks to Him who hath made us to differ. "By the grace of God, I am, what I am."

Monday, June 14, 1841.—Came to an anchor in mid-channel.—After a long operation we got off, and in a few minutes were on the solid granite steps of one of the wharves, and in another, stood on English ground, for which, and all the noble spirits it has nurtured, thank God!—After a delightful bath, and a very tolerable dinner—Mem. Turbot is not what it is cracked up to be!—went out in pursuit of Tract No. 90, and the pamphlets in connection with it; but could only find it and Mr. Newman's letter to Dr. Jelf.

Tuesday, June 15, 1841.—Wrote to my darlings till eleven, when I went with my dear friend to St. Peter's (the parish) Church, to attend morning prayers, and offer our humble thanks to Almighty God for safety through the seas. How justly due! May God's continual goodness lead us to habitual penitence! The service very well read by the Rev. Mr. Chatham, one of the Curates. The Rev. Jonathan Brooks is Rector. The church is old and venerable. The font is where it should be, at the entrance. The Chancel window has the figure of St. Peter, with the keys in stained glass; and, by a strange anachronism, with a bound volume. The book-stands for the Chancel are spread eagles.

Wednesday, June 16, 1841.—At five in the morning entered the city of London, with sensations such as I never before experienced, and I cannot now express. It almost seemed that I must lose my breath. Even yet the whole matter of being in England seems dream-like and unreal. I cannot bring myself to the reality. London too; the fancy sketch of my earliest childhood! In which my visionary boyhood loved to live! The cynosure of my youth's most splendid fancies! The magnet of my manhood! Real London! Can it be? As I drove through street after street of old historic names, till Charing Cross flashed on my sight (*the* Charing Cross!) I still asked, can it be? But there sits ("sedet eternumque sedebit")

that bold bare-headed rider, and it must be so.—After dressing and breakfast we all repaired to the glorious old abbey of St. Peter's, Westminster, and for the first time I was a witness and partaker of that most glorious of all earthly things, the Cathedral service. My emotions on entering the choir, to which we went by "Poet's Corner," were overpowering. One of the vergers came and took me from my seat to one of the stalls. I had prepared myself for disappointment, but was thrilled through and through. The first sensation was an utter confusion of all my thoughts and feelings. Then I was subdued, then melted, then elevated, lapped in Elysium. I could think only of the answering choirs of angels. Would that I could hear it every day. Well might good George Herbert love it as he did. After the service one of the vergers, with more of sense and solemnity than I had looked for, showed us the sights. Henry Seventh's Chapel is indeed a wonder. The ceiling looks as if a spider might have woven it. As we mean to see the chapels and monuments more deliberately, I omit to go into details now. At the graves of Shakspeare, Chaucer, Spenser, Johnson, who would not love to linger. The mouldering tombs of kings were less impressive. Yet they too told their story. It was our first lesson of royalty. And with what sad solemnity. Yet in truth, the dead kings carry it against the living. Of *these* you see but one at once. Of *those* a score or fifty lay in sad sepulchral state about us. As we strayed through the cloisters, the chimes sounded twelve, and the happy boys of the Westminster school came trooping by with their gowns and caps. Happy boys.—Went half across Westminster Bridge and stopped to look from it upon the Thames. On the one side, the city lay beneath its everlasting smoke. The beautiful church of St. Martin's in the fields, with its tall spire, the first object that caught the eye, and then magnificent St. Paul's, its noble dome hung, as it might be, in mid-air—the glorious crown of England's crowning city. On the other rose Lambeth, historical Lambeth, just far enough apart to tell us, that it is not of the world, yet near enough, to show, that it is for the world. How my heart swelled and softened at the sight. Strolled home, again, by the Treasury, the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty, loitering long near Whitehall Chapel, the remnant of the palace, from a window of which, the Royal Martyr passed from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown. Scarcely a fouler stain sullies the page of history. Few spots to me so full of sweet and bitter recollections.

Thursday, June 17, 1841.—Went to the "Episcopal Chapel, West Street, St. Martin's Lane," where the Rev. Mr. Lane read evening prayers, and the Rev. Robert Montgomery of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Incumbent of St. Jude's Glasgow, preached a sermon ("And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me") in aid of the funds of the Westminster Penitent Female Asylum. This was a real case of a "popular preacher," and one that I would not willingly have missed. I recognized him at once, from the portrait prefixed (I believe) to his poem "The Omnipresence of the Deity," whence his sobriquet of "Omnipresence Montgomery," to distinguish him from James. His sermon was not without merit in conception and arrangement, but

blown up into bombast. The appeal for the Institution was touching indeed and without a fault. Of the poor things who were his subjects he said, "they not only live to sin, but oh God, that I should have to say it! they actually sin to live!" A little while after we returned, Bishop Meade came in and sat talking very pleasantly till eleven. Since then I have been writing till St. Martin's has tolled two (A. M.) in a tone so like St. John's Hudson Square New York, that I *must claim* that the bells are by the same man, of the same metal, from the same mould.

Friday, June 18, 1841.—Good Mr. Horne called to take me to breakfast with Sir Robert Inglis at 7 Bedford Square. Went at half past nine. On my name being announced at the entrance of the drawing-room, Sir Robert came forward to meet me, his face beaming with kindness, and both hands extended to take both mine, assuring me again and again how glad he was to see me.—Speaking of being worn out with official labours, he said in the most pleasant and cordial way, "we always hold you up as a specimen of hard work." By and by Lord ——— came in, and then the new Bishop of Sodor and Man, Dr. Short. Sir Robert telling me afterwards, "You see I introduce them all to you as *my* friend!"—When breakfast was announced, Sir Robert requested me to hand Miss Inglis down, where we found Lady Inglis, and I was seated between them; the Bishop on Lady Inglis's left. It was a plain and plentiful board as became a good old English gentleman. Sir Robert at once pointed to a flower of the tulip poplar (which was on the table with others) to announce it as a countryman of mine, to which I replied, that at his table neither men nor flowers could feel themselves exotics. The manner of my reception and the whole air of the house had put me entirely at my ease, and the conversation was free and perfectly delightful. After breakfast, Sir Robert came round by me, to know my plans. When I told him that I had relied on Dr. Hook for them, and that in his absence, I knew no one and had brought no letters, he said "You need none; everybody knows you; and I will give you plans." Immediately he entered most fully into all my views.

Saturday, June 19, 1841.—Set out at nine for Oxford. Passed through a most beautiful country, on the finest railroad I ever saw. Too rapid for enjoyment. Longed to take it on foot.—Rode the last ten miles on the outside of a coach. The day was most delightful and the pleasure of the ride intense. We all agreed that it alone repaid our voyage. Passed through Abingdon, and saw a very old church. Bagley Wood is a little out of the city, which breaks most beautifully on the sight soon after we leave it. It is indeed a gorgeous spectacle. The world presents no equal to it. The Colleges are most imposing. More appearance of decay than I had supposed, but lovely even in decay. The trees and grounds are beautiful. The contrast with the old gray weather-beaten walls is admirable.

Second Sunday after Trinity, June 20, 1841.—A bright and glorious day! The Lord is very gracious to us. If I could have chosen before I left home, it would have been such a day at Oxford, for my first Sunday in England. At eight went to service at Christ Church.

The Chapel is beautiful. The morning light streamed in, most gloriously at the east window, the subject of which is the adoration of the Magi. Heads of Henry VIII. and Wolsey surmount it. The service was very fine. It was the anniversary of the Queen's accession. There were more than 150 under-graduates present, and I saw not the slightest impropriety. The stillness was most remarkable.—It has been a day of the highest enjoyment. Not a moment that did not teem with delight. *Laus Deo!*

Monday, June 21, 1841.—At breakfast at eight with Dr. Pusey. His singular sweetness of manner wins rapidly upon me. He is a most engaging man. Talked excellently well of the Church and all her interests. He considered the omission of the Athanasian creed an alarming token, and regretted the way in which Dr. Jarvis speaks of the Nestorians and Eutychians in his sermon, before the Board of Missions.—Walked to the University press, where we found Dr. Cardwell. The establishment has two sides, the Bible, and the Miscellaneous. At the former two Bibles are printed in a minute—840 sheets. Of course, by steam. The profits of the Bibles are the capital of the press, the other side not paying its expenses. The accumulation is very great. It is a noble source of sacred munificence. Went with Mr. Palmer to see the venerable Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen; who at the age of 90 has all his faculties in perfect vigour. His house is filled with books, of which he has made the noblest use. He enquired much as to the condition of the Church in America. Enquired whether Bishop Seabury had united in any consecration, and on being told that he had, said it was the Scoto-Anglican succession. He talked a great deal, and was most agreeable. He was in his gown, bands, and wig.

Tuesday, June 22, 1841.—Breakfasted alone with Dr. Pusey and had a most delightful conversation. He wins with every hour. The plan of some institution like the Sisters of Charity is in progress. Very glad to learn that a Committee of Bishops is to have charge of Missions, thus merging as it were the two Societies.—Dressed and hastened to the House of Lords. Through Mr. P——'s kindness obtained a very good place. Saw the gathering of the peers and peeresses. The spectacle was truly splendid. The peers of England are a noble looking body of men, and the effect of their robes is gorgeous. When the Queen was seated (with her husband standing behind the Throne) the Commons were summoned by the black rod and made their appearance, with the Speaker at their head.—After this was done, her Majesty read the speech in a clear and distinct voice, the paper being handed to her by the Lord Chancellor, who stood on her right, while Lord Melbourne bearing the Sword of State was on her left.—Hastening down to the door, I had an excellent view of the royal equipage, and I saw her Majesty distinctly, as she passed within a yard of me. She is certainly a fine looking woman. Her cheeks were flushed, which added to her beauty. The Prince was beside her, and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland (I believe) on the front seat. The equipage of the Royal Dukes with their footmen at each carriage was very fine. The Queen's coach is

quite a magnificent affair, drawn by eight white horses. The old coachman of George III. was on the box, with a large bouquet of flowers.—On the whole, it is a sight that I am glad to have seen. But an hour at Oxford were worth it all. Indeed, I cannot express the rare picturesque beauty of that wonderful place; and still less the kindness and attention of the people. It was the full flood tide of enjoyment. The beauty of the place is greatly enhanced by its trees, gardens and flowers. The wild flowers covering the old walls are most picturesque. Indeed all things combine to produce the most delightful result in sights and sounds, heightened and sanctified by the memories of history and all sacred associations. I thank God for Oxford! At seven went to Lambeth and walked round the Palace. At 7½, the time specified in the note, was presented to his Grace and Mrs. Howley. Dinner was served in the great Hall.—The Archbishop, when the ladies had withdrawn, directed his conversation especially to me; and said the kindest things in the kindest way. He expressed himself gratified, by the little remembrance I had sent him; and said that he had meant when he heard of my arrival at Leeds, to send and invite me to Lambeth. After we went into the drawing-room he took me aside, and entered into conversation with me for half an hour, speaking, in the most familiar manner, of the state and prospects of the Church. So far from reserve, he was perfectly frank in his remarks on every subject; and proved himself a wise counsellor as he is a dignified governor of the Church. His manners are sweet beyond expression: their great attraction being a sort of transparent purity and the delicacy of a woman. I was rejoiced to find that he is in good health, with a promise of many years of usefulness and honour,—he is a wonderful man.

Friday, June 25, 1841.—Had several visitors, among the rest Dr. P—— of N——, who after six months in England, called to ask me about the Oxford Tracts. I think he will remember my exposition, being moved to great plainness of speech, by the expression of various notions, for which an unpardonable ignorance was his best apology.—At the S. P. C. K. rooms, the secretary showed us their spacious and well-filled ware-rooms. I gave them my mind with a good degree of plainness, as to the omission of the marginal readings from the Bibles, and as to the separation of the New from the Old Testament. Met here the Rev. Dr. McCaul, the intimate friend of my dear Rose. Agreed with me, as all do, that the Church of England had no better man to lose. This is poor consolation to us-ward. But we must think of his gain and imitate his example, now consecrated to us by death.

Quis desiderio, aut pudor aut modus,
Tam cari capitis?

—Went to dinner at Sir Robert's, best of men. He grows continually on acquaintance. His information is most extensive and exact. He expresses himself clearly and well. He is never ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, yet all the world away from cant. He is a noble specimen of the true Christian gentleman, the genuine fruit of England's glorious Church.

Third Sunday after Trinity, June 27, 1841.—Went at eight to the Chapel Royal, and heard the service and a very good sermon.—At eleven went to St. Mary's Lambeth, where the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a most admirable sermon on behalf of the Parish school for (300) boys. I have never listened to a discourse that pleased me more ("all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, &c.") The Catholic doctrine of the sacraments was fully and nobly presented, and there was an *irresistible unction* throughout. I felt proud of such an Archbishop. The delivery was clear, distinct and impressive.

Monday, June 28, 1841.—Reached Canterbury at two and took lodgings at the Royal Fountain Inn. At three went to the Cathedral. It goes beyond any thing that I have seen, and beyond my highest expectations of any Cathedral. Its perfect symmetry, its rich adornings, the whole length of nave and choir unbroken by the organ, and its most excellent preservation, give it a fulness of beauty and impressiveness which cannot I think be surpassed. The service was well conducted, the singing better than we had heard, and altogether admirable. We feel that nothing can go beyond this. At four went to dinner and found a note from the Bishop of Oxford, (who is Dean of Canterbury,) full of kindness and respect. After dinner went through the Cathedral, with a very attentive vergers. It is quite impossible to describe it. *Inopem me copia fecit.* The highest point of historic interest is the Chapel where Becket was slain, and the place where his shrine stood, of which the stone floor is deeply worn by the knees of the worshippers. The tomb and effigy of the Black Prince are in admirable preservation. His surcoat, gauntlets, shield and helmet hang over it. The taste and liberality of the Dean and Chapter in repairing and restoring this beautiful edifice are beyond all praise.—Went to St. Martin's, the oldest Church in Britain. It is supposed to have been built for the Christian Soldiery under Lucius in 182. It was Bertha's Chapel, and here Augustine first worshipped. The Chancel was evidently the first Church. It is a simple and rude building, but not so rude as the Rector, who is daubing it inside and out with whitewash, or as our guide, a vergers from the Cathedral, significantly said, "What they call beautifying it!"

Tuesday (St. Peter's) June 29, 1841.—Went to the Cathedral service at ten.—It was nomination day, and the hustings were here. The two parties were on either side with bugles and banners, the radicals blue, the conservatives blue and orange. The two candidates on the latter side are Smyth and Bradshaw. To the latter Hodges is opposed, and he was haranguing when we arrived. He is a clear slang-whanger. Determined to see it all, I elbowed my way into the very midst. When he had finished, the Sheriff called for a show of hands. First for Smyth, pretty well. Then for Bradshaw, meagre. He has been made unpopular by a charge of speaking improperly of the Queen at a public dinner. Then for Hodges, who evidently had the mob. And then I saw clearly that a mob is a mob. Such shouting, such clapping, such cheering of Hodges, such reviling of Bradshaw. One fellow in particular, a dirty fellow, in a smock frock, with utmost violence exclaimed—"How does that suit you, Bradshaw?"

Get down on your knees you bloody rascal and ask the Queen's pardon!" A poll was demanded and announced for to-morrow. Glad to get out of the jam (satis)! Strayed off to the Dane John and sat alone on its summit. It was a glorious day, and we were in the garden of Kent, which is the garden of England. The eye could not desire a lovelier scene. And as the Cathedral was now in light, now in shade; it seemed the visible emblem of the Church, in its vicissitudes, from age to age. It is the noblest building that I ever saw or dreamed of.—Took our dinner and started at three, on the coach for Rochester. On the hill as we came out, had the finest view of the Cathedral. The beautiful country, the background, on which it was defined as with a diamond's point, in the clear atmosphere, by the bright sun; and the old city, lying before it, in its sheltered valley, as if rejoicing in the shadow of its protection. Canterbury delights me. How I should like to spend a fortnight there with my family, in June. Its quiet seclusion, its beautiful scenery, its great antiquity, its noble metropolitan Cathedral with the Dean and Chapter, make a combination of attractions, irresistible. It has the advantage even of Oxford, in its seclusion. Could not but think what a morning we had passed, and what themes for thought and study it supplied. First the Cathedral, opening the whole field of ecclesiastical study, then the hustings, suggesting the wide subject of political history, then the country, presenting for investigation, the varied topics of nature and of men, and then the Castle, to bring before us, knights and arms and all the pomp and circumstance of war. Such is the stir of life in England!

Thursday, July 1, 1841.—Went to prayers at St. Paul's. After service Archdeacon Hale, acting as Dean, showed us the whole building. The Library is very good. Went to the top of the dome. The day was foggy and the prospect of course limited. Yet it is a moving thought, that within the circle of our vision so much of life with all its strange vicissitudes is going on. Went down into the crypt and walked among the graves.—Then went to King's College to the distribution of prizes. On the way, fell in with Mr. Justice Coleridge, who took us to the Principal's house and introduced us to him. An elegant cold collation was provided. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London were there. At two went into the College Hall. The amphitheatre was filled with spectators. The Archbishop presided. The prize men were seated behind the council and visitors. I was on one side of the Bishop of London, and a Parsee on the other. Lord Bexley was present, Sir. R. H. Inglis, Sir Henry Halford, and many others. The principal made a short speech to the Archbishop, after which the students came forward to receive the prizes. When this was done, the Bishop of London moved a vote of thanks to the Archbishop, for his kindness in presiding, and giving additional value to the prizes, by his distribution of them. He then went on to say that another person was present, who had given interest and importance to the occasion, a prelate from a sister Church, and after speaking of me personally in the highest terms, expressed the highest regard for the American Church, and the deepest

sense of the importance of their close and permanent union. The speech was in the best spirit and style, and was applauded again and again. To me the effect was quite electric and overpowering, and I made a brief reply.

From "Bishop Doane's Impressions of the Church of England" the following (from an English paper) is quoted, of the Bishop of London's speech and his own reply.

"There is one here whose presence gives it unwonted interest and importance, the prelate of a sister Church, the Bishop of New Jersey, (much cheering,) distinguished as a scholar, and a divine, in this country, as well as in his own; and most especially as the devoted friend and advocate of Christian education. I am sure that every one who hears me, will rejoice with me that he is present; representing as it were a sister Church, (loud cheers,) and attesting by his participation in our ceremonies, the common interest of Churchmen everywhere in this most holy work. And I doubt not that while he rejoices with us in the blessing with which God has crowned our efforts, he will bear with him to his own country the high encouragement which is thus offered to unwearied perseverance in the same good cause. Nothing can be more acceptable, to the members of this Church than the expressions of such interest in her and in her institutions; and nothing can more effectually bind the two together than their sympathy in efforts of benevolence. (Cheers.) We shall all unite in manifesting to our friend the sincere respect and affection which we entertain for him, and for the Church which he adorns; (long and loud applause,) and in fervent prayers that the intercourse which has commenced under auspices so favorable may be perpetual. (Much cheering.)

The Bishop of New Jersey replied in substance thus: My Lord Archbishop, I should do violence to the best feelings of my nature, and falter in my purpose as a Christian man and as a Christian Bishop, did I keep silence now. At the risk, therefore, of trespassing on the accustomed order of your meeting, and throwing on my friend the Bishop of London, who has taken me entirely by surprise, the fault, if there be any, of any breach of privilege I may commit, in standing up among you, stranger as I am, (loud cheering,) I must pour out from a full heart, touched to its deepest sources by his Lordship's friendly notice of my presence, the tribute of my cordial thanks. I thank him for what he has so kindly said; and you I thank for making it your own by an expression of your sympathy so cordial and so gratifying. (Cheers.) I spoke of myself just now as being a stranger. I correct myself. I am no stranger. I am at home. (Much cheering.) You make me feel in every pulse of my full heart that I am at home. (Loud cheers.) I have been permitted, in the good providence of God, to indulge the fondest day-dream of my childhood and my youth, in coming among you now. And as I have gone from place to place among your noble and time-honoured institutions, and seen the living and life-giving spirit that is everywhere at work, and gathered everywhere the cheering evidences that religion pure and undefiled is deepening her channels, and swelling her broad

waves to gladden this, and compass every land, I have thanked God for England, (cheers,) and above all for England's ancient Church; (loud cheers,) and owned with deepest gratitude the debt, for all that blesses most, and most adorns my own dear land, to "the first foundation, under God, and the long continuance of nursing care and protection"* extended to our infant Church, by yours. Most especially do I rejoice that I am present here to-day. I could have witnessed no occasion that could come home more closely to my business and my bosom. We too are waking to the importance of this great work. Christian influences are taking among us their proper place, in training the young mind and heart. I am one of a Committee, and the Chairman, appointed at our last General Convention, to report to that which meets on the sixth day of next October, a plan of Education on Church principles, adapted to our country and its condition. I gather new confidence in the convictions of my whole life from what I have witnessed here to-day; and the narrative of it will impart new confidence to my beloved fellow-helpers at home. (Cheers.) Earnestly do I pray God, that his choicest blessing may rest on this and all your kindred institutions. Earnestly do I pray that he may warm the English blood that swells our hearts, to kindred efforts in our land. (Cheers.) Earnestly do I pray that from this time, the only strife between the countries—rather, let me say, the common effort that shall stimulate our one great brotherhood of Christian freemen, to utmost labours and prevailing prayers—may be, to multiply with the most liberal hand, fountains like this of "*useful*," because CHRISTIAN "*knowledge*." (Loud cheers.) I fear that I not only violate the order of your meeting, but trespass on your patience: (loud cries of "Go on!") yet, I must not take my seat without responding with a full and fervent heart, to what the Bishop of London has said so justly and so well, of that holy Catholic bond, which makes the Church in England and the Church in America, one Church, in Christ. It was the weight of this consideration, which impelled me to accept at once the invitation of my distinguished friend, the Vicar of Leeds,† pressed on me, with characteristic earnestness, the very moment that the repeal of the late civil disabilities opened the way for such a proposition. It was this consideration, which governed my brethren and friends at home, in their entire and warm approval of my determination to respond to it. It was this consideration which animated the Convention of my diocese, on the eve of my embarkation, to adopt the resolutions relative to my brief absence from among them, which I shall have the honour to lay before your Grace to-morrow; and which distinctly recognize the restoration of the ancient Catholic intercourse of Churches, as the great end and motive of my coming. (Much applause.) And it was under the influence of such considerations, I am sure your Grace will rejoice to know, that not a few, who are not of our communion, and who cannot therefore sympathize with us as Churchmen, have yet strongly expressed to me their conviction, that such an intercourse between the Churches must be of the happiest

* Preface to the American Book of Common Prayer.

† To preach the sermon at the consecration of his magnificent parish Church.

omen for the countries. (Loud cheers.) Nothing, I am sure, can be more desirable for the best interests of both, nothing more hopeful for the advancement of that great and gracious era when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; and, one Holy Spirit pervading, purifying and blessing the one mystical body, there shall be but one fold, under that one Shepherd Jesus Christ our Lord. (Cheers.)”

The Archbishop, in his acknowledgment of the vote of thanks, was kind enough to speak of the visitor, as “a prelate of distinguished piety and learning,” and with many other kind expressions confirmed all that the Bishop of London had said of the importance of ecclesiastical intercourse, and said that the chief reliance for peace between the two nations, was the community of faith, and the close and intimate communion between the Churches. *Esto perpetua*. It was the very proudest moment of my life. I felt that I had judged correctly as to the Catholic duty of my coming, and that I might reasonably hope, that it might lead to the very best results. Everywhere before, I had received the strongest personal expressions to the same effect. But this was public and official: from men who speak no word without profound consideration, and who as privy councillors and barons of the kingdom are entitled to the very first consideration.—Was up till five o’clock in the morning, writing letters home.

Friday, July 2, 1841.—Went to Lambeth by appointment, to see the Archbishop. Found him in his Library. Had full and free conversation with him, on all important subjects of common interest—religious education, the colonial bishoprics, the state of the Church in America, the act admitting our clergy to officiate, the politics of the country, the Queen, the Queen Dowager, the politics of Europe, &c., on every subject he expressed himself with ease, freedom, and fulness, and in words of profound wisdom. Of the Queen, he thinks well and hopes better. Regards her as a woman of strong sense.—So far from the common report of him as reserved and shy, I never spoke with a person, who seemed more perfectly at ease, or expressed himself with greater frankness. He invited me to visit him when he is at Addington Park. When I gave him the resolutions of the Convention of New Jersey, his countenance beamed with delight—“Now this,” he said, “is exactly right; I am delighted with this; this is just as it should be; I shall write you a letter on the subject, before you leave the country.” I was with him an hour and a quarter, and there was not a moment’s pause in the conversation. He volunteered the remark that the act removing the disabilities of our clergy was not what he could have wished; and I freely expressed to him my objections to it.—Went with Mr. Harrison to see the Archbishop of Tripoli, in Syria. He was delighted to see me, and it was a striking converse of the East with the West. He enjoyed the interview greatly. Our conversation was in French. He could hardly think it possible, when I told him that the population of the United States was seventeen million.—Went to King’s College, to witness the distribution of prizes to the scholars of the schools and of certain other schools in the city who send up their best scholars. Sir Robert presided admirably.

To every boy he had kind words to say, and gave in the fewest words the very best account of almost every book, which was given as a prize. I never saw so perfect a picture of pure benevolence. I ought to have said that before the distribution of the prizes, there were declamations and dialogues, by some of the boys in Greek, Latin, and English. At the close, Sir Robert alluded to my presence in the most gratifying terms. To which I replied in a speech of some length. In conclusion, I bore my testimony to the character and services of my dearest Rose, the former Principal.

* "On Friday, there were declamations by the boys of the King's College School, and prizes were assigned to those of that School, and of several others, who had distinguished themselves in various branches of scholarship. On this occasion, Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Bart. M. P., was in the chair; and in concluding a suitable address to the scholars, remarked that there was one person present, of whose sanction they ought to be proud, one who had a birthright in their language and in their literature, a brother in the faith, and a father in the Church, the Right Reverend the Bishop of New Jersey. He assured that eminent person, that his presence gave himself, and all those interested in these proceedings, the sincerest gratification. (Loud and long applause.)

"The Bishop of New Jersey observed, that it had never fallen within his experience to witness an occasion where the chair had been filled more effectively for its objects, or with more blended dignity and courtesy. His esteemed friend, the Chairman, had been long known to his countrymen in America. The wide Atlantic might roll between them, but his character, and his life of usefulness, were with them, familiar themes. He was known to them long since, as the prudent counsellor in the British Senate, on high topics of legislation; as the fearless unflinching advocate of every cause endeared by worth and sacred to virtue—(loud applause): he was known to them as the untiring supporter of every thing excellent in principle, and calculated to ensure the good and welfare of his fellow-creatures. Long had the Hon. Baronet been known as the patron of the meritorious stranger, and the dispenser of happiness under his hospitable roof. To-day this distinguished philanthropist had exhibited himself in a new, though not less agreeable character—as the patron, the friend, of the boys, of England—(rapturous cheering from the students,) entering with truly parental feeling into the sentiments, he was assured, of their pure young hearts—for he knew them well, but knew them not so well as he loved them—with all that fulness and freshness which was sure to elicit in them, the simple modest graces with which his own character was adorned. They had witnessed to-day, that whilst the Hon. Baronet distributed the prizes to the ambitious youths about him, his well-stored mind marshalled the merits of each of the authors of the books so presented, and described them in language calculated to elicit the genius and awaken the emulation of youthful aspirants—(applause.) But the lesson he read to each and all, was remarkable for the felicity with which he had inculcated the value of that disci-

* From "the Leeds Intelligencer" of that date.

pline in study, without which it was impossible to expect any great effects, or any important advantages from the efforts of genius. In his opinion, the character of the College must depend on the school. (Loud cheers.) The boy is father of the man. (Applause.) It is vain to count upon the fulness of the navigable river, if you suffer the streams which feed it to be interrupted. It is in vain you would expect to witness the sturdy grandeur of the native oak, from which your wooden walls are constructed, unless you watch with care the tender budding of the acorn. (Cheers.) This is my first visit to this my father-land; and I confess that it is impossible to describe the delight I have since my arrival experienced, in witnessing the great combination of the Clergy of all denominations, and of all classes of society, in favour of the general dissemination of education. In an interview I have just had with his Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, our conversation scarcely touched upon any other topic. One of the most beautiful traits of this great metropolitan system of instruction, appears to me to be the encouragement and fostering influence, which it holds out to other schools founded upon the same principles, in the vicinity of London; making itself thus the centre of a system of bright bodies, giving light to those at a distance, and harmoniously revolving in beauty and in glory. (Much applause.) As a result of my visit to this great and noble country, I feel happy in thinking I shall carry back a portion, of that zeal in the great cause of education which, as I have observed, actuates the Clergy, and, from the assemblage of amiable and anxious women now collected in this hall, I may safely infer, actuates the mothers of Englishmen. (Applause.) This is an example which cannot fail to produce the best effect in all parts of the globe. The worth and the value of such establishments consists in their being founded upon sound Christian principles, without which nothing good, nothing great, can be expected to be derived by society. Much is comprised in the motto of this institution, "*Sancte et Sapienter*," or, to transpose the terms, "*Sapienter quia Sancte*"—wise because holy. The Rt. Rev. Prelate concluded his eloquent address by alluding to the lamented decease of the former principal of King's College, whom he had never seen, (Dr. Hugh James Rose,) but of whose merits as a scholar, a man, and a Christian, he was so sincere an admirer, that he could safely assert he never loved and esteemed a man more. (Applause.) As he approached the shores of England, he felt deep regret at the thought that he should not receive from him a welcome. He was gone to receive his high reward; but he had left his work, and the evidences of a useful life, behind him, in the success of that institution. To those whom he addressed, that excellent man had left an example of public worth, high principle, manly virtue, the courtesy of a gentleman, the varied acquirements of a scholar; and, his career had been such as to point out to all true Christians the safe path of life, and the glorious road to a bright immortality. The Right Rev. Prelate then proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman for his excellent conduct in the chair."

Fourth Sunday after Trinity, July 4, 1841.—A charming day.

Went to breakfast with the Bishop of Edinburgh. If I were to be here for a week or two should like very well to accept the Archdeacon's proposition to have rooms in College. At half-past nine went to morning service at King's College Chapel (Cambridge) which goes beyond all fancy and baffles all description. The stained glass is most admirable. The whole is perfectly unique. What a work for the times! Such is our vainglorious comment. But in what really good thing, have these times the advantage? Went at 11 to St. Mary's, the University Church. A very good sermon.—After it the commemoration of benefactors. The service was closed, with prayers from a manuscript volume. Speaking of the illustrious founders and benefactors the prayer desires, that *they* and we may reign together with Christ. This would be popery at Oxford. In the interval, going into St. Benedict's, opposite my lodgings at the Eagle, to look at the interior, I found that the Holy Communion was to be administered and was rejoiced to be a partaker. Had felt this morning a strong yearning for it, not having received it since May 26, at my Convention.

Monday, July 5.—During the morning the procession passed the Senate House with the nine conservative candidates, it being election day for the county. There was a most respectable cortege of well mounted yeomanry, and the whole affair, banners, bells, and music, was very striking. Went into the Library, to the Fitzwilliam Gallery of Paintings, and into the Library of Trinity College. The sweetest, most serene and quiet room I ever saw. It was Newton's own. Here was his telescope.—Saw where Sir Isaac Newton sat, and Bentley. Sir Isaac's statue is a most beautiful illustration of the repose of a great mind. His bust in the Library with the same features, is less quiet; as if one were before, the other after he achieved his greatness.—Reached Milton Bryan where my dear Sir Robert gave me a most cordial reception.—This is my first night in a private house in England, and had I chosen the one that it should be, it could not have been better. Sir Robert, of all the men I know is facile princeps. An English Christian gentleman, the highest style of man!

Wednesday, July, 7, 1841.—After breakfast drove to Leighton Buzzard with Sir Robert, and Sir James, to take the train for Harrow. Went for one moment into the fine old Collegiate Church. At Harrow went to the Master's, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth. Here saw the poet, his wife and daughter. Also the Master of Trinity, and J. W. Cunningham. At the School the speeches were very good. I had the honour to sit on the right of the Governor, Sir Robert Peel on his left. The Peel medal attained by Sir Robert's son Frederick. The Master in delivering it concluded by reminding him that he received it at the Founder's hand, that founder his own parent, that parent Sir Robert Peel—One of the most promising speakers is Lloyd, son of the late Bishop of Oxford, who was Sir Robert's private tutor, and most intimate friend. Sir Robert maintains the son, and the two youths are friends and competitors; Lloyd successful last year, and Peel, this. A very fine youth named Wilkins had the second honour, and has borne many prizes. The Bishop of Gloucester was present, and sat next to me. Drove in after the exercises. Archdeacon Hale

came in to go with us to Fulham, where we dined and spent the night. —After retiring, had a long and most interesting conversation with Archdeacon Hale, as to the best mode of conveying Christianity into a new country. He expressed just the views which I have long entertained—the system of radiation from a centre, that is, the Cathedral system. He is also disposed to require those who enjoy the Gospel, to support it. He is a sound practical man.—Met the Rev. George A. Selwyn, who is to be the Bishop of New Zealand, and talked much with him of his plans for Missions.

Saturday, July 10.—Breakfasted, all of us, with dear Sir Robert, and enjoyed new overflowings of his perennial kindness. On our way to the Picture Galleries—which though within a stone's throw of our lodgings, we had found no time to see—met the Bishop of Edinburgh on his way to call, and went with him to the water colours. I never before had any conception of the power of that department of the art. It was certainly the most fascinating exhibition that I ever saw, and tempting to a degree. The pictures that pleased me most were some landscapes, mostly small, in a peculiar style, by Venley, and some sketches of character by Hunt; one of which “Asking a blessing” I more desired than any picture I ever met with. Went then to the National Academy where I saw some of the masterpieces which have been the admiration of the world—Raphael, Rubens, Titian, Rembrandt, Correggio, &c. &c., and what pleased me most Carlo Dolce, Leonardo da Vinci, (Christ with the Doctors,) and Claude. It was the Artists' day, when the public are not admitted; but Sir Robert's name, a passe-par-tout, procured us the kindest attentions, and we were indeed delighted and amazed. Went then to the Royal Academy, where there is altogether too much for a shilling. The eye is wearied with seeing. It wants repose. But in the Scripture room was that which is worth all the statuary that I have seen, sublime in beauty as the Belvidere Apollo is, “Eve listening to the voice,” by Bayley. It is the perfect incarnation of female purity and beauty. The difference between it and all the Venuses is clear and striking. They are conscious of their nakedness. She is not. I need not say it is Eve *before* the fall. That statue, I should delight to own.

Tuesday, July 13.—Drove 40 miles through a most beautiful country to Stonington, which we reached at two. Found Archdeacon Manning in the chancel delivering a charge to the clergy of his Archdeaconry, a most admirable performance indeed. He introduced me to Mr. Bradford the Rector of the parish, a noble specimen to look at, of an English clergyman. Went with him to his beautiful Parsonage, which for situation, approach, and circumstances, its gardens without it, its books and pictures, and painting and music, and above all its “*placens uxor, nataque dulces*,” filled up to the full my long imagined beau ideal of that happiest of the homes of earth. What a book might that be which should tell of English Parsonages! And from them, as from fountains among palm trees, what living streams have gone forth to refresh and purify the world. It were an interesting occupation to inquire, how much of England's greatness and of England's glory have sprung from the Parsonages of England—what scholars, what artists,

what sailors, what soldiers, what statesmen, what divines, what patriots, what philosophers, what saints! How Southey would have luxuriated in such a theme.—Went to dine at Archdeacon Manning's request with the clergy of his Archdeaconry, at the visitation dinner. Met some thirty-five, most respectable men in their appearance and demeanor, all of them. The dinner was plentiful and good without excess. All were disposed to show all courtesy to their American guests. After dinner, as the custom is, Archdeacon Manning gave the Church and Queen; then the Bishop of the diocese. Then after a short, neat and touching speech the "Bishop of New Jersey and the American Church." In reply I made, from a full heart, the expression of its interest and love, and of the mutual bond between the Churches, so closely cherished at home, and I was glad to find, so warmly prized in England. I was cheered continually, and, far better than that, the eye suffused and quivering lips gave evidence that we were brethren all. Mr. Bradford, a perfect stranger, has in a few hours conciliated my warmest friendship. Soon after he had taken me to his house, as we stood in his pleasant library and talked of the Churches as one, his heart ran over at his eyes, and his manly countenance refused to be controlled, and in every way he sought to show respect and kindness: regretting again and again that I had not been in England in time to be at the Commemoration since they would surely—so his kind partiality suggested—have conferred on me an honorary degree!

Thursday, July 15, 1841.—Breakfasted at the Vicarage with Mr. and Mrs. Keble, and Mr. Young. It is just the place for him, a little old brown stone parsonage, with gable and end covered with ivy, a very nestling place for a poet. Had much pleasant conversation. Mrs. Keble proposed an excellent book, a popular edition of Charles I.'s life, with extracts from Eikon Basilike. At 9, Sir William sent his barouche and four to take us to the Cathedral. Spoke to Mr. Keble on the way of the last number of the British Critic, and found that he agreed with me in regretting it, as does Mr. Newman. Attended the service at the Cathedral, which was well done. It is a rich and noble interior. The choir is especially rich with old carved oak. A great mixture of styles, and much of it altered by William of Wykeham. Here is his tomb, with those of Cardinal Beaufort and Bishop Fox. Mr. Vaux, one of the Canons who accompanied us, says that Shakspeare's account of Beaufort's death is fictitious. Saw honest Izaak Walton's grave with its quaint epitaph by his sons. Went to the College, where Mr. Huntingford one of the Canons received us very kindly, and showed us every thing. The Warden came to see me; but excused himself, as it was the day of examination for admission into New College, Oxford. Went to the school-room with its antique rules and mottoes, to the dining hall, to the sweet still old Library, to the venerable Chapel. What a magnificent man was William of Wykeham. How many generations have risen up and called him blessed! Oh for a return of "the dark ages!"—Reached Salisbury just as the sun had gone down and saw that most beautiful Cathedral with its unrivalled spire in the very light which suits it best. As soon as we were fairly quartered, we ran round to take a

view of it by twilight, and finding the Sexton there, strolled through the dim and darkening aisles. Scarcely had we reached home when a note came from the Bishop to invite me to go into quarters at the Palace, and another from the dean to invite me to breakfast. I did not hesitate to do as I would be done by, and in half an hour was taking coffee with the Bishop and Mrs. Denison. Retired very late to my room, and was up till after three in the morning, writing my letters home.

Friday, July 16, 1841.—The Palace at Salisbury is a fine old building indeed, and the grounds delightful. Its immediate proximity to the Cathedral, makes it just what a Bishop's residence should be. What a privilege to live in the daily contemplation of the gray beauty of that venerable pile.—Drove over Salisbury plain to Stonehenge. Miles and miles without an inhabitant, or a house, or a tree, or a stone. The chalk absorbing all the moisture prevents cultivation. The short grass is the pasture for sheep, of which thousands are fed here. There is no road, but merely traces of carriage wheels on the grass. Here in former days, travellers were often lost from the want of any landmark. The horses' feet strike the earth with a strange muffled and funereal sound. The first sight of Stonehenge, of which I had thought but little, was quite oppressive in solemnity. On this bare solitary plain, the only feature of it the heaps which, ages long ago, were thrown up as the places of sepulture, rise in their isolated grandeur those rude stone pillars in their uncouth circle. Just enough life, and in just enough order to show that man has been here; while the confusion and destruction of his work attest how time and nature triumph over art. Who piled these stones? For what purpose? By what means? Whence the material? Why here? There are no stones now within 14 miles. At that distance the larger pieces of the outer circle might have been found. The small inner stones must have come as far as from Wales. The imposts which lie on the pillars weigh eleven or twelve tons and are at the height of twelve feet from the ground. The large flat stone in the centre imbedded in the ground, is of a kind to resist the action of fire. Was it an altar? Was it a place of Druid worship? Were two Christian bishops standing on the shrine where human victims had been immolated by the bloody ministers of an awful superstition? It was an overwhelming thought and the solitude and silence pressed it in upon the heart. I have seen nothing in my life that so affected me. The Bishop is a most interesting man. He combines great good sense and singular discretion with the most benignant aspect and the blandest manners. He is not older than I am, and I felt free to enter with him into the interesting topics which are connected with the late parliamentary proceedings in regard to the Church. He was prudent yet frank. I was glad to find that though brought in as a Whig, he had stood foremost and firmest in his defence of the Cathedrals.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity, July 18, 1841.—A most delightful morning. The view from my window perfect in beauty. A noble park, with stately trees, and a herd of deer, and fertile hills in the distance. At nine the household gathered in the Library, which is used

as an oratory. After a social breakfast, walked a mile across the Park to the old family Chapel, dilapidated and venerable. It is soon to give place to the new. But its simple antiquated air suits better for devotion.—After luncheon went to the parish Church. A fine old building, in excellent preservation, and several monuments with recumbent statues. Here Sir Thomas found a letter from the Bishop of Exeter permitting me to officiate. Prayers were read by the Curate, Mr. Courtenay, a son of the Earl of Devon, who was present; and I preached, the sympathy of Jesus. At least twelve hundred persons present, nearly all agricultural labourers, well looking and of devout demeanour. It is a large and flourishing parish. The Rector Mr. Barker is in bad health. Called at the Parsonage; after seeing the distribution of bread to the poor, a loaf, less than we get for five cents, given to about 150 persons every week. It was a painful sight—the most painful I have seen in England—to see stout, middle aged men, glad to accept so poor a dole. But wages, Mr. Acland told me are “fearfully low,” seven or eight shillings a week. They take off the edge by making this gift a mark of respectability, as bestowed only on such as have never had parish relief, and I was glad to see him and Mrs. Acland taking the bread from the Churchwarden to distribute it with their own hands. Which they also asked me to do. Still it is a sad necessity. Went with Sir Thomas to call on the Churchwarden, on an old yeoman named Moore, on his bailiff and bailiff’s son, and at six or eight cottagers’ houses. It was most delightful to see the perfect familiarity with which he went around them, whistling to all the dogs, a kind word for all the children, something to suit every one. He inquired into the condition of things, offered wine to the sick, books from his library, rice and arrow root to an old man. At every house some good word of counsel was dropped, and yet without doing violence at any. I heard some of the children say their Catechism, and prayed with a poor old bed-ridden man in the loft of a cottage. The people were generally reading their bibles. They were neatly dressed, and the houses were clean and comfortable. They are poor and have but little, but they have learned how to make the most of it. I should say they were happy. The bailiff, I had seen in the morning, as he rode by Sir Thomas’s door, his son and two grandsons walking on the way to Church. He has been in charge of the estate nearly 40 years, and lives in the house in which he was born, with his old wife. The terms of intercourse with Sir Thomas, though respectful were certainly free; and the talk was of “Keith on the Prophecies,” which was lying on the table, and of “The Manners and Customs of the Jews,” which had been lent by Lady Acland. “Mr. Henry” who has been in the East, had been there and told them all about it.

And so I have seen rural life in England. Sir Thomas is proprietor of about 5,000 acres, and is undoubtedly a favourable specimen. But I can easily see how as much happiness as appertains to this life and a better chance for the next may fairly grow up from the English system of Landlord and tenant.

Friday, July 23, 1841.—Our next drive was to Stratford upon Avon, where we brought up at the Red Lion. In the dusk of the

evening we hastened to the house where Shakspeare first drew breath, and found our way into the room, with reverential silence. It is indeed a humble spot, and yet the cynosure of human eyes. What a tribute to the innate greatness of our moral nature in that mean white-washed wall, covered with autographs of Kings and princes, and conquerors of men, statesmen, philosophers, and poets ! What an adoption, as if by acclamation, age after age, and among all nations, of the application to himself of his own words, so few, so simple, yet enough—"This was a man !"—it is superfluous to add, "we shall not look upon his like again."

Saturday, July 24, 1841.—Went first to the Shakspeare house, and added our names to the long list which the books kept there contain of pilgrims to the shrine of Shakspeare. Next to the church where his dust rests, protected it may be by his own expressive malediction—

"Good Frend, for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed Heare :
Blessed be the man yt spares these stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones !"

Here is the bust, supposed to be like him. The two Latin lines inscribed under it, are heathenish and poor. The English inscription though strong is not excessive.

Stay, passenger why goest thou by so fast !
Read if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument ; Shakspeare with whome
Quicke nature dide ; whose name doth deck ye tombs
Far more than corse ; sith all ytt he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.
Obit A. D. 1616 ; Ætatis 53 ; die 23 Apr.

It is literally true that all art, painting, sculpture, architecture, the drama, music, engraving, the press, have sought as its highest aim the illustration of his plays, and never yet came up to the subject. It is a noble church in which he worshipped and now sleeps. One of the finest parish churches I have seen in England. Standing now as it did then, it is one of the most speaking of his memorials. It has lately been newly paved and much repaired. The walk to it is through an avenue of pleached limes.* From the church, we drove, to Shottery, to visit the house of Anne Hathaway. And this strikes me as after all *the* Shakspeare locality. His birthplace was an accident so to speak. In the church he was we trust a humble worshipper, and *is* but dust. But hither came the living breathing man in his exulting youth, and in his sober manhood. Here he sat, here he walked, here he loved. These places were the witnesses of his affection, upon this ground he stood, where this grass is he lay listlessly along, under these skies he poured the thoughts that breathe and words that burn. To be with Shakspeare, breathing, living, loving Shakspeare, we must come to Shottery. And it is just the cottage, and just the garden, and just the orchard that it ought to be : and of all the memorials of my English pilgrimage the simple wild flowers that I plucked there, will

* "Much Ado about Nothing." Act III. Scene 1.

be the most precious. We found in the house a poor sickly young widow, a descendant of the Hathaways, and a bedstead and some other furniture which were probably of Shaksperian time. It was a sweet morning, all of a piece with Shakspeare, and his sweet Anne Hathaway, and we enjoyed it to the full.—The Church in Warwick is a noble building. Like Stratford it was once a collegiate church and the stalls remain. There is a monument here which took my fancy and my feelings, beyond any that I have seen.—Thomas Earl of Beauchamp (founder of the choir) and Catherine his Countess (daughter of Roger Mortimer) are sculptured in the finest marble: he in full armour, she in a rich dress, lying side by side, her right hand clasped in his. It is the loveliest of all the achievements of the sculptor.

Monday, July 26, 1841.—Left Lichfield at noon for Tamworth where we took the railroad for Leeds which we reached at half past three, stopping half an hour at Derby. Went to the Royal Hotel, and sent a note to Dr. Hook, who very soon came round and took us to dinner at the Vicarage.—I feel now that I am at home. At eight went to one of his classes, where in a dirty schoolroom he met thirty women and ten men. Began with a chant accompanied by the organ, O come let us sing unto the Lord. Then he told them in the most affectionate way that their minister, a deacon, had just been made a priest, commending his service toward them, and asking their prayers for him. Then he used the Litany. Then he read and expounded the latter part of the third and former part of the fourth chapter of St. John's Gospel. Then called over the names of all the members and collected the penny subscriptions of those that were present. Then offered the General Thanksgiving, and requested me to close with the apostolic benediction, which I did.

Tuesday, July 27, 1841.—Went this morning to see the new church. It greatly outruns my highest expectation. With the beauty and grandeur of a cathedral, it combines the availableness of a parish church, there being accommodations for 3000 persons. Mrs. Hook went with us that she might be present at the first impression, and we met many of the parishioners there. The organ will be most magnificent. Went to see some of the Church of England reading rooms in the several districts, and to please the Doctor bought a shovel hat. After dinner went to one of the district school houses, a large stone building occupied as a church. Mr. Clarke the curate in this district has received preferment to a parish in Kent; and the people of his cure, as an expression of their grateful affection have raised £50 to make him a present. The subscribers have been of all classes, and the subscriptions in all sums, as low as threepence. The present, most judiciously selected, is the Benedictine editions of Chrysostom, Athanasius, and Augustine. On occasion of their presentation, Mrs. Hook has invited all the subscribers, male and female, to a tea party, and 120 were present. After tea, the books were delivered with a short address by Mr. Atkinson, a master manufacturer. Dr. Hook then addressed Mr. Clarke, and he replied with admirable feeling and propriety—very beautifully recognizing the presence of an honoured prelate of a sister Church as increasing the value of the testi-

monial. The room had been tastefully adorned with flowers, the initials of her Majesty, the Vicar, and Mr. Clarke being conspicuous; and the whole went admirably off. Directly after this the annual meeting of the District Christian Knowledge Society was held in the room below. There was a very large audience. The Vicar preached. At the opening of the meeting he stated the impressions he had received, since he had last met his parishioners, in his short continental tour, and expressed his pleasure at getting home. I have never witnessed such enthusiasm as attended his reception from his entrance into the room till the close of his remarks. He then announced to them the presence of the Bishop of New Jersey, who had come, he said, 3000 miles to preach the consecration sermon in the new Church. The cheering manifested a most cordial welcome. After the report I was requested to move the first resolution, which I did with a short address most enthusiastically received. Afterwards a resolution was offered expressive of satisfaction at my presence which made no small commotion. An address from my companion had the same reception. And when the Vicar rose in acknowledgment of a vote of thanks for presiding, the tempest of applause attained its highest reach. I have never seen such expressions towards any one. It is a most striking illustration of the power of truth that such should be the state of things in such a place as Leeds was, when Dr. Hook went there. The feeling towards him seems to be universal. It is impossible not to ask one's self if such a height can be preserved, and if not, what is to follow? After the meeting not a few, and especially young men, came to take my hand. It is with these that his influence is most striking and most important. It has been obtained by the most entire and self-denying devotion to their interests.

Thursday, July 9, 1841.—Went with the Bishop of Ripon to the new Church. Thence to St. John's Church, where he held his ordination. I sat in the Chancel with him, as did his Chaplain, and Mr. Haight, as mine. After morning prayers by the Vicar, the roll was called, about sixty of the clergy were present. The Bishop then delivered his charge. This done, we all went to the Royal to dine. After dinner and the ordinary toasts, the Bishop in a most beautiful and affecting speech announced my presence and offered as a toast, the Bishop of New Jersey, and the Church in America. Nothing could have been done in a more gratifying way; and the toast was received with utmost enthusiasm. The feeling with which the Bishop spoke touched every heart. I replied and was received with the utmost kindness. My companion was afterwards complimented as representing the presbyterate, which with his reply was most cordially responded to. The sensibility manifested was most touching. Several of the clergy came to take my hand, and express their pleasure at the union of the two Churches. Indeed it seems to possess every heart. Saw Dr. Hobson. In the evening several of the young men of the parish came in, as the custom is on Thursdays, to take tea at the Vicarage, and converse with the Vicar. There is a most promising body of this class of persons here of the soundest principles, and promising the best influences.

Friday, July 30, 1841.—Dr. Hook being engaged to preach a sermon in a new Church, near Coventry, we determined to go with him for two or three days; partly to see his old parishioners, and friends, still more to be with him a little while without the unavoidable interruptions which beset him at home. I had not been well moreover, and a measure of comparative rest seemed desirable. Having written home letters all the morning, we took the train at noon for Coventry, Mrs. Hook accompanying us, on an extemporaneous decision made on my suggestion at the breakfast table, to visit her mother and sister, who live near Birmingham. We reached Anstey Vicarage, our place of destination, just at dusk. The Bishop of Worcester who had that day consecrated the new Church had just started. Several of the clergy who had dined together at the Vicarage were yet there. The Vicar, the Rev. Thomas Coker Adams, gave us a most hearty welcome, although our arrival, except Dr. Hook's, was unexpected, and we were at once at home in the bosom of this delightful family.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity, August 1, 1841.—Dr. Hook read morning prayers, and I preached on ignorance concerning spiritual gifts. The Church was filled completely. The audience with a few exceptions plain rustic labourers were perfectly attentive. The large school of children behaved as well as possible. The service was altogether devout and impressive. Stopped on our way home at the school-house where the children were assembled, to say a few words to them. In the evening Dr. Hook preached. The church was filled, and many went away. The sermon was an admirable exposition of the doctrine of Absolution, or sacerdotal benediction, from "Peace be to this house!" In the conclusion the preacher beautifully alluded to the presence of a Bishop of a distant church, who when the service was concluded would pronounce the blessing.

Monday, August 2, 1841.—Went to the Rose and Crown as guests at a dinner given to Dr. Hook by the teachers of the Sunday Schools. Seventy or Eighty were present. The Rev. Mr. Sheepshanks, vicar of St. Johns' preached. Mr. Coker Adams, his brother and son were also guests. After dinner and the usual toasts, a young man, a ribbon weaver, one of Dr. Hook's former teachers, in a neat and touching speech proposed my health, and the Church in America. The customary speeches grew out of it, and I felt far more than usual interest in addressing such persons under such circumstances.

Mr. F. Skidmore then, in a neat and concise speech, proposed the health of "the Right Rev. Dr. Doane, Bishop of New Jersey; and the Church in America," with three times three.

The Bishop then rose, and was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause. After the cheering had subsided, he addressed them as follows:—My friends, kind as the reception has been with which I have been met in every part of this noble country, from which I am proud to have descended,—cheering to my heart as have been the expressions made on several occasions, when I have had the pleasure to meet the Bishops and Clergy of the Church, I am, on this occasion, impressed with no ordinary feelings of emotion. I have met now

with a class which it has not been my privilege to meet before out of my own country. It is a class with which I am well acquainted, and on which I am accustomed to rely for much of that support and assistance with which, under the divine blessing, I am enabled to carry out the great object of my office,—the edification of the Church of Christ for the salvation of souls. I have myself been a Sunday School Teacher. (Cheers.) Some of the happiest years of my life, and I trust some of the most beneficial, were spent in connection with a Sunday School. I know how to appreciate, from experience, the services of teachers, and their position in the Church. Again, I have been a Parish Priest, and I know what it is to have about me faithful, diligent, and devoted Sunday School Teachers, whose duty to the Church makes them ready and willing to give up time, ease, comfort, and in some degree their spiritual advantages, for the benefit of the lambs of Christ's flock, and to strengthen the hands of those set over them in the Lord. It has pleased God to call me from the office of Parish Priest to that of Bishop in his Church; and since that has been the case, I have had opportunities, when I have visited the Churches under my charge, of seeing, in every parish, how the hands of the minister have been strengthened, and the hearts of God's people encouraged by the devotion, steady perseverance, and self-denial of that exemplary body, the Sunday School Teachers. (Cheers.) There is no class of men whom I esteem it a more peculiar privilege to meet than you. If I might be permitted, I would address you with a few words of affectionate exhortation, bidding you God speed, in the name of his dear Son, exhorting you to go on as you have begun, in the good work of assisting those set over you in the Lord, in training up the children of this land in His nurture and holy admonition.

You have been kind enough, in proposing a toast, to speak of the Church which I represent. What has been said, has found immediate access to the deepest feelings of my nature. I came to England as the home of my fathers in the flesh; but greatly more so as the home of my fathers in the spiritual Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. It has been well and truly stated, that the Church of which I am a Bishop, is an offset from the Church in this land; and, by God's blessing, a lusty and vigorous offset. The Church in this land, from which ours is an offset, is not the Church of the reformation, much as we have to thank God for the blessings of that age,—not the Church of Augustine, as some would have us think,—but the Church of the Apostles; planted here, if not by the Apostles themselves, (for I would not be rash enough to hazard an assertion that it was not so,) at least by some who received from the Apostles themselves the commission to act, in God's name, in the foundation of his Church in this, then remote and barbarous Island.

The Church has been protected and preserved by God's great goodness, delivered from every form of oppression, carried through every persecution, and preserved through trials of a more recent date, to which I need not now allude. Though it would be interesting, it would not be appropriate now, to draw the line which distinguishes the Church as it exists in England and America. Suffice it to say,

that that line touches no fundamental principle, no essential institution; it touches not the spirit of the Church. The difference lies in this—the Church in America stands unsupported, unconnected with the state. I need not draw any comparison. I hold it to be your great privilege, that your Church and state are connected,—are inseparably connected, as I believe and hope, in God's name, forever. (Cheers.) With us it is not so. God, in his wise providence, works the same great ends by divers means. It may be his design to show to you how great are your privileges and advantages in connection with the state; and to us, that He can do as well without them all. Though we have not had that assistance, though we have been unsupported by the influence of men, and variously opposed and hindered, yet the Church in the United States, from the first three Bishops, who in the year 1787, united their efforts, their counsel, and their prayers, in laying the foundation, to this day, has gone on increasing, not only in numbers, but far more in influence, and in moral and religious power. At the present moment, though I cannot exactly tell you the number of her members,—though you would be surprised at the small proportion to the whole, as considered numerically; yet, all intelligent men, of every religious interest in our land, will tell you of the respect in which they hold her. The moral influence of the Church is, I believe, greater than that of any other body that could be named. One of our leading statesmen is reported to have said that the Church of which I am a Bishop, is, in our country, the great conservative interest,—is the one true conservative element of our nation. Why so? Because, as the Reverend Chairman remarked, in your state “the King never dies, so in the Church, the Bishop never dies.” It is this continuance of the principle of life—it is this undying succession that exists in no other institution in our land, that makes it essentially conservative. And, farther, we possess that Liturgy which has been derived from the purest ages of the Church, hallowed and sanctified by the prayers, by the tears, and by the blood of the noblest men that ever lived on the earth—that ever breathed out their souls to God, at the stake, or on the scaffold. In that, there is a perpetual safeguard, against all absurdities, extravagance, and fanaticism. It embraces the principles and practices contained in the word of God; it contains safe, sound, and sober expressions of them. It is a preservative against the invasion of schism, or heresy, in any of their forms. After all, your safety does not rest in being the Established Church; since it has been established, and then has not been; (as you all know;) and though it now is, it may please God that it may again not be; as it is with us. But no man, nor all men, nor the powers of hell, can interrupt or derange that succession, which the Saviour himself sent out on their high and holy errand, with the assured promise that He “would be with them always, even to the end of the world.” We have, in the Apostolic succession, and in the Liturgy, the best protection against error—the best preservative against extravagance—the best and surest bond of union—the best security for “the truth as it is in Jesus”—the best and most effectual way in which the affections of the heart can ascend acceptably, through the mediation of the

Divine Intercessor, before the throne of God. Therefore, I say, cling to the Church, as she has been proved to have come, in the succession of your Bishops, from the Apostles, and through them, from Jesus Christ. Cling to the Liturgy, as the best exposition of that sacred Word which God himself has given us; inasmuch as it is the exposition of those who lived with the Apostles of Christ. Let nothing tempt you to lose sight of those great fixed principles—principles which alone make, and will keep us Churchmen—principles which bind us, and which alone will keep us bound to our Divine Head, the Lord Jesus Christ; from whom alone, as all the means of grace, so all the hopes of glory, do proceed. I feel I have been tempted to trespass upon your attention: (no, no;) but you opened the deepest fountains of my heart; and you must forgive their overflow. I respond most fully, most truly, with all my heart and soul, to the sentiments of the speaker who proposed the toast. The Church in England and in America are ONE. We are one in our Divine Head, one in faith, one in the ministry, one in our worship, one in the best of all bonds, love; not the love of the lips, but of the heart: love that will show itself in all future ages, I trust, by close and intimate communion, that we may carry out the great principles with which we are entrusted, till, in the good providence of God, that blessed time may arrive when all shall know the Lord—when the knowledge of God shall ‘cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.’ ” *

Mr. Sargeant Adams was called up and made an excellent speech with most instructive statements as to the diminution of dissent which from whole districts of London has altogether vanished. Dr. Hook was proposed, but was so overpowered by his feelings as scarcely to be able to speak. In the evening attended the annual meeting of the Religious and Useful Knowledge Society, in St. Mary’s Hall. Dr. Hook preached, and there was a very large audience. I proposed the second resolution to the effect that science not connected with religion in the Church tends to infidelity. The Rev. Mr. Powell afterwards moved thanks to me, for my attendance in a most admirable speech, which with my reply as well as my former speech was well received.

“The Bishop of New Jersey, in rising to move the second resolution, said—My Christian friends, the resolution which I have been requested to propose is in the following words:—‘That the diffusion of sound religious principles in connection with the Church, as proposed by this and similar institutions, is the best means of counteracting those insidious designs that tend to infidelity, by separating theological and scientific studies; and claims, as such, the warmest support of all her members.’ It is a theme that would fill volumes. Though my heart dilates to its full comprehension, time would fail me in the attempt to do justice to it. I can but briefly analyze the proposition which is assigned to me; and then support the principle it presents by arguments drawn from past reflection, and confirmed by all experience. The resolution is predicated on the fact that there are those who separate theological and scientific studies; it de-

* From a Leeds paper, quoted in Bishop Doane’s “Impressions of the Church of England.”

declares that such a separation tends to infidelity; yea, more,—it implies that the meaning of those who make this separation is, that such should be the result. It then declares what is the best and only means, under God, of counteracting those insidious designs. It thus shows you your duty, as members of the Church, to support such plans—to sustain such principles as tend to unite the two. It needs no argument from me to show you that a disposition has been manifested, strongly manifested, in this our age, to separate theological and scientific studies. I need not point your attention to a Society, which at one time seemed disposed to challenge universal comprehension, universal support, under the specious title of ‘The Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge;’—as if that could be useful knowledge which left out of sight man’s relation to his Maker; his condition as a sinner, and his access to an offended God—and I watched its proceedings with anxiety, although at the distance of three thousand miles, under the apprehension that it would draw many away from the steadfastness of the Gospel. I am satisfied that you are not disposed to consider that useful which leaves out of sight the great spiritual and eternal interest of man. What is the result of such a separation? The resolution says, infidelity; so do I; so does all experience. You can judge better of the effect of such proceedings in your own country. I well know what has been their effect in that from which I come. We must start from this proposition, that man is a fallen creature; that must give direction to the argument. It might be very well for man, if he were, as God made him at first, upright; but it will not do for man now he has fallen from his original righteousness, so prone to occupy himself with the things of this life. What says the Word of God? ‘The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.’ What says the Word of God? ‘Whether we eat or drink, to do all to the glory of God.’ What says the Word of God? ‘This is eternal life, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.’ What says the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge? What say all the modern schemes for making men wise? Not a single word anywhere of Scripture—not a single word of God, of a Saviour, of a Sanctifier: and this is a scheme for educating fallen man—a scheme to meet the wants of sinners—a scheme by which a nation is to be improved, elevated, and made happy! God be praised, through the power of His grace, a reaction has taken place upon this false, dangerous, God-denying, man-destroying system. God be praised, it is not here alone, but everywhere throughout this noble country, men are prepared to take their stand on the principle of this resolution,—the diffusion of sound religious principles, in connexion with the Church; not as this, or that, or the other man understands it; but sound religious principles, as committed to us, and handed down age after age from the first, without one moment’s interruption—the form of sound words—the doctrine of godliness—the truth as it is in Jesus—the faith once delivered to the saints. It were easy to show from the Holy Scriptures and from the ancient fathers, that the word of God and the Church of God, were joined together of God, and therefore not by man to be put

asunder. One is the witness of the other. What has been the effect of separating the Scriptures from the Church? What has been the effect, in Germany and Switzerland? Where are those who started on the principles of the Reformation, yet separated themselves from the Church? Where are their sound religious principles? Where is their faith? What is it? I have lived in a land peopled by those who emigrated from this country. It is the fashion to call some of them, the Pilgrim Fathers—men who fancied themselves somehow straitened in the enjoyment of religious liberty—who, in the claim of greater freedom in God's worship and service, set out for distant shores, and planted themselves in a region now called New England. I enter not into the inquiry as to the character of these men—the justice of their complaints, or the motives for their proceedings—I will accord to them all that charity can ask. They went from here, as they thought and truly believed, the true followers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; preaching, as they thought, the very principles of the reformation: but without a Church—without a Liturgy—with no transmitted authority from God to minister in holy things. They were self-denying, laborious men. Almost the first thing they did, was to found a college for the education of persons, as Gospel preachers. They have every claim to our admiration for their devotedness to their cause. They denied themselves the comforts of life for the establishment of this institution. For a while, it went on more or less according to their expectation; but, after a time, the institution which they planted, as a nursery for preachers of Christ, and Him crucified, became, and has been for years, a nursery for Unitarianism. Nor is that the worst. They have gone far beyond this stage of incipient putrescence. The rankest enormities of doctrine are now rife among the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, that ever festered on the face of the earth. And the men who themselves forwarded the theological school at Cambridge, and who boast in themselves as Unitarians, amazed and terrified at the fruits of their hands, in Pantheism and Atheism, would be glad to see the institution crumbled into dust. This comes of the separation of God's truth from God's Church. To prevent the evil we must forbid the divorce.

“A word or two more and I have done. As a Bishop of the Church of God, and charged with the care of souls, I have looked anxiously out upon my field of labour, to see what I could best do for the spiritual and eternal good of that portion of Christ's flock committed to my care. Among other efforts, one has been a school for female education in the Church. Not that I overlooked the importance of training boys, and especially for the sacred ministry; but that I believe even before the sacred ministry, in Christian influence, are Christian mothers. The result already confirms my judgment. That institution, like the place in which we are assembled, bears the name of ST. MARY'S HALL. You will readily, believe the coincidence has affected me.

“The Rev. H. Townsend Powell, in moving the next resolution, observed that when he was a few days since honoured with an introduction to his Lordship, it was as the Lord Bishop of New Jersey,

and it was hardly necessary for him to state what very great pleasure he had in his Lordship's society; but it was not till that evening he discovered that that introduction was not only to the Bishop of New Jersey, but to Bishop Doane, who was well known as the author of a most excellent sermon, on the principles of the Church.

"The Chairman said, that the sermon alluded to by Mr. Powell had been re-printed at Leeds; and he should be most happy to present the Society with a dozen copies. (Cheers.)

"The Bishop of New Jersey, in returning thanks, said—After the good words and great kindness with which my excellent brother has spoken of me, I am unable to keep quite silent. It is now many years since I became acquainted,* by correspondence, with him who presides over you to-night, and for so many years ministered so faithfully among you as a good shepherd. Our hearts were united in the best interests, and our hands grasped each other (as it were) across the Atlantic. I lived always in hope that in God's good providence it might be my pleasure to embrace him in the flesh; but that hope, like the rainbow which the boy pursues, was always in the distance, until I received from him—(I shall never forget the moment while I have a pulse that beats in this poor heart)—such an invitation as you well know he best can give (cheers), to come to England to preach the Consecration sermon at his parish Church. You know him too well to wonder, that in 24 hours from the time I had received his letter, I had answered it by saying I would come; and here I am. (Cheering.) As he has been so kind as to say he would present the Library of this Institution with twelve copies of my sermon, I must beg him to allow me to substitute myself as the giver. It will give me great pleasure, and by God's blessing may tend to the confirmation of the great principle, which makes us and keeps us one, 'the faith once delivered to the saints.'" *

Tuesday, Aug. 3, 1841.—The time for parting always comes. After breakfast we took leave of our most kind and excellent friends, who loaded us with little tokens of their love. There never was a more delightful family. At Sally's request, I wrote a few lines in her book, addressed to her and her brothers and sisters.

Dear friends, although we met so late,
To part so soon again,
The sacred bond that knits our souls,
Has not been knit in vain.

When Christian love pervades the heart,
Grace tunes its strings, not time;
And harmonies are framed in hours,
Eternally to chime.

At Catharine's request, I wrote her name in her Shakspeare; and added what follows:

* From a Leeds paper, quoted in Bishop Doane's "Impressions of the Church of England."

“ — Sweetest Shakspeare, fancy’s child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.”

In the far land from which I came,
Your Shakspeare as our own we claim,
Why not?—We speak the self-same tongue,
In which his “wood-notes wild” he sung;
The self-same Bible, whence he drew
His inspiration, is ours too;
One altar’s heavenly grace we share,
And worship in one common prayer:
One language, faith, communion, one,
Your “sweetest Shakspeare” is our own.

In Taylor’s Holy Living and Dying, at Mrs. Adams’ request, I wrote her name, and the lines which follow:

——“Mary hath chosen that better part.”

Dear friend, by holy Taylor’s rule
May we both live and die;
And follow him, as he our Lord,
To immortality.

Finally, in the Family Prayer Book, (Dr. Hook’s Manual,) I wrote as follows; the theme being suggested by the Doctor’s text and sermon on Sunday evening, and by Mr. Adams’ request that I would pronounce the blessing:

TO THE REV. T. COKER AND MRS. ADAMS,
MY DEAR KIND FRIENDS,
ON LEAVING ANSTEY VICARAGE, 3D AUGUST, 1841.
“PEACE BE TO THIS HOUSE!”

Dear inmates of as happy a home
As pilgrim feet e’er found,
May every blessing from above,
Be with you and abound.
Chiefly, and best of all, be peace,
The peace of God your guest,
The solace of your earthly cares,
Your pledge of heavenly rest!

—Took a carriage and drove to Northfield Vicarage, the residence of Mrs. Hook’s mother. The vicarage is a pleasant old place, with a garden between it and the Church, which is very old, with a stout square tower, and a peal of bells, which was merrily rung on occasion of my arrival. Here the daily service is celebrated at morning and evening. The following lines came into my mind unbidden:

“HOC ERAT IN VOTIS.”

This was in all my prayers, since first I prayed—
A parsonage, in a sweet garden’s shade,
The Church adjoining, with its ivied tower,
A peal of bells, a clock to tell the hour;
A rustic flock, to feed from day to day,
And kneel with them, at morn and eve, and pray.

He who doth all things well, denied my prayer,
And bade me take the Apostle’s staff, and bear;
The scattered sheep o’er hill and dale pursue,
Tend the old flocks, and gather in the new;

Counting ease, health, life, all things else but loss,
 So I make known the blessed, bleeding Cross.
 These quiet scenes, that cannot now be mine,
 This home-bred happiness, dear friend, be thine ;
 Each choicest gift and influence from above
 Descend on thee, and all that share thy love ;
 Peace which the world gives not, nor can destroy,
 The prelibation of eternal joy.

At four o'clock we went into the Church. The curate read the service, I pronouncing the absolution from the Chancel, as he was but a deacon.

Wednesday, Aug. 4, 1841.—After breakfast went into morning Prayers, where I read the Litany from the Chancel. The services both most impressive ; would that they were universal ! Our letters arrived from America. All well at home, blessed be God.

Thursday, Aug. 5, 1841.—At eight took the coach for Kendal. As there is opposition on the road, they made great speed. Never was driven so fast. Horses were changed in one minute. Waited an hour at Kendal, and then took the coach for Ambleside. All this is a very different looking country. Every thing seems gray. The hedges have given way to stone walls. The houses are stone. Not long before reaching Ambleside, came in sight of Winandermere. It is a beautiful sheet of water, but would not be striking in America. Jamaica Lake is more beautiful. Ambleside is a little straggling town, with no particular poetry manifest, yet the name is a perfect Helicon. The views about it are picturesque. Anxious to see the most of Mr. Wordsworth, we did not stop. A mile further is Rydal. Left the coach in a heavy shower, from which we took shelter in a neat cottage, where lodgings are let. Left our trunks here, and went to Rydal Mount as soon as the rain was over. It seemed impossible that it was Rydal Mount, and that, that simple, yellow cottage, with ivy, and roses all overgrown, was Mr. Wordsworth's. Yet so it was, and entering the little wicket, in a minute we were in a book parlour, and cordially greeted by the poet patriarch himself. He had been out in the rain, and got thoroughly wet, and was taking his comfort in an old pair of pantaloons, and a plaid half coat, half gown. We were at home at once, and must dine with them at two. Mrs. Wordsworth soon came in and made our welcome warmer by the kindness of her manner. By and by Mr. Wordsworth went into another room to show us, he would not say what, and brought in with him an engraved portrait of my excellent friend Sir R. H. Inglis, which on my admiring, perhaps over prudently, he insisted on my taking, which I agreed to, on condition that it was his present to my wife. He had been thinking, he said, about the sonnet for the American Church, and had tried to find a place for it, but could not. I asked permission to take the volume, and showed him in a few minutes where it might come in ; to which he assented, and promised me that he would do it, and that I should bear it to America. A little before dinner he took us to see some of the most beautiful of the near points of view, Winandermere on one side, and Rydal water on the other. We dined in what had been the kitchen, a low plain room, and plainly but becomingly furnished. An old armoury was very remarkable. It was of oak, richly carved with an inscription to the effect that it was made

for William Wordsworth, in 1534. Several of his ancestors were named (it was in Latin) with the prayer that God would be propitious to their souls. After dinner we took a walk. I had told him of Sarah's three commissions, his autograph, ivy from Kenilworth, and heather from Abbotsford. He immediately said there must also be a flower from Rydal Mount. Of this he went in pursuit, questioning which it should be, and finally settling on a pansy if he could find one. On our way he plucked several little wild-flowers, (he said it must be wild,) and among the rest a nice little yellow flower called there *lamb's lakings*, or lamb's playthings, from lake, to play. He seemed to enjoy the etymology very much. At last, in the very spot which he named, we found quite a purple cloud of pansies. (See his little piece on intimations of immortality :)

A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone ;
The pansy at my feet,
Doth the same tale repeat.

While we were looking at the several points of view, Mr. Kent joined us, whom I had seen last at Fulham. We went then to the noble grounds of Rydal Hall, which adjoin the Mount, visiting first the lower and then the upper fall. They are truly grand, and the whole scenery in keeping. Queen Adelaide walked with the poet to these points ; and Bishop Hobart in 1823-4, spent a day or two with him in these grounds. As it rained quite heavily, he talking on regardless of it, as we walked, we got to the house very wet. We went into the kitchen, and sat down by the fire, and never good old mother was more active in caring for the comfort of her children, than he for ours. He would have me wear his coat till mine was dry ; and nothing would do but I must take off my boots, wear his shoes to Keswick, and return them by the coach. Think of it, in Wordsworth's shoes ! While we waited for tea, he wrote the autograph, and then kindly, taking a sheet, filled it with his name for us. He showed us also several first and other curious editions of Milton, Thomson, Burns, &c., with striking inscriptions. That of Burns seemed his pet. Of the inscriptions, these two were very striking. One the edition of *Paradise Lost*, 1669 (first)—“Nov. 13, 1820. My dear Wordsworth : Pray accept this little volume, one of the most precious that I can give or you receive. It will acquire a new value by being yours. Sam'l Rogers.” The other, the edition of 1671, “C. Lamb to the best knower of Milton, and therefore the worthiest occupant of this pleasant edition. June 2, 1820.” After tea we left this rare old man, so happy in the possession of a great influence for good, so happy in the enjoyment of all the sources of life at seventy with the fulness and freshness of twenty, so happy in the vindication of his poetical fame, and its establishment on the very highest summit of renown, so happy in the universal respect, so happy in the faith and peace of the gospel. A great source of health and freshness both of body and mind has been his out-door life. “I should like to see your master's study,” said some one to his cook. “I suppose it is there,” pointing to some book-shelves. “That is my master's library,”

she replied; "his study is out of doors." This he told us with much glee. He is no converser. He rather descants. It is monologue for the most part. He takes the liveliest interest in the progress of the Church, and anticipated with great delight the report which I should carry back, saying it could not be in better hands.* A short drive of 12 or 14 miles, by Helvellyn, brought us to Derwentwater and Keswick. The inns being full, we were quartered with a very nice old woman named Ladyman, who said that Mrs. Southey (then Miss Bowles) had lodged with her 18 years before. She spoke in the highest terms of her kindness to every one, and of her devotion to him. I wrote to ask permission to call at Greta Hall, and having received a very kind note in reply, called after tea. She received us most kindly, but as a heart-broken woman. It is a home of silence and sorrow. He sits among his books, and seems to read. It is doubtful whether with any intelligence. He sighs, and says it is all over. Not long ago, he expressed the grateful hope that in the Book of the Church he had done service to the truth. She said nothing could have gratified him so much as to see an American Bishop, had he been himself. Left her with the assurance of a Nation's sympathy, and with a fervent blessing, which she received most gratefully.

* Two or three little things I will take an old man's privilege to add to this extract. Mr. Wordsworth did not get the Sonnets done, to send by me. At Leeds, just before my embarkation, I received a letter of apology from him, acknowledging the receipt of my Sermon, on the death of Bishop White. "I am not without hope, that, in some favourable moment, I may be enabled to touch the union of the two Churches, through that venerable man, in a manner not wholly unworthy of an event, so important for the spread of Gospel truth and Christian charity. At all events, I trust the tribute may be sent after you, and, pray, let me have your address; which, not for this purpose only, I should like to be possessed of. Much do I regret, that your short stay among us did not allow of my showing you and your companion more of this pastoral and poetical country." In due time, the Sonnets came. They were sent by the same mail, to his accomplished correspondent, the American Editor of his works, Professor Reed; worthy, in every way, to be his friend. He wrote, as follows: "My dear Bishop, at last I am able to beg your acceptance of these Sonnets; the latter half of the second, and the third, upon the subject of the English Church in America. I wish they had been more worthy of the matter, and of your perusal; but I have done my best. In commemorating Bishop White, you will observe that I am indebted to your admirable delineation of his character; in the course of the thought, and, partly, of the expression.

"I hope your voyage has proved a favourable one; and that no painful change had taken place, among your family, friends, and flock, during your absence, beyond what the instability of our human condition prepares every thinking person to expect.

"A few days ago, I received from dear Sir Robert Inglis, an impression of his portrait, to supply the place of the one you so kindly accepted from me. It is declared by different friends, who have seen it, to be one of the best portraits ever taken; and you and I can both speak of the fidelity of the likeness. I mean to have fixed upon the back of mine, an account of the circumstances under which it came into my possession; with a hope of its being preserved, for more than one generation, as a sort of heir-loom in my family.

"And now, my dear Bishop, let me bid you farewell, with store of good wishes. The event which brought you to England, did yourself and the Church in which you fill so eminent a station, high credit. May the religious union established between our Churches, continue from age to age; and spread, till every corner of the world be a partaker of its benefits."—*From the Missionary of August, 1851.*

Saturday, August 7, 1841.—Went by post chaise to Bishopton Grove, where the Bishop of Ripon received us most graciously.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity, August 8.—At the Minster at morning service, and preached, pardon through the blood of Jesus. A venerable old pile, which has had rough treatment by the Scotch and others, but for which the Dean has done much in the way of repair. A large and most attentive congregation. The service, simply, but well and devotionally performed. It seems to me that such a Cathedral, which is a parish Church also, and such a service, might be attained in America. It was probably the first sermon in a cathedral by a minister of our branch of the Catholic Church. In the afternoon the Dean preached. The Bishop sits in the throne in his robes, and pronounces the blessing always. This is as it should be. Indeed the Bishop of Ripon is a real, devoted, practical, working Bishop.

Monday, Aug. 9, 1841.—Up at 6. The Bishop had planned a party of pleasure; and was so anxious for a good day that he was up three times during the night, to look out. There is about him a delightful freshness and simplicity. The day was as fine as heart could wish. Started at eight. Drove through a beautiful country, and then over a moor, the first I have seen, all purple with heather, interspersed with the most beautiful flowers, to Burnham Crag, a singular freak of nature. On a high moor several hundred feet from the sea, there seems at first sight the ruins of a city, Petra for instance. Rocks in all shapes and all conditions, scattered over some sixty acres. It seems to be the effect of water wearing off the points, rounding the surfaces, perforating the masses. At the same time there has been great force applied. Masses of many tons seem to have been hurled violently together, and in some cases hang strangely suspended over precipices. Several rocking stones are shown from 20 to 100 tons, all of which the guide sets in motion. Through the clefts of the rocks and from the summits are the loveliest peeps into the beautiful valley which lies below. It is altogether a unique and striking spot. It reminds one of Stonehenge, though totally unlike it. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and beauty of the heather. There are also wild flowers innumerable of various hues, so that I was tempted to roll like a child on the ground.

Wednesday, Aug. 11, 1841.—Started at eleven. Dined at Doncaster. Lodged at Lincoln.

Thursday, Aug. 12, 1841.—Walked round this queer old town. Saw the Roman arch. On the side of a steep hill, near the Danes Gate, came suddenly upon NEW JERSEY,* in large black letters on a white ground, on the side of a house. It designated a street. At the first sight it quite amazed me.

Tuesday, Aug. 17, 1841.—At four went down to Addington in the Archbishop's carriage. No company at dinner. Much very interesting conversation with the venerable Primate. He entered very strongly into my view of Cathedral institutions for America, and thought it feasible and most desirable. I am very much struck with his practical wisdom. In the evening he was very much taken up with Downing's Book on Landscape Gardening in America, and

* See Address before Historical Society.

devoted himself to it for an hour. Expressed great approbation of the Riverside arrangements. What is most charming in him is his entire simplicity.

Wednesday, Aug. 18, 1841.—Prayers at nine and then breakfast. The Archbishop very eloquent on smoke and chimney-sweeping. He seems quite at home in very different subjects. After breakfast he goes to the Library till luncheon. Spent the interval in conversation with my pleasant friend Mr. Harrison, and in writing letters. Luncheon at two. After this the Archbishop proposed a walk, and furnished me with a cane. We traversed the Park in all directions, visited the Porter's lodge, (which he called Mrs. Howley's Cottage,) the tree which the former Archbishop planted (a cedar of Lebanon) on occasion of George III. completing the fiftieth year of his reign. Conversation various and discursive. He was particularly curious about the progress of the Church in America. He is making constant improvements of the soil; which, truth to say, is poor enough—much of it being a barren heath. But it is health and more than wealth to him, a living and engaging interest. He has not less than 50 men in constant employment. For three hours and a half the good old man (seventy-five) was in constant motion, and at six, went in reluctantly to dress for dinner.

Thursday, Aug. 19, 1841.—After breakfast Mrs. Howley sent us in the Archbishop's carriage, with four horses! to Battersea Rise, which we reached at noon, and found a cordial welcome. It is the sweetest, homelike place that I have met with, and its serene repose entered into my heart. After a nice, quiet luncheon, (just the most domestic thing that has occurred to me in England,) good Mr. Harrison returned from town with a pocket full of letters. Then went (Mr. Haight and Mr. Harrison, with Miss I. T. and myself,) to visit the house at East Hill Wandsworth, where "the good Bishop of Limerick" passed his last years and died. It was not a bad illustration of the impression the excellent man had left, that as we were going out, Mr. Thornton's butler (Harrison) came to remind us to visit the grave of the Bishop's favourite dog, in the garden. A most lovely day, and the drive delightful. A nice, old-fashioned house, not very large, and filled quite too full with furniture and pictures. The Bishop's drawing room (which used to be filled with books) very pleasant. The room in which he died, very affecting. The thought, that from those windows his ransomed soul took flight to its serene abode.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk!"

I have not felt it so strongly except in Bishop Hobart's case.* Bishop

* In a letter from Bishop Jebb to Mr. Horne, A. D. 1833, he says: "It would be difficult to express how deeply I am gratified, by the liberality of good Bishop Doane; a present of the 'Banner of the Church,' from the editor, is indeed acceptable; as you may judge from my having ordered it through another channel: if that copy ever reaches me, I shall, according to the Gospel rule, 'give it to him that has none.' The Bishop is a noble fellow, and it is my humble, yet confident hope, that God will bless his disinterested apostolic labours; I know not in the Church of Christ, a more honourable post than his: the See of Canterbury is as nothing compared to it. I would that we had many like-minded with him."

Jebb's interest in me was very striking, and among the happiest incidents of my life. When I run back the golden thread of providential guidance, I feel that he was influential in all that has been most delightful to me in my English visit, especially in my Stisted friendship, and the sweet resting-place at Battersea Rise. The grounds about the house (which tradition states to have been one of Queen Anne's residences,) are very pleasant. Found the gardener who had lived with Bishop Jebb, and felt friendly with him at once for that. What a proof in these heart triumphs that "there is a spirit in man, and that the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Went to the old Clapham Church (St. Paul) to see *the* Thornton (name so long and highly honoured!) where with the parents and a brother of my most pleasant friend (and others of more remote connection,) the beloved Bishop rests. Surely the instinctive impulse which directs the feet to the last resting-place of the dear ones who have gone home before us, is an indication that man lives beyond the grave. I believe no nation and no age has ever been without it. It was pleasant but mournful to the soul.

Friday, Aug. 20, 1841.—After a delightful rest woke at five, full of the thousand thoughts of which the place was fruitful. As I meditated of them, on my pillow, they bubbled up from the heart in words like these :

Old house, how long I've known thee
 By high historic fame,
 By Thornton, Inglis, Wilberforce,
 Each loved and sainted name :
 And now my pilgrim feet have trod
 Thy consecrated ground :
 And underneath thy sacred roof,
 A pilgrim's rest have found.

Home of each heart attraction—
 Of manly piety,
 Of lovely woman's gentleness,
 Of childhood's artless glee—
 A tenderer tie than history, now
 Shall hold thee to my heart,
 And make thy blessed memory,
 Of every pulse, a part.

My children shall be told of thee,
 And every dearest name,
 In every murmured orison,
 Their lips shall learn to frame ;
 And fervent prayers shall daily rise
 From far beyond the sea,
 That God may still his blessings pour,
 Sweet Christian home, on thee !

At ten, went with Sir Robert and Mr. Haight to St. Paul's to see the Convocation which is assembled at every new Parliament, to—be dismissed !

"The King of France, with forty thousand men,
 Marched up the hill, and then marched down again !"

The procession would have been imposing, if the Bishops and Clergy

had been there. As it was there were only the Bishop of London first, in his peer's robes, then the Archbishop, his train borne, and about twenty of the clergy. These were preceded by six or eight civilians of the ecclesiastical court. The Litany was read in Latin by the Bishop of London, and a Latin concio was delivered by Archdeacon Samuel Wilberforce. This done, (there were also two chants,) the procession returned to the Chapter House, where the proper summons and certificate was read, after which, the lower house retired to elect a Prolocutor, and were adjourned, to meet on Friday of next week, in the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey. Thence to London Bridge, to take the railway to visit Mrs. Rose at Glynde. On the way learned the good news of the Great Western's arrival, which I trust will bring me letters. Reached Glynde at half past two, and was tenderly received by the widow of my ever dear and honoured friend. Did not separate till after midnight, and then could not sleep.

Saturday, Aug. 21, 1841.—Up early, and had an hour's conversation before breakfast. His poor old father wept like a child at seeing me. I had not known the full amount of love for me, which he, whose memory I hold so dear, had cherished for me. Left the vicarage directly after breakfast. In the parcel, with the sermon cover, which Mrs. Rose had promised me, I found the Prayer Book, which he had used from 1813 (at the University) till his death, in 1838. Could any thing have been more touching? Arrived at London to find no letters from home! Must write myself down disappointed! A pleasant note from Battersea Rise, was as a cordial. How sweetly are our paths all ordered of the Lord, and how *he* leads us in our pilgrimage to unthought of fountains, and undreamed of palm trees!

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity, Aug. 22, 1841.—After two services (I preached in the morning,) returned home. And it was so home-ish! The verdant lawn, the long shadows, the still scenery, the perfect repose of mind and heart. Was surprised to find Miss T. with "the Proposed Book," which I had hardly thought was in England. But this is a real old church house, with a library for a Bishop. Blessings be multiplied upon it!

Monday, Aug. 23, 1841.—After a rainy night, a bright morning. The quiet satisfaction of this delightful resting place has fully restored and re-invigorated me. Mr. Thornton kindly proposing to send me direct to Fulham, I was very happy to add another halcyon day. The morning passed quite to my heart's content. After an hour's frolic with the dear children, and a pleasant conversation with Miss T. of the men and things of her father's day, she allowed me to read some portions of his letters, and especially touching Bishop Jebb and Mr. Knox, and the pregnant themes their names suggest. They were addressed to Miss Hannah More, and for sound and safe wisdom, imbued with the most comprehensive charity, adorned by candour the most transcendent, enlivened with a subdued yet bubbling wit, and expressed in the purest and most silver English, I never have seen their equal. He was a man! It is a providence that the original design as to his life was not accomplished. Yet these letters never *should*

be lost. I trust that one day his well balanced, well proportioned character, serene in piety, and beautiful in holiness, will be delineated by a kindred spirit. I had held him long in highest honour, but how far he was before his age, and how much he must have tempered down the times in which he lived, I could not know. I regard the letters which I saw as the very best models of that species of composition. There was also a short imitation of an Ode of Horace (*auream mediocritatem*) addressed to his eldest daughter, which proves him a poet of no common rank. He has been with Jesus, since 1815, yet so introduced to him, I could not but feel as if he had just been taken from us. Indeed, I was made historical; and lived for a moment, in the generation of which I had read and thought and dreamed so much, in other years. How passing strange! It is Wordsworth who says—

“ Our life is but a sleep and a forgetting.”

Mine seems rather a waking up and a remembering. Went to Mr. Harrison's library, to complete from dear Rose's pamphlets (hoarded now by my most pleasant young friend Benjamin Harrison) the series of my sermons and charges for Rivington's volume. Found all but one, that I wanted. After an hour of reading and pleasant talk, drove to Fulham. Mr. Haight brought me a budget of letters. Among them, one from Burlington. From Boston none! The Bishop was very kind and pleasant. But it was not Battersea Rise! *That* is as if Riverside had run under the Atlantic, and just gurgled greenly up. Most thankful am I that my latest memories of England are to reflect themselves from that sweet spot, and its true hearts.

The heart keeps a time of its own,
Let the almanacs tell what they may;
Finds a dull hour a week or two long,
And years of delight in a day.

Went to see the Parliament opened by Commission. Five old gentlemen with cocked hats represented the Queen. The Lord Chancellor read the speech. A regular fire-brand! Went thence to St. Paul's, and attended the solemn service with my dear friends. Most affecting bond of union is the worship of the Church, begun on earth, to be consummated in heaven. Went to the House of Commons, learning from good Sir R. that the division would take place. After a little skirmishing the big beggar man got up, and began his blast. He was evidently quailed by his position: but not too much to show his quality. Strange that such vulgarity, and such profanity should be tolerated in the Bishops' Parliament! Sir Robert Peel followed, first in a strain of withering indignation launched at O'Connell, which he evidently felt; and then in a clear, full, manly review of the subjects presented in the debate; closing with a declaration of the only terms on which he would accept, or accepting, hold the government. It was in the loftiest vein, and superior as matter of eloquence, to what I had expected. The cheering was immense. Lord John Russell followed in a small way. It was a severe trial at fearful odds; and I should have pitied him had he not gone out of the way

to make a fling at the Church. After all it was but the confession of the power by which he fell. So perish all thine enemies, O Lord ! After this, the division, with a Tory majority of 91. Nunc dimittis ! Glory be to thee, O Lord ! Arranged trunks, and every thing so as to have no more to do with London. Slept there for the last time. With what different thoughts and feelings from the first. Then all uncertain, a stranger in a strange land. Now with the reflection that all my highest purposes in coming have been more than realized ; that the Catholic relation of the two Churches has been freely recognized not only, but triumphantly asserted ; that I have seen with scarce an exception all the places, and met with all the persons, I had desired to see, and many others ; that while in nothing, I have been disappointed, unlooked for advantages have sprung up at every turn ; that I have secured most valuable friends ; and most undreamed of, and most precious of all, that a new fountain of perennial enjoyment has been opened in my heart.

Thursday, September 2, 1841.—The Archbishop called for me in his carriage and four. The streets thronged. Three hundred clergymen in surplices, receive us, at the church. The *service fine. Four thousand worshippers. Lasted from eleven to four, there being a very large communion. Went then to a collation at the Music Hall, where an address was made to the Archbishop, and he replied. After this, toasts and speeches.

Saturday, September 4, 1841.—Up from my sofa very early to get on with my writing.—Parting from England opened the unwonted fountain, and at the thought of dearest Battersea Rise, the waters overflowed. God bless it and its beloved inmates !

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity, September 5, 1841.—Woke very wretched. Utter disquietude of mind. Why art thou so vexed O my soul ? Was sorry to begin the holy day with such feelings, and wished it were some other. Yet hoped that the blessed service would soothe and comfort me. And it did, thanks to the Blessed One. Felt how surely kindest hearts at Milton Bryan, as well as at Stisted were caring for the wanderer. God, I thank thee for these fountains in the wilderness. Shelter them ever with thy greenest palms !

Saturday, September 11, 1841.—One week at sea. How soon a week is gone, notwithstanding all the tedium of our voyage. So time continually flies, whatever be the seeming of its flight to us. Some work done to-day in preparing my volume of sermons for the press. This day week if it please God will bear me to my home and dear ones. Four weeks since the date of my last letters. What may four weeks not produce ? Nothing without His permission. My hope is in the mercy of God.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity, September 12, 1841.—The Lord's day is for its calmness, quietness and beauty, indeed a day from the Lord. I woke with a Sunday feeling : what force in habit, that the seventh day, be our circumstances what they may, brings its atmosphere with it ! Read the service and preached, pardon through the blood of Jesus. A most attentive congregation. In the afternoon a

* At the consecration of the Parish Church, at Leeds.

Presbyterian preached, and my friend and I had our own service in our state-room. Quite free to-day from all the inconveniences of the ship. My heart much with my dear friends. There were those on both sides of the Atlantic whose hearts, at those words in the Psalms for the day, "thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth and of them that remain in the broad sea," were certainly with me.

Of his consecration sermon at Leeds, an English paper of the time spoke thus.

"Dr. Doane the Bishop of New Jersey preached the principal sermon. He commanded profound attention. His style is vigorous and his accent peculiar; it is in fact American; but he is altogether a most effective proclaimer of God's truth. His person harmonizes with his manner. Tall with a keen yet benevolent expression of countenance, a deep toned and flexible voice; great emphasis and skilful pauses. He does not wear a wig. On the contrary his hair floats in the breeze and adds to the picturesqueness of his general aspect. In age he appears to be about 56. We understand that he is much venerated and beloved in his own diocese, for those who know him best can best appreciate his virtues, talents and unquenchable zeal. If we might be allowed the comparison we should be inclined to term him the Paul of the Western Church."

And his farewell letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, tells the grateful recollections, which he bore through his life, of his cordial reception, at so many hearths and by so many hearts.

MORLEY'S HOTEL, *August 21, 1841.*

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—Let me first assure you of the grateful recollection, which my heart will always hold among its choicest treasures, of your Grace's continual kindness to me, from my first reception, to the last delightful visit at Addington Park. I shall return from these shrines at which my fathers worshipped and found rest for their souls, to the scenes of my proper labours, and to the brethren who are fellow helpers with me in the Gospel, to strengthen their hands, by the good tidings of what God is doing here, for the setting forth of his own glory, and for the salvation of men, and to make their hearts glad by the report of that abounding love for the sister (call it rather daughter) Church, which, like the precious oil poured out upon the robes of Aaron, has run over upon me. Her prompt and cordial recognition of the Catholic bond, and the fervent desires for Catholic unity, so earnestly expressed by all the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity of the Church of England with whom I have had the happiness to meet, and by none more strongly than by your Grace (as surely from none so acceptably) will sink deep into every heart, and bring forth, as I trust in God, in universal prayers and common works of charity, immortal, precious fruits. That this renewal, between our respective branches of the living vine, of the ancient intercommunion of the faithful, may not only continue, but become more intimate and more enduring, and that your Grace may long rejoice in the results of

that new relation between the Churches, which your Grace has so earnestly desired, and so effectually promoted, we shall unitedly and fervently beseech Almighty God to grant. Should it seem proper to your Grace to express, to the House of Bishops soon to assemble in New York at the approaching General Convention, the affectionate interest in our labours, and in the sacred field to which they are devoted, which your Grace has expressed personally to me, I shall regard it the best result of my brief sojourn here, to be the bearer of the message ; as I am well assured that nothing would be more acceptable to them, or more auspicious for the best interests of our common sacred trust. For myself personally, life can supply no more gratifying remembrance than that of the kind and affectionate treatment which I have received at your Grace's hands. * * * * *

May I ask your Grace to express my own most affectionate and grateful regards to Mrs. Howley, whose kindness to me dwells among my happiest memories, and to believe me with dutiful and filial love your Grace's son and servant,
G. W. DOANE.

It was a season of most intense enjoyment. The communion with kindred souls, the presence of the new life that was astir in England then, the sympathy of loving hearts, the earnest kindness of devoted friends, the very presence of "Old England," the cathedrals and colleges and choral services, the lawns and hedgerows and heather, the forests and parks, all were as a new and gracious gift of God.

His first sermon after his arrival at home, was given up to a detail of all that he had seen and heard. It paints, in the light of recollection, the same pleasures which we have just seen, in the bright sunshine of their immediate enjoyment.

When, in the course of the present year, the restrictions of the proviso were, by Act of Parliament, removed : and, immediately thereupon, an eminent Clergyman of the Church of England, long my friend—proposing the consecration of his parish Church, the most magnificent sacred edifice of modern times—as the fitting occasion, urged me to accept the overture of catholic intercommunion, thus extended to the American Church ; I did not hesitate at all, as to the point of duty, but resolved to go. By the good hand of God upon me, I have been : accomplished the result, for which I went : and am now here, in answer to your prayers, to blend once more my voice with yours in praise and supplication ; and to renew, before the holy altar, the solemn vows which bind us, as one sacred brotherhood, each to the other, and all, through Christ, to God. You will desire to know of my reception ; and of my impressions of the Church of England, as aids, encouragements and lessons, in discharging our own duty, for the edifying of the Church.

Of my reception, personally, it needs, as it becomes me, that I say but little. It were all said, when I assure you, that it was all that even you, dear friends, could wish.

But mine was not a personal enterprise. I went upon a catholic

errand : a catholic Bishop, to the Bishops and brethren of an elder branch of the "one holy, catholic, and apostolic church." And in every Bishop, and in every member of that ancient household of the faith, I found indeed a brother. Of being a stranger and a foreigner in England, the thought was never present with me for one moment. Again and again, it was my privilege to be at Visitations, and at other gatherings of the Clergy, and with large assemblages of Clergymen and Laymen. Everywhere, the strife was, to do honour to the sister Church. Everywhere, the report of her stability in the old faith, of her adherence to the primitive order, of her participation in the Common Prayers, and of God's blessing on His own ordinances in her, was the one theme that filled all hearts. Everywhere, the peace and prosperity of the American Church gave interest to every sentiment, and unction to every prayer. And many, who had never before seen me, and could never see me more, thronged to embrace the sister Church, by grasping, as a life's remembrance, the hand of one of her Bishops.

So it was ordered, not as my expectation was, but better far, in all respects, that the immediate occasion of my visit did not occur, until I had quite fulfilled my catholic errand, in visiting the brethren, and taking from them their pledge. The gathering at Leeds, the venerable Archbishop and Metropolitan of York, the Bishops of three several branches of the Church, three hundred surpliced presbyters from every quarter of the kingdom, the living mass that filled that solemn temple ; these, and the blessing from the Lord, which rested, as I trust, on that occasion, unexampled since the early days of Catholic intercourse, were, and were felt to be, the appropriate crown of this first act of perfect intercommunion between the Mother and the Daughter.

I was devoutly thankful, that, into the cup, now full to overflowing, no other drop was to be poured. I felt that the solitude and silence of the waste of waters was my most effectual refuge from the rush of feelings, that unmanned me, quite. And, with a prayer, that bore my heart up with it, for every blessing from on high, upon the Church of England, and the generous nation that lies sheltered in her bosom, I tore myself from friends and brethren, true and dear as ever God bestowed on man ; and turned from my Mother Church and Father land, to this, my children's home, and you, the precious flock, which God has left with me to feed. * * * *

Some think, that Oxford has within it elements, that must divide and rend the Church ; and ask, in honest earnestness, is there not serious danger, from that controversy ? Yes : just as much as from the breeze, that stirs the stagnant waters of the pool ; or shakes, before their time, the dead leaves from the trees, upon the hill. I mean to say, without a word that can give just offence to any man, that, whatever is personal, and local, and occasional, in this question, (far less agitating in the Church of England, than you suppose,) is rapidly passing away. A year, or two, or three, will place it with the things that were, so far as its peculiarities are concerned. But, the appeal made, when wicked hands were laid upon the Church, to the princi-

ples of Churchmen ; the assertion of the Church's character and rights, as independent of, and far above, the state ; the summons to the ancient faith, the ancient discipline, the ancient worship ; the impulse given, in every quarter of the Church, to ancient piety, and ancient holiness, and ancient charity,—these will remain, as blessings to mankind, when every name that has been mixed up in this strife of tongues, shall be forgotten. * * * * * *

In his Diocese, as to his parish, he offered the expression of his loving, grateful memories of England, in the Address to the first Convention after his return.

MY BRETHREN OF THE CLERGY AND LAITY,—The act in which you last engaged, was one of which my heart can never lose the record. At the call of catholic love, and for the testimony of catholic truth, I was about to visit the altars, where our fathers' faith was nourished, and to worship in *her* temples, whom their grateful hearts acknowledged, as THE MOTHER CHURCH. Unsolicited, and without the slightest expectation on my part, your generous action made the case your own. You poured the feelings of your hearts out, in such words of manly tenderness, as melted mine. You caught, as at a glance, the aspect of my errand ; and, in the fittest words, gave it its true expression. You offered me the assurance of your affectionate interest and prayers. Under the protection of your faithful prayers, I went. In answer to them, met with every favour that heart could wish, or hand could give. And, by the blessing which they brought, am here with you again, to take "sweet counsel together," and to walk "in the house of God, as friends." Fervently, for these His mercies, to me, the least worthy of His servants, do I pour out my thanks to Him. Earnestly do I beseech Him, that this His goodness may inspire me with a better purpose to do all His will, and with the needful grace ; kindle my heart with holy love, to be a whole burnt offering on His altar ; and accept, for Jesus' sake, the worthless sacrifice !

Time would fail me, did I undertake to speak to you of the satisfactions of my catholic pilgrimage. There is the less occasion for it, as its chief results are made accessible in other ways. Suffice it to say, that in nothing was I disappointed. High as my thoughts had been of England, and the Church of England, they were more than realized. Whether our national or our ecclesiastical descent be thought of, the daughter has good reason to thank God for such a mother. And for the sympathy, the kindness, the heart-love, which everywhere was lavished on me, as a brother of the blood, and Bishop of the Church, which makes us one, in nature, and in grace, no words of mine can tell them, as no change or chance can weaken their remembrance. From the day when I first waited, as in duty bound, upon the venerable Primate, and put into his hands the resolutions which afforded him so much delight ; until the day but one before my embarkation, when, with exulting heart, I stood before that mighty congregation, and rehearsed your words of love, one theme fired every tongue, one thought filled every heart : the daughter land, the sister Church ; peace with the one, all blessings upon both ! Let

us reciprocate the feeling. Let us return the prayer. The Apostolic Church of England, the bulwark of the Reformation, the glory of all lands, the nursing-mother of our own—"peace be within" her "walls," "prosperity within" her "palaces!"

And ever after, more even than before, all interests of the English Church were personal to him.

* The Church of England contemplates to signalize by special offices of devotion and extraordinary acts of charity, the third jubilee of that venerable Society, which, for one hundred and fifty years, has been doing the Master's work, in propagating His Gospel in foreign parts. A Society, whose prayers and labours have been so blessed, that, in a region, where, when she began her labours, hardly as many clergymen were to be found, as our dear Lord commissioned, on the Mount of his Ascension, the word of God, and His holy sacraments are now ministered to three millions of baptized persons, by two thousand seven hundred and fifty clergymen, under the supervision of fifty-seven Bishops. And the Missionary spirit, at this moment spreads, through all her colonies, like fire on a prairie. The Venerable the Primate of all England, by letters to our Bishops, wishes us to unite in this most evangelical commemoration. As the oldest daughter of her love, our whole communion will respond as with a single heart. I have assured him, in your name, of our most cordial co-operation; engaging to bring the subject before you, at this assembling of ourselves together. I am very sure that no word of mine is necessary to commend the adoption of this paternal request, for Christian communion and co-operation. To no other Diocese, was the hand of the venerable Society more constantly and freely opened, than to this. Everywhere, we walk in the footsteps of two of her earliest Missionaries, the Rev. Geo. Keith, and the Rev. John Talbot. Everywhere, we enjoy the fruit of their toils and of their prayers. Let us commemorate them with gratitude. Let us join hands and hearts, with the beloved Sister Church, which was once to us a Mother, in the Lord. Let our common prayers rise up, with hers, that "from the rising of the sun, unto the going down of the same," God's name may "be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense be offered unto His name, and a pure offering." And let the liberality of our gifts attest the sincerity of our prayers; that both may rise to heaven, a memorial to God, acceptable to Him, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

His heart warmed too, to the Bishops and Clergy of the Colonial Church, many of whom had been his friends, and one, the Lord Bishop of Toronto, in specially close and intimate relations. In one of his † Addresses, this indication of it occurs:

It was gratifying to me to have associated with us, in these sacred services, a reverend brother of the sister Church of England, from a colonial diocese. These portions of the Church, upon the Western Continent, have much in common with ourselves in their position and

circumstances; and mutual edification, as well as mutual comfort, would be promoted by closer intercourse, and more frequent intercommunion. I have realized this myself, on more than one occasion. Happier hours I have seldom spent, or fuller of all good and holy thoughts and feelings, than when, not long since, I had the pleasure to entertain, for a space too brief, the self-devoted Bishop of Newfoundland. And when, at a period somewhat more remote, I spent a few days with my long respected brother the Bishop of Toronto and his Clergy, and with my reverend brethren at Montreal, and at Quebec, I was made to feel, at every turn, how closely and how tenderly the bond of faith and love knits into one the hearts in which it dwells. The only thing I could regret was the absence of my excellent brother, the Bishop of Montreal, on a long and arduous Mission, to a portion of the Indian tribes, within his diocese. I would that these fraternal interchanges might become more frequent; well assured that while they are delightful in themselves, as social opportunities, for mutual consolation and encouragement, they are most influential in their promotion of "the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace."

This brief visit to England was undertaken and enjoyed, in the true spirit of a pilgrim. Upon the altars of her glorious Cathedrals, and her lovely Churches, he laid the tribute of most earnest worship, and the full appreciation of the Communion of the members of Christ's undivided Body. And on the fireside altars of English homes, the hearths of English Parsonages, and the halls of England's noblest sons, he laid the offering of his heart's warmest affections, kindled by the glow of their loving hospitality. And his thoughts went constant pilgrimages to all these shrines, in prayers and remembrances, at the altar where he served; and in frequent letters and memorials of his work, at home. The incense of the offering came gratefully back to his heart, in messages and missives of unfailing interest, unfaltering confidence, unchanging love.

CHAPTER VI.

BISHOP; PASTOR; TEACHER; THEOLOGIAN; FRIEND; HOST; POET; PATRIOT.
LETTERS; PERSONAL POINTS.

It was a great point in the character of my Father, as a Bishop, that he was called to the office, in the freshness of his youth. It was another greater point, that from his soul and heart and mind, almost from his whole self, in spite of the bent shoulders and the silvered head, the dew of youth was never dried away. Both in the planning of his work and in its execution, he laid out largely, as young men do, with years before them, and conscious strength within them, to bring it to its fulfilment. He began and ended with intense energy, with perfect fearlessness, with fresh heart, with no thought of policy, or expediency, or the favour of man, with the endurance of strong faith and great hope, with elasticity of spirits, that rose higher, than they had fallen low; with a capacity for sympathy, given, by his experience, to men of his own age; and by his fresh-heartedness and untiring energies, to the enthusiasm and sanguineness of boys. His strong and deep sense, of the responsibility of his office, gave him a strong sense of its authority. To the people, he was essentially the shepherd whose voice, the natural relationship would lead them instinctively to follow. To the Clergy, he was entirely the Father, expecting the natural and necessary obedience of sons. Little people, that looked superficially and made up their minds before they looked, mistook his shepherd's staff, for a tyrant's sceptre; and talked about tyranny and arrogance. But the sheep gladly obeyed the voice, that was so brave and strong in danger, so deep and earnest in its love, so cheery in all trials. And his sons, even if obedience was sometimes hard, so often found his will, the wisest, and shared the shelter of his Father's love, that they yielded gladly to an authority, whose exercise was oftener for their comfort, than for their compulsion. The consistency that magnified his office, was the complement of

the humility that made little of the man. Strong in the conviction of his views and principles, he was earnest and untiring in their avowal and assertion. That this became sometimes severity, is true; that it seemed sometimes personal, is true. But the severity was their doing, who made it necessary, and the personality, was in their view, who would not make the distinction, between his office and himself. His devotion to his diocese no one can doubt. Understood or misunderstood, left as he always was, with no remuneration for his labours, hampered and hindered by want of faith and selfishness and misunderstanding; he clung to it, and loved it, with the most utter and absorbing affection to the last.

What a Bishop he was, for work. The last Sunday of his work, had crowded in it, three full services, a celebration of the Holy Communion, three sermons, two catechisings and two confirmations; with many miles of driving between them. And this is but a specimen of it all. His immense correspondence, which he attended to in the evening, kept him up late at night. And he rose early, for the service or the start. And yet these visitation months were his holidays; for the rest of the year was full of the pressure of parochial and academic labour. He always wore out the Clergy who were with him, at such times, and yet there was no tire, in his last sermon or in the next morning's service. That it wore him out before his time, they know, who kneel in tears beside his early grave. But the power of his will, the strength of his body, the pressure of his work, the sense of his responsibility urged him ever on, to work, which he could not bear to have others undertake. How touchingly, in his last Spring's Charge he speaks of this.

A WORKING CHURCH MUST HAVE A WORKING CLERGY: *Working Bishops, Working Priests, Working Deacons*. It is not for me, to deal with any Bishop, but myself. But, when I read of Paul, the scholar of Gamaliel, the leader of the leaders of the Jews, and, "*facile princeps*," among the master minds of every age, going down from Athens, where he had confounded their philosophy, by his revelation, to them, of "The Unknown God," to work at Corinth, as a tent-maker, that he might preach the Gospel, without charge, to any man: when I listen to him, at Miletus, while his big heart breaks, with the pang of parting from his loved ones, when he goes "bound in the Spirit, to Jerusalem," "not knowing the things, that shall befall him there;" "save that, in every city, bonds and afflictions abide" him; "but none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God:" when I behold that wondrous photograph of his eventful life, which his indignant zeal flashed in, upon that old Corinthian page, "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of rob-

bers, in perils by my own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness, and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness ;” “ of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes, save one ; thrice was I beaten with rods ; once was I stoned ; thrice I suffered shipwreck ; a night and a day have I been in the deep ; ” “ in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft ; ” “ besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the Churches,”—when I contemplate these “ signs of an Apostle ; ” and consider how little I have suffered for the same Cross, how little I have done and am doing for the same suffering Lord, I sigh myself into insignificance, and feel that I am not worthy to be called a Bishop : and humbly pray, that He, the servant of whose servants I desire to be, would enable me, and dispose me to serve Him better, and make my service more promotive of the honour of His kingdom, and the glory of His Cross.

In the eyes of those who only saw results, my Father’s powers as a worker, were always most amazing. They were no less so, to those who saw the means, by which they were obtained. With the most perfect readiness for every sort and phase of work, he had unfailing perseverance and untiring patience. The vigour of his mind was set in a vigorous body. Night after night, he could be almost without sleep, day after day, he could work without intermission. After a day’s hard work, an hour’s sleep on the sofa freshened him to write all night. In any presence, with conversation, debate, examination, no matter what, going on about him, he would abstract his mind, for thought ; and with wonderful elasticity and promptness, he turned from one thing to the most opposite : from a child’s composition, to his next day’s sermon, from a letter, to the closest and most severe argument. In the examinations at the schools he always wrote, and when one thought him absorbed, he would look up, for the correction of a false quantity, or the suggestion of a better translation, or a clue to a puzzling problem, scarcely stopping his pen. It was so in the most important bodies ; even in the house of Bishops ; in the middle of a letter home, he would put down his glasses, and get up, to pick to shreds a speech, whose every weak point and false logic, he had noted in his mind as he wrote. And this interchange of labour was his only rest. His whole mind went into the conversation, with which he threw off care and weariness. And changing ever the current of his thoughts, in the direction of his labours, he kept them all and always fresh. At work, he always was, “ until the evening.” *

* “ He gave himself to his work. No one ever yet accused him of sparing himself. Every thing that he had, his time, his talents, his thoughts, his personal

"Energy does not necessarily belong to high intellect. It is not a mental gift or operation. It belongs to the heart. Its spring is in the affections, or 'active powers,' according to the philosophers. Bishop Doane's energy was a *fire never out*. It is said that at the central depot at Bordentown, a reserve engine is always kept with fuel ignited, ready for the emergencies of the road. An ever ready locomotive in energetic activity was this Bishop; with large driving wheels, and to each wheel a panting cylinder. His will was of a higher power than steam; it generated energy in the soul."*

"The Bishop's well-known power of labour and endurance has been the leading theme of several discourses; especially of

ease, his peace of mind, his home, nay, even life itself, he freely lavished upon the flock which the Good Shepherd had committed to his care. No other Bishop, with a Diocese ten times the size of his, ever worked harder. He set out with the highest view of his office and responsibilities, and blessed with an energy and strength of constitution which few men possess, he laboured to fulfil it by day and by night, in sunshine and in storm. His visitations were made always two, and generally three, a day, each morning administering the Holy Communion, being assisted only in the distribution of the consecrated elements, and at every service catechizing the children, preaching, and confirming. And frequently have we known him, in the midst of such laborious visitations, to work nearly the whole night with Committees on some matter for the good of the Church, and yet to be the first up in the morning, in the house at which he was entertained. Ordinarily he would work twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and then take his rest in the remaining four, wherever he might chance to be, on a sofa, or in the cars, or even a common country wagon travelling from one point to another. Even in the earlier years of his Episcopate, when he had much less to do than later in life, he has been known to keep the printers in Burlington at work all night by paying double wages, and correct the proofs himself, as they were brought to his library, hour by hour. He would travel in an open wagon, or drive, as we knew him to do on one occasion, nearly fourteen miles in an hour, through the most violent storm, to catch a train of cars, that he might be where he was expected. No heat or cold ever detained him. Only let him see that some duty could be performed for the Church, and no privation or difficulty deterred him from the task. He has crossed the Delaware opposite his residence in an open boat, when even the stout-hearted ferryman tried to dissuade him from the attempt. When on a visitation in Monmouth County, intelligence was brought to him of the death of the Rev. Dr. Barry, his honoured teacher, just previous to the Evening Service, with the request that he would preach the sermon at the funeral in Jersey City, the next day, at 2 o'clock; though it involved his returning to Burlington for some papers which could furnish him with dates, he immediately promised to do it; and then, after the Evening Service, which had been appointed, he drove a number of miles to meet the night freight train, on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, rode in any empty freight car to Burlington, where he arrived at 2 A. M., wrote the Sermon, and left by the cars at 8 A. M., arriving in Jersey City in time to preach the Sermon; at the hour appointed, in the presence of a large gathering of the Clergy and Laity. And on his last Autumnal Visitation, he left the Board of Missions in Baltimore at 5 P. M., arriving in Elizabeth at 3 A. M., Friday, took but two hours' rest, then had three full services, catechizing, confirming, and preaching at each, and was up the following night writing until after 2 o'clock, though he had three Services, and twenty-five miles of driving arranged for each of the two succeeding days. Thus did he toil day after day, and month after month, crowding into a short Episcopate of twenty-six years, the work of three lives rather than of one."—*Church Review*, October, 1859.

* Dr. Van Rensselaer's Sermon.

the admirable sermons of Dr. Ogilby and Dr. Van Rensselaer, preached in Burlington the Sunday after the funeral, and since published. The former bears the testimony of a devoted and long tried friend; the latter that of an earnest, but generous antagonist, opposed to the Bishop on theological grounds, of a different communion, and at one time a sharer in the prejudices and misconceptions which were so industriously diffused against him. In speaking of the Bishop's working power, he compares it to a mighty locomotive dragging a heavy train of cars; a comparison that does justice to its might and facility, but hardly to its variety of application. To form a right conception of the latter, it must be remembered that Bishop Doane was not only in charge of a Diocese, a Parish, and two Institutions of learning, founded and sustained by his own efforts mainly, but was always ready for the overwhelming demands upon his time, to which the variety of his talents, and his well-known character as a friendly, hospitable, neighbourly, benevolent, public-spirited man continually exposed him. To meet all these claims he worked with prodigious rapidity, and required little sleep. He had the happy faculty of being able to put his work down or take it up, or to turn from one employment to another, at any moment."*

And how startlingly he closes his last public admonition to his clergy:

My brethren of the Clergy, this is my twenty-fifth Convention. The Germans call their twenty-fifth, their "*silver*, wedding-day." I shall not see our "*golden*." I am fifty-eight to-day. But, however that may be, the one word for us all, is, WORK. Work, with our might. Work, together. Work, for God. Of the Clergy, who were with me, five-and-twenty years ago, but four are left. Which of us is next to go? Only, He knoweth. Whoever it may be, when-ever it may be; may we be ready for the summons. "Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching."

And what a Bishop he was, to his clergy.

It is so dread a thought, to be the teacher of the teachers: to look upon you, brethren, and see, in each of you, the steward of immortal souls; and then, myself, with all my sins upon my head, and all my doubts and fears within my heart, to undertake to deal with yours; to be the shepherd of the shepherds of the sheep, which the Son of God "bought with His own blood;" to be "the savour of life unto life," or, else, "the savour of death unto death," to souls, which have the care of souls! Brethren, dear reverend brethren, "who is sufficient for these things?"†

He knew them all. He sympathized with them. He supported them. He advised them, when they asked it, as they

* Dr. Mahan's Sermon.

† Eighth Triennial Charge.

often did, putting himself in their place; and he stood by his advice. He supported them, as knowing how much they needed it, and no fear of offending laymen, or making himself unpopular, tempted him to desert them. He loved them and trusted them, and entered into their trials, and encouraged them, and sought to make them better off, and happier. He was on their side, and they knew it. He felt towards them, as the various parts of himself, by which he did the various portions of his work.* He had their confidence, and gave them, his. He loved them, and many a one of them would have died for him, did almost die, with him, of pain and shame and grief at his afflictions and persecutions. And yet he ruled them, by influence, by affection, by the presence which he bore with him, of one that was born to rule. To be the friend of all, he was not privately the enemy of some. To be the friend of all, he was not treacherous to the principles of his conviction. But he could differ with principles, and yet not differ with men. Earnestness in work, even though within allowed limits there was variety of opinion, had always his support.

In his unofficial relations to the clergy, he was most winning. The bow that sends the arrow farthest, from its whizzing string, is the bow that is oftenest, and most entirely unbent. And his unbending was of this kind. Stiffness and distance and reserve were alien and impossible to his nature, as December is to May. He entered into enjoyment, as thoroughly as into work. He was at ease with the youngest

* The Convocation has no bond of union, but in and through the Bishop. It needs no other. There cannot be imagined a connection more intimate, more endearing, more powerful than that which ought to exist with him, as the spiritual father of his clergy, and among them, as brethren in Christ Jesus. If it be not so, brethren, it is our own fault. If duty, if affection, if the love of Jesus fail, what is there left, that can constrain us? The Bishop is always a part of it; and if he be not present, there is no Convocation. By this provision the agreement of all is secured. He is the common centre. All, united to him, are thus united to each other. He imparts to all the same counsels, the same warnings, the same reproofs, the same encouragements. He receives from all common sympathy, common confidence, common support in his responsible and arduous duties. All is regular, all is harmonious, all is in agreement with that ancient and most wholesome precept of the disciple of St. John, "do nothing without the Bishop." At his summons, at such point of his visitation,—*statedly*, or *occasionally*, at such other place as he may deem expedient,—the clergy are assembled. They unite with the congregation of the faithful, in offering to the Lord their God, that "beauty of holiness," the daily common prayer. They listen to his instructions. They partake with him the holy communion of the body and blood of Christ. In private intercourse, they impart to him, their doubts, their trials, their difficulties, and receive his comfort and counsel; or they tell him of the blessing with which God has crowned their toils and cares, and he joys and rejoices with them all. He cautions them against the influence of the world, against the fear of man, against reliance on themselves, against distrust of God. He exhorts them to vigilance, to activity, to fidelity, to unity, to charity. He commends them to Him who alone can keep them from falling, or give increase to their labours.—*Conventional Address*, A. D. 1836.

Deacon, and they with him ; and this close constant observation of him, at work and play, gave men a knowledge of what he was. They who were closest to him, knew him best, and their love grew with their knowledge. For some men, distance is the best charm, but he was greater, higher, more loveable, the nearer you got to him.

And what a Bishop he was, to the people. His genial and cordial manner, that was instinct with sincerity, came from the depths of his heart, as plainly as one sees the streams rise up from a fountain. There was no rich and poor in his estimation. He had no favours to get from any. He entered into the interests of them all. He never forgot a face or a name. Somehow, he knew every death and every birth. And with a direct personal interest in every one, his universal and instinctive courtesy, found always just the question, and just the answer, that was kindest and most pleasing. In private and in public, his approval and delight in their good works, or his mild and reasonable reproof of what he thought wrong, his perfect knowledge of their parish matters, and his minute interest in them all, won for him their admiration and affection. It was a beautiful sight to see them, when the Convention had opened, crowding to grasp his hand. Men and women were there ; old people who had welcomed him, at his first coming ; and the young people whom he had known as boys ; for all the same kind greeting, the inquiry for some one at home ; the word of consolation for the last year's sorrow, or the smile of congratulation for its joys. And such laymen as he made of them : such work as they have done under him, for the Church ; such confidence and support as they gave him, few Bishops ever found or felt.

And what a Bishop he was, to the children, to feed the lambs. Nothing in all his visitation pleased him so much, as a good catechizing, where the children were many and well trained. Into all his intercourse with them, he threw his very deep love for children. And their love for him, which was without exception, he always said, he thought the greatest compliment he could receive. From year to year they remembered him, and he, them, and the Bishop's kiss and blessing were things to look forward to, and remember. "I should not be just to his memory," the Rev. Rector of St. Paul's, Rahway, writes to his people, "if I did not show you another trait in his character ; one so conspicuous in the few great men, that it seems to form a necessary part of true greatness. I mean *his love of children*. He loved them for what they are. He loved their simplicity, their ready belief, their ignorance of evil, their easy contentment, their happy faces, and gladsome hearts. But he rather loved them because they were given to his care—

“With Jesus’ mark impressed,
To nurse for Jesus’ sake.”

“He knew that the certain way to destroy the reign of sin, is to touch the springs of feeling and volition in the hearts of children. If all be right with our sons and daughters in the forming period of their lives, there need be no fear for the Church, and none for our country. If we can reach the source of the mountain torrent, and control the little rills as they just bubble to the surface, we can make the moral wilderness glad, and the desert bloom as the rose.

“His great nature led him to seek *the beginning* to things, and thus to work wonders in a single generation, as hundreds of young men and young women can testify, who have gone forth to the responsibilities of life with his impress upon them.

“And what parish does not to-day bear testimony to his love for children? How constantly was he engaged in catechizing? If you looked at his appointments in any parish, you would be sure to find an hour for the children. And that no influence might be lost which should bear directly upon the heart of children, he was foremost in advocating the paramount interests of the Sunday School Union. I well remember how nobly he identified himself with this institution at a meeting in Philadelphia during the last general Convention. He would not, it is true, sacrifice any interest of the Church, but if we may suppose a sacrifice required, he would have said, ‘Take all else, but let me have the lambs of the flock, and feed them by green pastures and by still waters.’ When a Bishop of the Church thus loves and thus honours children, he is engaged in a work which an angel might desire, and which the Great Shepherd has blessed with the gracious announcement that, of such is the Kingdom of God.”

And what a Bishop he was, to oversee. Mapped out before him in his heart, he had the whole Diocese under his eye, in complete survey. It seemed as if from the windows of Riverside, he had a lookout upon every parish. And in his brief visitations, he learned what there was of encouragement or difficulty, or of work to be done, and in the next Address it all came out, in the few words of cheer, or of advice, or of urgency. He saw too, all the barren places, and reclaimed them one by one. No wolf could enter in of any name, but a warning voice was raised. No sheep could stray, but he went after him. He had no pet parishes, and officially, no pet clergy. But work, or liberality, or success were always owned and praised. And what a leader he was. Always ahead, the first to provoke attack, the first to court danger, the first to bear hardships. In the increase of services, in the deeper interest in missions, in the adoption of his plan of systematic charity,

in catechizing, in religious education, he took the steps, first, and called them to follow. And in a moment of danger, in any question where public opinion had sway, his voice was like a trumpet,* the fearless words, the clear tone, the decided vote, putting decision and strength into timid hearts, that wondered at their own courage. His bearing in his own Convention was the bearing of a king, both in courtesy and in control. Always in his robes, dignifying and controlling much that would have been violent; never departing from the technical rules, and yet resting upon the higher grounds of Christian law; taking, there as everywhere, his authority as given of God, and not created by canons or canon-makers, he was a great presiding officer. Ordinarily he was very quiet, very positive; claiming and keeping, what was his, rather than quarrelling for its possession, and yielding never an inch. He was irresistible, when he was roused, not violent, never vituperative, but rolling the power of his waves of thoughtful words, with the immense fury of the ocean, till he quailed those who loved him, and annihilated his opponents. And no attack however sudden, no personalities however abusive, ever betrayed him into forgetfulness of his Christian dignity, or into the utterance of any but calm, considered, most effective words. Still, so far as might be, he preferred conciliation, if it could be without compromise. In the trying and painful events of the attacks upon him, he never left the chair, but throwing himself out, was simply the Bishop, dealing with all points personal to him, as though they were of another. He was always and perfectly, at the head of every thing that was done. In the details of his Episcopate, I have spoken of the results of his work, and I speak now only of personalities. Perhaps the chief one was, that everywhere and always he was the Bishop, in thought and word and look and bearing. You never could mistake him; not from any distinctive dress, but because the sense of his office, its duties, its dignities, its responsibilities, was ever in his heart, and looked out from it, in all he said and did, and in his presence everywhere. His standard was the highest, and he reached it.

The Bishop is, or ought to be, the father of his flock,—their father in affectionate interest and devotion, in prudent care and management, in mild and persuasive intercourse, in gentle, but steady and decided

* When you look to me to give the signal, shall the trumpet in my hand give “an uncertain sound?” When you rely on me as counsellor and friend, shall I take bribes of my own fearfulness and indolence, to compromise with error, or keep back the truth? No, God forbid! While I am in this tabernacle, it shall be my constant effort, the Lord being my helper, “to stir you up by putting you in remembrance.” My desire is always to speak through you, to my own heart.
—*Third Triennial Charge.*

discipline. Where he is such, he will, as such, be regarded. His sheep will know his voice. He calleth them all by their names, and they follow him whithersoever he goeth. His under shepherds, knowing that, what is their cure for their particular portions, such, and far greater,—as his responsibility to men and God is greater,—is his for the whole fold, will receive, with a glad mind and will, his godly directions and admonitions. He will lead his flock through green pastures, and by still waters. There will be no competition but who shall love the most, and serve God the most acceptably. And the very idea of government, like the atmospheric pressure, the more effectual because it is not felt, will be merged in the delightful peace and concord of a happy Christian family.

The office of a Bishop, wherever it becomes the centre of a confiding and united diocese, impels, with a force second only to that grace of God with which it is designed to work together, toward that “unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God,” which will be the completion of our happiness, as it is the perfection of our spiritual and immortal nature.

In the language of an ancient ecclesiastical maxim, Bishops are the Church. “The Church is in the Bishop.” Its power is in his hands. Its interests are in his heart. He is its chief missionary. He proclaims the Gospel in it. He administers the sacraments in it. Wherever he goes he sets up the banner of the blessed cross. He calls on men to rally round it. He lifts up the blessed Saviour, crucified for their sins, to draw them to it.

The kingdom of God without, exists only for this end, that the kingdom of God, the reign of grace, may be formed within. To this especial end, therefore, the Christian Bishop directs all his efforts. He watches for souls, as knowing that he must give account. Nay, he watches over them that watch for souls. He warns every man, and teaches every man, “that he may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.” His instruction, his example, his influence, his prayers, all tend to the edification of his flock. His clergy are encouraged thus to greater exertions. He goes before them in diligence and self-denial. By kind counsel and timely assistance, he lightens while he increases, their labours. He commends them to the people of their several cures. He brings his influence in aid of theirs. He makes himself known unto them all, in love, in faith, in charity, and purity; and by continued prayer for people and for priests, wins down for them the help and guidance of God’s holiness, that their end through Christ may be eternal life.*

The judgment of his brethren, and of one who looked on, from outside, thus assigns to him, the fulfilment of his beloved friend’s prophetic prayer, on the day that he entered on his work.

“Because thou hast been faithful over few,
A mightier rule be thine, O servant good and true.”

“That † very remarkable man the Rt. Rev. George

* The Office of a Bishop. † Bishop Hawks, to the Missouri Convention.

Washington Doane, D.D. LL.D. of the Diocese of New Jersey, has gone to his rest. Surely he was a remarkable man; and the Church, so far as we may judge, must long feel his loss. His originality of mind and comprehensiveness of intellect, blended with a learning profound and clear in his profession—his sacred unction, felt in his walks even through all the varied fields of belles-lettres—his deep trust in God—his unwavering faith—his lively hope—his ardent and manly enthusiasm—his boldness and courage under all trials—his tenderness of heart—his ministering spirit to those in sorrow—his keen sagacity in marking men and times, and his iron will, over all, in carrying out the purposes of his head and heart,—all these mark him as a very extraordinary character. It was impossible to know him and not feel the warmth and glow of that character; it was impossible to know him and not see that the faults of his nature were the plants, which lived only in the blazing sunshine of his virtues. I look back upon the work he accomplished during his Episcopate, with amazement and admiration. The work of three lives was crowded into a Bishopric of twenty-six years. I feel with the good Bishop of Alabama, who mourning over this great loss, thus speaks out his full and honest heart: ‘A great and noble man has fallen, one who loved the Church with the devotion of enthusiasm, and who gave his whole heart, and soul, and time, and talents, to the cause of Christ and His kingdom. He was eminently, full of high and generous impulses; there was a charm, a fascination in every thing that he said or wrote. His large, rich, and buoyant thoughts were poured forth, in all the force and majesty of philosophy, and clothed in all the beauty and loveliness of poetry. He might well be called the Jeremy Taylor of the American Church.’ My prayers and sympathies are with his bereaved and stricken Diocese. May God in His mercy provide for them again, and may the noblest work of New Jersey, her noble schools, founded and left by the noble Bishop who has gone, move boldly on for Christ’s sake.”

“He* was eminently a Shepherd; a shepherd in character, as well as in position. He had skill to guide and feed, tenderness to heal, watchfulness to guard, promptitude and courage to defend, the flock. He had, in fact, all the divinely noted marks of a true Shepherd. *He cared for the sheep.* Could that great heart, which now lies in St. Mary’s churchyard, be opened to our spiritual sight, we should be amazed, not at the number merely, but at the freshness and distinctness of the images indelibly stamped upon it; images of *individuals*, old and young, rich and poor, ever present before his

mind, the thread of whose lives had, by the exercise of a constant solicitude on his part, become inwoven, as it were, into the very texture of his life. Bishop Doane had in all things, as we know, a strong memory: but where that memory was aided by his sympathy for the sheep of Christ, it was almost preternaturally strong. In the same way,—to take another mark of the true Shepherd—it may be said of him, so far as we can say it of any man not actually a martyr, *He gave his life for the sheep*. His time, his talents, his thoughts, his affections, his comfort, his peace of mind, his temporal ease and security, every thing that he had, in short, he spent, nay lavished, upon the innumerable objects of his anxious care. No one could accuse him of unduly sparing himself. In the same way again, he was manifestly *not an hireling*. The hireling fleeth when he seeth the wolf coming. The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep. Intimidation, in fact, through the tyranny of the many or the tyranny of the few, is the main instrument of Satan for scattering the flock; and to intimidation the hireling inevitably yields. He takes that course, and maintains those opinions, which he finds most gainful, most popular, most safe. Bishop Doane had nothing of that spirit in him. Though naturally fond of praise, keenly sensitive to blame, and eagerly desirous of the affection and approbation of his friends, yet, when he had once made up his mind on any question of right or wrong, neither friend nor foe could make him swerve, or even pause for a moment. No man—or at least no man of a large and sound mind—could be less alive than he to mere prudential considerations. No man took less pains to hedge and guard himself.”

“How * large a space would be occupied in setting forth the effect of this untiring energy, as witnessed in the House of Bishops, the Board of Missions, the Trustees of the General Theological Seminary, and the S. S. Union and Church Book Society—indeed, in all the general Institutions of the Church. Bishop Doane had a truly Catholic heart, and while he never forgot his own Diocese, he remembered that he was not only Bishop of New Jersey, but also of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. For years there was hardly one important committee, in any general Institution of the Church, of which he was not a leading member. In the Missionary operations of the Church beyond his own Diocese, he always evinced the most lively interest, and his large heart embraced with an active sympathy the Foreign as well as the Domestic field. Notwithstanding all this, his most active and untiring energy expended itself upon his own Diocese. Every parish, from the

* The Rev. Dr. Ogilby's Sermon.

smallest to the greatest, had his sleepless vigilance; and the least sign of trouble or of difficulty attracted his notice and his presence. His duties in his parish and the two institutions here, made his visitations hurried, but what life and effect he gave them, and how his presence stirred up the life of others! The results of his Diocesan labours are witnessed in the great increase of parishes in strength and numbers, in the lists of clergy, communicants, and candidates for Holy Orders and for confirmation, since his Episcopate. I well remember what this Diocese, and not a few of its Parishes, were in the year 1832. The memories of those before me, which reach back as far as that time, can estimate, with arithmetical precision, the results of Bishop Doane's energetic action."

"As * a BISHOP, the departed prelate will undoubtedly be acknowledged by his Church to be one of her greatest sons. So he was. He magnified his office. His work was done on a great scale. He was personally, everywhere, in his own diocese; and his writings were circulated widely in every other diocese. He was the prominent man in the House of Bishops. He could outpreach, outvote, and outwork the whole of his brethren in the Episcopate. He was a sort of Napoleon among Bishops. It was after he crossed Alps of difficulties, that he entered upon the campaigns of his highest renown. The bridge of Lodi and the field of Marengo were to him the inspirations of heroism and the rallying time of mightiest strategy. Bishop Doane was, perhaps, better adapted to the English Church than to the American. His prelatical notions suited a monarchy more than a republic. In the House of Lords, he would have stood among the foremost of Lord Bishops. He of Oxford, would not have ranked before him of New Jersey. Bishop Doane was a good deal of an Anglican in his modes of thought and his views of ecclesiastical authority. Had he lived in the days of Charles, he would have been a Laudean in prelatical and political convictions—super-Laudean in intellect, and sub-Laudean in general ecclesiastical temper. My own sympathies are altogether with the evangelical, or Low Church Bishops, as are those of the vast majority of this audience. I do not believe in the doctrines of lofty Church order and transmitted grace, so favourably received in some quarters. But this is a free country; and the soul by nature is free, and has a right to its opinions, subject to the authority of the great Head of the Church. Bishop Doane had a right to his; and he believed himself to be, in a peculiar sense, a successor of the Apostles. He is one of the few American Bishops who has had the boldness to carry out

his theory, and to call himself an Apostle. He delighted in his office. Peter was to him the example of rigid adherence to the forms of the concision, whilst Paul was his example in enduring suffering for the extension of the Church. With an exalted view of his office, he lived, and laboured, and died. In this spirit, he encountered all his hardships and perils; and when, as in the case of danger in crossing the Delaware, he jumped into the frail skiff, inviting the ferryman to follow, it was the same spirit of "APOSTOLUM VEHIS." Bishop Doane was, in short, as complete a specimen of a High Church Bishop as the world has seen, and in some respects, he was a model for any class of Bishops at home or in mother England.

"As a PREACHER, no Bishop surpassed Bishop Doane. He has published more sermons than the whole House of Bishops—able sermons, which will be perpetual memorials of his intellectual powers, and of his zeal for the Church. These discourses are on a great variety of topics, but they contain much scriptural truth, mingled with his own peculiar views of apostolic order, sacramental grace, and ecclesiastical unity. His sermon before the last General Convention of the Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, was the occasion of one of the greatest triumphs he was ever permitted to enjoy. When his discourses and diocesan addresses are collected into a series of volumes, they will be found to be a treasury of High Church doctrine and order, which no bishop, nor all the bishops of his way of thinking, could equal. I have read most of his productions, and, although often disagreeing with him in sentiment, I have never failed to notice his intellectual vigour, his zeal for his Church, and his unction for the Episcopate."

The great element of my Father's pastoral success was his amazing power of sympathy. Patterned after the Great High Priest and chief Shepherd who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," his great heart enabled him, nay compelled him, to enter into the sorrows and joys and difficulties of others, even when he had no experience of them himself. Like the good Shepherd, he would go for a stray lamb through all the intricate wanderings of its error, that he might bring it home; and like Him, he tuned his voice so perfectly to their immediate wants and needs, that of all his flock, each one knew it, and he knew each of them. And his sympathy was not merely feeling *for* others, it was really feeling *with* them; entering into their sorrows, tasting them, making them his own, that he might either weep with them, the tears of a common sorrow, or comfort them, with the consolations that would have been his own. And so it was with the joys; though coming to him, they would have stirred no special feeling, he became so fully one of his people, that he entered into all their delight. Weep-

ing with them that weep, rejoicing with them that do rejoice ; are they not prominent points of a true Pastor ? And it was so, with their shortcomings. He was patient with them. He could appreciate the difficulty of resisting temptation, though it were one, to which he was not inclined. This led to the essential necessity of the pastoral office ; fullest confidence in spiritual things, turning to him for consolation, for ghostly counsel and advice, and feeling no joy fulfilled, till he had shared and blessed it. And it was all so ready and so natural. He seemed the first to know of every event, to every member of his flock, and then he hastened at once to them, to share its feelings, whatever they might be. And it so fitted in, with other points of his character ; and flowed out so freshly and so free, that it approved itself at once, the natural growth of his heart. In his Pastoral work, he was wonderfully acceptable and earnest, far beyond the strength and time, left him by other work. At the daily service he *always* was, somewhere. He preached always every Sunday, when at home, and with the very rarest exceptions, always a new sermon. In the afternoon, he lectured on various subjects, " the baptismal office," the " Book of the Acts of the Holy Apostles," or some other portion of the Bible, with all the remarkable power he had, as an extempore speaker. The catechizing of the children was monthly, and he entered into it with all his soul, leading them on to the simple statements of intelligent faith, in the deepest mysteries of revealed truth. This was always his special delight. And his interest caught theirs. Ordinary parochial visiting was, in its completeness, far beyond his power. But in sickness, in sorrow, after a Sunday or two absence from Church (where he missed every one) he was constant and prompt. And in his brief visits, few and far between, his influence was untold. His heart so fully and deeply loved the work, that its results reached the standard of influence and effect, which most of us must climb to, by a longer, steeper, and more plodding ascent. What that standard was, he shall say. It is a theme on which he most delighted to dwell.

Great and manifold are the advantages with which the Saviour hath supplied the Church, for this most sacred trust, the care of His dear lambs. The very name by which He loves to name it, the Fold, the One Fold, of the one great Shepherd ; the very name by which, even of old, His ransomed were described, in David's fervent strain, " His people and the Sheep of His Pasture ;" the very name by which His ministers are spoken of, throughout both Testaments, " Pastors," " Pastors according to his own heart," " Pastors that feed His Sheep : " all show the purpose of His heart, to take the tenderest care of them whose helplessness leans most upon His love, that they should be led into green pastures, and brought forth beside the waters

of comfort. Most surely, if there be a thought that must engage the sympathies, and absorb the interest, and tax every effort, and fill every fervent prayer with living fire, in them that minister in holy things, it is the appeal thus made to all their manliness. In the commission which they bear; in the education which they receive; in the opportunities which they enjoy; in their access to every hearth; in the confidence of every heart; in their whole posture and relation to the community in which they serve; in their participation, on the one hand, in all the cares and trials of the daily life of their parishioners, and in the reverence and dignity, upon the other, with which, by their holy calling, they are invested, all is combined which qualifies them best for this most sacred trust.*

The true Catholic Pastor of the Church of Jesus Christ is watchful over the souls of which he has the charge. The very name of Pastor is his constant admonition. If he ever could resist it, he would hear those melting words of Jesus sounding in his ears and feel their unction in his very heart of hearts, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my sheep"—"lovest thou me more than these? Feed my lambs." And, lest these should fail to show him what he ought to be and move him to it, he has continually before him, in the blessed Master whom he serves, the living, breathing, loving picture, of that good Shepherd, who "calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out;"—who knoweth all his sheep and is known of all of them; who "giveth his life for the sheep."†

† What would be thought of the shepherd, who should leave his master's sheep to wander where they might, untended and unfed, while he reclined at ease by the cool fountain, or beneath the spreading elm? How would the soldier be regarded who declined, from hardship or from danger, the post to which he was detailed; or shrinking from the front rank, as the place of peril and of death, betook himself, inglorious, to the rear? And by what principle is it that the conduct which, in the service of men, and for a temporal object, is base and pusillanimous, ceases to be so when God ordains the duty, or when the safety of immortal souls is put in jeopardy? Indeed, indeed it cannot be. The Christian Pastor, who is anxious for his personal ease or personal advancement; who seeks his own, and not "the things which are Jesus Christ's;" who is anxious to shear the sheep, but careless when or how they feed, must be disgraced among men, and will be cast out from before the Lord.

I. It is the first and the most obvious duty of the Christian Pastor to *feed the flock of Christ*. If he does not, they must perish for lack of knowledge. And if they perish, their blood will be upon his head. Tremendous consideration! To be accountable for souls,—to cause by our neglect such wretchedness, that, that which God made in his own image, made immortal, made for eternal blessedness, had better not been made,—to suffer, through fault or wrong of ours, a soul for which Christ died, to perish, and so the precious blood which he poured out upon the cross to be poured out in vain! Yet such is the duty and

* The Church, the teacher of Christ's little children.

† The true Catholic Pastor.

‡ The Christian Pastor.

such is the immense responsibility, of them who have the care of souls. "Feed" then "the flock of God."

II. It is the duty of the Christian Pastor, while he feeds his flock like a shepherd, administering to them the pure word of life, and giving to all their meat in due season, to *gather*, in the beautiful description of the prophet, *the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom*,—to watch and tend with utmost gentleness and assiduity, the children of his charge. "Simon, son of Jonas," said the Lord to the Apostle Peter, when he would prove and try the truth and constancy of his affection,—“Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?” “Feed my sheep,”—“feed my lambs.”

Gather the lambs with your *own* arm. Carry them in your *own* bosom. Then the children of your charge will grow up “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” Then the children of your charge, as they “increase in wisdom and in stature,” may be expected to increase in “favour with God and man.” Then, at the last great day, before the mercy-seat of the eternal Father, it may be yours to say, “Behold, I and the children which God hath given me!”

III. The Christian Pastor must not only feed the Saviour’s sheep, the Saviour’s lambs, but he must *take heed to all the flock*, over which the Holy Ghost hath made him overseer. When the sheep are fed, the shepherd’s duty is by no means done. They must be watched, they must be tended, they must be guarded, they must be led. Ignorant and helpless themselves, the shepherd’s heart must care for, and the shepherd’s eye must overlook them. The expression to “take heed to all the flock,” is comprehensive and significant. It implies a constant, anxious, personal supervision of the spiritual interests not of the whole only, but of every individual member. To enumerate all the details of care and duty which it comprehends, the time will not suffice. It will be realized by every thoughtful man, who remembers that for every individual soul Christ died; and that of every individual soul, for all that he might have done, and did not do for its salvation, the Christian Pastor must give account to God.

* The Christian Pastor has, by his office, the authority of overseer. To yield, or merge, or dwindle that authority, though the very opposite to lording it over the heritage of God, is still the opposite error. The Christian Pastor has no right to compromise the high prerogative with which his Master has invested him. It is unjust to God. If the servant be despised, the master is insulted. Though a worm of the earth, he is the ambassador of the King of heaven. In all places, and on all occasions, he must require, meekly, but firmly, that the commission of his Sovereign be respected in himself. He never can do so, let him remember well, if he maintain not self-respect; if all his actions be not guided by the polar star of Christian principle; if all his words be not imbued, as with a fragrant oil, with Christian charity.

But farther, the Christian Pastor who yields his due authority, is unjust towards his brethren of the ministry. His concessions will be cited as their precedent. What he carelessly yields, they must reluctantly surrender. The torrent gathers as it goes. Let the Christian

Pastor be the foremost of all men in conceding his personal rights, and he will be enabled the better to insist on the prerogative with which his office has invested him. Let him show, by meekness, gentleness, humility, that he seeks not for himself pre-eminence; but, with a jealous eye and with a steady hand, let him resist the least encroachment that would compromise the honour of his Master, or trench upon the freedom of his brethren.

My reverend brethren, we underrate our influence with the people of our charge. We suffer the fear of man to bring a snare upon us by which our feet stumble, and theirs are led astray. They expect us to teach them. They expect us to be plain with them. Do they employ the physician who looks but carelessly at their diseases? Do they retain the lawyer, who slights their business in his hands? As little do they respect, as little do they confide in, as little do they love, the prophet who prophesies to them "smooth things;" who yields to their prejudices, or makes compromise with their worldliness, or becomes partaker of their inconsistency. Look where you will, among the families of Christ, and when you have found the minister who has the best and most effectual influence with the people, the minister whose people open to him their hearts and hands most promptly and most freely, the minister whose people are the first to recognize his voice, and the most sure to follow him, whithersoever he goeth, you have also found the minister who is most abundant in labours, most instant in prayers, most consistent in his Christian conversation, most plain, explicit, and decided in his pastoral reproofs; who, establishing himself in the hearts of his people by his zealous efforts to save their souls, demonstrates the sincerity of his affection by love's most painful and conclusive proof, smiting them friendly for their faults, and rebuking them with all long suffering, and yet with all authority.

Many and arduous are the duties of a shepherd; and full of care, and toil, and self-denial, is a shepherd's life. His sheep are helpless, and he must tend them. They are hungry, and he must feed them. They thirst, and he must lead them to water. They sicken, and he must nurse them. They are vicious, and he must restrain them. They go astray, and he must bring them back. He gives himself wholly up to take care of them. He knows them all. He deals with each according to his case and disposition. He is with them night and day. Is it cold and stormy? He cares for their comfort first. Is it serene and pleasant? He rejoices because it is for their good. Does the wolf assail the flock? He risks his life for the sheep. Do thieves and robbers fall upon them? He defends them with his own blood. When he has done all, the sheep are not his own. He serves their Master. He must give a strict account of every sheep, and every lamb; and stand or fall, as his account shall bear, or not, the Master's searching eye. My brethren, these things are an allegory. They set forth, under that delightful pastoral image, which prophets of old applied to Jesus, and under which he described himself so often, and so beautifully, our office, its great end, its manifold and most momentous duties. We too are shepherds of the sheep. Our flock, the Church of God. Our sheep, our lambs, the souls which Jesus purchased with his blood.

* To tell, in soft and silken accents, of the sacrifice of Calvary ; to speak of Jesus and Him crucified, from cushioned pulpit, to well dressed, well seated, and well mannered people ; to take the pastoral office, for the shearing of the sheep ; and to count its duties done, when twice a week, the minimum of public service is discharged, is not to do as the Apostle did, at Corinth ; is not to do, as the Apostle's Master did, when in the flesh. He did not wait for men to come to Him, for what He only had, but "went about," to do them good. He was not borne, in palanquin or chariot, upon His ministries of mercy ; but walked, from town to town, on bare and bleeding feet. He did not make one day bear all the burden of the week, in teaching, or in worship ; but was, all hours, of every day, about his Father's business ; and found His meat and drink to do the will of Him that sent Him. No time so out of season, no place so out of keeping, that He used it not, for service to the sinners, whom He came to seek and save. At evening, in the heat of noon, before the morning dawned ; on the lone mountain, by the sea-side, in the fisher's boat, at Jacob's well, upon the road that led to Emmaus ; at all times, and in every place, He was the Healer, the Instructor, the Counsellor, the unwearied, unexhausted, Friend, of man.

His particular plans were more thoroughly enforced always in St. Mary's Church, than anywhere else, and he pointed to it, with great pride. And his influence in the Parish was unbounded, in any matter to which he gave his heart. Dr. Van Rensselaer says of his parochial and pastoral work ; "He was earnest, active, fertile in expedients, a faithful visitor of his people and a friend of the poor. He seemed to be always in the right place, at the right time. He went about doing good." A higher tribute still comes to me, unasked, from one of his bereaved children.

"The Bishop, Pastor and Father were most beautifully blended in him. Like the Divine Sympathizer, he was *one* with his people. 'In all their affliction he was afflicted.' He showed this in every look and tone and action ; and in so many little thoughtful acts and deeds, the kindness that no one else would ever have thought of. As we all know, it was so with *all* his people—in his diocese as well as in his parish. Who was weak, and he was not weak ? Who ever had a sorrow or a joy, that he was not the first to share ?

"His pastoral love was as perfect as his pastoral sympathy. How well I remember when I first went to him, a child, for pastoral counsel. The love that met me then, the love that so many hearts have felt, Dr. Pusey has described in words as true, as beautiful—Love 'that understands thoughts of love, although ill expressed, and catches at thoughts of truth, though conveyed in broken words and but half uttered, and reads the heart with which it sympathizes, and can even

open to it, its own undeveloped meaning, or what it should mean, instead of being itself repelled by its rude or imperfect speech.' Such was his love, such his sympathy. How is life to be borne without him?

"How little were his labours appreciated! Blessed privileges, so freely given, that they were disregarded! I know he felt it keenly, but his patient love never failed. 'If the Lord bears with us,' he said to me, two years since, 'I am sure I do not see why we should not bear with others. And my dear child, he bears with us a great deal more than we can with others.' And when on the Rogation days of last year, but *one* responded to his fervent appeal on Sunday, and his sweet Pastoral—when *he made* the time to be twice each day in St. Mary's, and but *one* of his people found time to meet him there, (besides the two or three in daily attendance) sick at heart, I could not help saying to him as I met him after Church, walking with such a weary, disheartened step and look, 'Completely discouraged, Bishop?' 'Why,' he asked. And when I told him, he quickly replied, 'It is not for me to count the people. *The Lord does that.*'

"How he did delight in pastoral *work*, too! I can see him now as he came in, his whole face beaming with delight, the summer of 57, 'to make a report of himself,' as he playfully said 'not a full report, but a report in part, and tomorrow I hope to report in full.' He took out a list of the candidates for confirmation in my district, and gave an account of each one he had visited. They had been such pleasant visits. He had enjoyed them so much. And then he added so heartily and with a smile of such brightness, 'You don't know what a Pastor I would make, if I only had the time; indeed I would be *first-rate.*'

"The responsibility of presenting candidates for confirmation weighed upon him, when he had been able to give them so much less time than he wished. He so shrank from presenting candidates, when he could give so little time to them. 'It is such a responsibility,' he often repeated.

"How the poor loved his visits. How wonderful his power of adapting himself to every class! I saw this, when he used to lecture to his sons, one Sunday evening, and to his daughters, the next. It might be on the same subject, but so different, you could scarcely realize it was the same person.

"His sermons at the school-houses, three miles from B. were another instance of this. They were different from any I ever heard elsewhere. They were not written. He thought that country people might be more interested, 'if they were not out of a book.' I was never more impressed with his greatness, than when listening to him preaching the Gospel to

the farmers, in these little school-houses. His language so simple, so forcible, beautiful it could not help being—his illustrations all taken from things familiar to them, so clear, so striking, so full of meaning, I could think of nothing else but of the Divine Master teaching the people—they were very attentive to hear Him; and so were these.”

It was a beautiful expression of this, when after a visitation at the Church of the Good Shepherd he wrote these lines in the Prayer Book of one of the people.

Sweet lamb, so gently feeding
At Pastor's faithful hand,
The gracious Shepherd's promise
To thee shall surely stand;
In pastures green to feed thee
To living waters guide,
Thy helplessness protected,
And all thy wants supplied.

And his own sense of the blessedness of the work, found no fitter or more feeling expression, than in his words to one very near and dear to him, on the eve of his ordination.

You are about to undertake the highest and holiest of all human responsibilities. But that He who calleth you hath said, “My grace is sufficient for thee,” you might well shrink back appalled even from the thought. But His faithful ones, He strengthens. And if you are faithful He will strengthen you. To be faithful, you must give yourself up to the work which you are called to do. You have to study. You have to work. You have to watch. You have to pray. Self must be sunk. Time and strength and life must all be consecrated to the cross. Be a continual student of the Holy Scriptures. Be much in private prayer. Be ever when you can a daily worshipper in the Sanctuary. Nourish yourself as frequently as may be with “that most heavenly food.”

I am anxious that you should be a real Pastor. I regret that you have had in me no better pattern. My duties as a Bishop and my care of the two schools have withdrawn me from that which is my heart's delight; as it is the highest duty of a minister of Jesus Christ. But I would have you personally know and keep along with, every sheep and lamb of all your flock; and teach and preach Christ Jesus and Him crucified from house to house as well as publicly. Of the details of this, I hope to live to talk with you. Accept my love, my blessing and my prayers.

Your own most lovingly,

G. W. DOANE.

But the best record is in the results, which I have spoken of before; perhaps better, love's perpetual fragrance and incessant bloom, upon his sacred grave. And beside the still waters of comfort, where they walked with him in peace, his flock sit down and weep, as beside the waters of Babylon;

while the pastures, that his love made green, are shaded into sadness, with the willow and the cypress, that mourn the good Shepherd taken from his sorrowing flock.

Much has been said already of my Father's powers, and peculiarity, as a Teacher. How large a part of his life he felt it, he has said himself.

"I am the universal and uncompromising advocate of the diffusion of useful knowledge. I was a teacher at nineteen. And I have never since, been not a teacher. I have dug my grave under the foundation of a College. And whatever may remain to me of life, was long since dedicated to the sacred cause of universal education."

It was a dedication at the Altar of God. He undertook it as a religious act. Religious influence pervaded all his teaching. And there were few lessons into which the laws of association, either in resemblance or in contrast, did not bring some religious teaching. But it was never lugged in. It always seemed to grow and belong there. And it was never tedious moralizing. But a hint, a reference, a thought thrown out to take root in the soil of what he had taught before, and grow by the power of our own reflections. Williams' Christian Scholar was a very favourite book of his, and its ideas and plan are much like his. So deep and positive were the marks of his information on his own mind, and so clear and light-like the words through which they passed to those whom he was teaching, that what they learned was a photograph, catching in all its surroundings, the conceptions of the Teacher's brain. And he threw in with it, his interest, and love of books, and taste; his choice of words, his style of writing, his manner of thought, so that, if there was any polish at all, in the mind of the recipient, or any chemistry of attention, the picture was sure to be good and lasting. It was all "*con amore*." His capacity for asking questions was most extraordinary. Leading questions they were, yet not *containing* the answer. Just the thread, one had to follow out themselves, to penetrate the labyrinth: just a flash, to light up the darkness in which, if one knew the place at all, he need not be lost. His patience, his untiring interest, the wide field he swept for illustrations; the way in which he put the life of his own poetry into Horace, or the English Classics, and the freshness of his own philosophy into Bacon and Aristotle; the real humour of his translations; and his thorough enjoyment of it all, were admirable. A foreign idiom had in his mind, its English complement. And his store of Saxon sayings had phrases, for all the proverbial pith of the classics. He was at home everywhere. In his visiting of the class rooms, and in the examinations, he was always ready to help

one along, by a different form of a question, which he could not see through. And instead of fear, one rather settled down to ease, and felt a pleasure in what had been a task, when he was by, to suggest or correct, or throw the sparkle of his wit, about what had been dry and dark. If in his Episcopate, he was a Pastor of the Pastors, he will take no lower rank as an Educator, than the Teacher of the teachers.

As a theologian, few ever were more thoroughly built up, or had a wider field through which he went, at will, to gather, now the rock of argument that should sustain, now the flower of persuasive rhetoric that should adorn, any writing he might have in hand. With the text of the Sacred Scriptures both critically and comparatively and devotionally, he was intimately familiar. A long use of the reference Bible, his daily public reading of them, and his constant habit of expounding them, gave him this, in great degree. And though finding no time to keep the freshness of constant study, all had been so thoroughly done, that his strong memory took him at once, to any reference he wanted. He had gained the one great object of study, a thorough knowledge of books and what was in them, and a ready facility in getting at their points, in the shortest time. He winnowed the chaff from the grain, and lost no time over the uninteresting portions. With no commonplace books except the first years of study, yet he knew just where every thing was, that he had ever read, and remembered the outline of it all. His sermons and his controversies constantly attested this. The one, too fresh and original, not to be drawn up from a very deep and inexhaustible well of sound and varied learning, the other, too correct and literal, and to the point, to have come, except from the "*antiquos fontes*" themselves. "There has been a great mind among us," Dr. Mahan* said on the day after the burial, "a mind, broad, liberal, sagacious, profound; a mind so nimble, so playful, so sparkling in its flow, that its real depth and strength were hid in a measure from superficial observers. Sparkling streams it is said are often shallow streams. Yet what stream sparkles like the great ocean stream? What waves can clap their hands; what floods can laugh and shout like those which rise from the still depths, that no line has ever fathomed? It is not a lively mind merely; impartial history will attest that it is a broad, deep mind, which, year by year, week by week, day by day, has been pouring out its treasures always fresh, always sweet, for the instruction, the guidance, the solace, and the delight of the Churchmen of this Diocese."

Of what importance he thought learning, his anxious and

* In a sermon in St. Barnabas' Chapel, Burlington.

wise words in his eighth charge attest. He speaks as one who knows, from his own experience, the value and importance of the possession, which he urges for others.

No one can doubt the want of Ministers, among us. In every diocese, the pastoral work is languishing, from that great want. While, everywhere, in all the world, the wheels of the great Missionary enterprise stand still, or are impeded in their progress, by the same deficiency. In this Canon the Church has yielded. Yielded to the impatience of candidates for the ministry, yielded, to the avarice of Churchmen. Yielded, in learning; always hitherto thought needful. Yielded in the mental, moral and spiritual discipline, which none so much need as the minister of Jesus; and for which, time is indispensable. And, this at a period, when Rome is plying all her energies, and bending every stratagem that she may win unstable souls; when every Christian name, but ours, is elevating the standard of ministerial learning, and multiplying the opportunities for it, and when the forms of infidelity whose name is Legion, that beset the land like Pharaoh's locusts, are putting on the show of learning, and endeavouring to spoil the souls of men by a "philosophy," which is but "vain deceit," and by "oppositions of science falsely so called." I am more sure of nothing, than I am, of their sincere devotion to the Church, by whom this Canon was supported; and of their honest belief, that it will serve the cause, to which their hearts and lives are given. But, should it be acted on extensively, as I devoutly pray it may not be, it will bring into the ministry a class of men, not needed by the Church; nor fitted for the service, which she needs. Let it be granted, that the Order of Deacons needs to be enlarged. There should not be one in it, if we are to follow the Apostle Paul, and carry out the Ordinal, in practice, of whom it may not be reasonably hoped, that, in due time, he will "purchase" to himself the "good degree," of Priest. For that, the standard of sufficient learning is maintained. But, how, in the pressure of the service, to which they are admitted, and for which they are demanded, can they work up to it? Who, so little likely to attempt it, as they who need it most? What to be dreaded more, than a class of men, with popular gifts of speech, unballasted by learning, and unmatured by discipline? What shall prevent the "itching ears" from preferring the loquacious Deacon, to the wise and learned Priest? Who will enable conscientious Rectors, or a faithful Bishop, to resist the popular pressure, in keeping such men from officiating; or, holding them subject to direction, when admitted to officiate? The best of every thing is due unto the Lord. By the Mosaic Law, no man, that had a blemish, was to "come nigh, to offer the bread of his God." There should be no lameness in our ministry. "If God needs not our learning; he needs," in shrewd old South's remark, "our ignorance, still less." Let us do, what we can, to multiply our candidates for Orders. Let us do, what we can, to facilitate the means of their education. Let us hold them to the faithful use of all their means. So, shall they be, with God to bless them, "able ministers of the New Testament:" and, so, whatever be

the post of duty, which God's providence may order, for them, they will be found, through grace, workmen that need not be ashamed.

"He was a perfect friend, so delicate, so thoughtful, so candid, so loving, so constant." In the mirror of his own faithfulness, he saw the faithfulness of his friend. True of Croswell; in wider reach, it was as true of Croswell's friend. "His love," no one could say merely "for one," but just his love, "was wonderful." From earliest boyhood, I might almost say, my Father never lost a friend except by death, nor, with the knowledge of his tender recollections of the departed, and the certainty that love will answer love, can any say that they were lost then. It is, almost without exception, true (in spite of those few, warmed in his bosom to sting him in return, for they were never friends) that he never lost a friend. And while this bespeaks the utter confidence all had in him, who knew him, it tells as plainly, the perfectness of his friendship, that claimed so much and kept it so long. And mutual friendships measure each other, also in degree. There were thousands who braved all kinds of human discomforts, and suspicions, and losses, that they might share his. And men of business have risked their fortunes, men in professions, the opinion of the world, for the love they bore to him.

Does it not tell of his love? Who but the blessed Jesus, that dared to die for sinners, ever provoked a sinner, to be willing to go with him to prison and to death. I would make no irreverent comparison. But I count this, as the witness to the instinct of our nature, that his friendship was willing to risk all and give up all, and suffer all, and die, for those whom he thus moved, to risk, and give, and suffer so much with and for him. His friendships were wide and many, and they were lasting and real and deep. It was impossible for him ever to give up a friend. Through evil report, he always kept his hopeful confidence, and would not believe them wrong. Nor was he the friend of those, of whom he hoped to receive. The power to confer, rather than the hope of obtaining, benefits, made him a man's friend. To the poor, in the alms, that seemed twice given, for the thoughtful and considerate way in which he gave, to the sick or sad or suffering, in the kindest ministrations, not only of his sacred office, but of his personal sympathy; to children and young people; to all whom he could; to many that only served him ill; he was the faithful friend. His heart ran over with affection, upon every one, nay every thing, (even to animals) with which he was much thrown. And for a good turn to any whom he loved, he never spared himself, or saved himself at all.

There is a broad-spanned arch that opens into Riverside. A troop of soldiers might march into it, abreast. It was his

thought, who made the house a proverb of hospitality. That wide open door, that till the winter came, was scarcely ever shut, was the fit expression of his large-hearted reception of all who would come in. It was instead of, it was more than, the "Salve" of the Roman pavement. The Apostolic injunction, "given to hospitality," was literally fulfilled. He was not forgetful to entertain strangers. It was an unusual thing for us to be without a guest. And all were welcomed, at the entrance, by that clear voice and hearty hand, that came from a wider opening than the arched door. It seemed a thousand times larger, when he stood in it. Now that they have borne him under it, it is shut, and narrow, and still. The Clergy were constantly here, and his own laymen, and English or Colonial Church people, often; and to his children's friends, he was as cordial as to these. Never sarcastic, he had a capacity for great severity. His power of reproof was most searching and severe, often most uncomfortable. He seemed always to try not to say it; but sometimes, it would come out, generally with some softening word after it. It was a weapon that he used rarely but tellingly. And when he had used it, he seemed sorry, and the wine and oil, which he poured in afterwards into the wound, seemed the most natural to him. When he could, he led men aside by some unexpected way, from dangerous ground, and kept them from getting into such a position towards him, as would have obliged severity. Often he had an endurance of impertinence and insult, which amazed me. And a playful rebuke came much more freely from him, when it would meet the case. And he was a most delightful entertainer, courteous, full of anecdote; adapting himself readily to those with whom he was; with the old-time grace of compliment; and with an ability to talk of every thing, avoiding the little personalities which are so large a part of table talk. And it was all enjoyment to him. He would come to it, from any thing, work, trouble, anxiety, and throw it all off, and forget it, in his genial attention to others, till his own heart was brightened, by their reflection upon him.

My Father's poetical writings were simple necessities. He could not help them. His heart was full of song. It oozed out, in his conversation, in his sermons, in every thing that he did. Sometimes in a steamboat; often when the back of a letter was his only paper, the sweetest things came. And with his heart so full of it, nothing ever touched it, but it pressed some out. Bishop Armstrong writes of the African wild flowers, "We pressed sweetness and fragrance out of the earth to scent us on our way, as the good mules jolted us along." And so did he, the rougher life's road, the more the jolting, so much the more pressure and more fragrance. And it was out of the

earth ; from the common walk of his every day life, out of the little simple things, that are common, as the air is, and the Prayer Book, for everybody, that the sweetness of his song arose. He never sat down to work out a verse. It came up from his heart, and out through his fingers, of itself. And his first copies will have scarcely a change of word. They were truly "songs by the way," and "the rugged way seems smother while we sing." One in the house spoke one day, as she came up the garden, whose border is full of pansies all the year, "of a purple cloud of hearts-ease." In five minutes, he gave her this :

"That cloud of hearts-ease dearest,"
 'Twas a most poetic thought,
 And instant to my loving heart,
 Such prayer as this, it brought ;
 That clouds of hearts-ease, evermore,
 And wheresoe'er thou art,
 May pour their purple perfume down,
 In blessings on thy heart.

And it was so with all. An ever strung harp,—the chance wind of a passing word, the warm touch of love, the strong pressure of friendship, the cruel sweeping of anger and ill will, touched his soul, and it uttered music forthwith.

* "To the more solid and essential traits Bishop Doane added also the lighter graces and accomplishments, with which poetry, both sacred and profane, has in all ages delighted to adorn the character of the Shepherd. Like David, the poet-shepherd king of Israel, he was skilful in song, as well as mighty in the severer labours of life. The hand, which could lay so firm a grasp upon the lion and the bear, could bend itself nimbly to the strings and pipe. He was an elegant scholar, an orator, a poet ; and in either of these walks might have won for himself the highest profit and distinction. But there are two kinds of poets among men. There is the poet of words, whose whole life runs, like the rose-tree, into mere bloom and fragrance. There is the poet of works, with whom song is but the blossom that prepares the way for solid fruit. Bishop Doane was a poet of this latter kind. Burlington College and St. Mary's Hall are his two great poems. Such, however, was the exuberance of his genius, that blossom and fruit in his case, sprang side by side, as it were on the selfsame bough ; and his poetical powers like his practical, continued fresh and vigorous to the last."

"It often happened, that when troubles and accusations were accumulating upon him with a sudden, and seemingly overwhelming rush, a little gem of verse in the papers with

the well-known signature, G. W. D., or a series of discourses of unusual power from the Pulpit, would be the only sign to the public that the Bishop was awake to the impending danger."

One cannot fail to note in all his poems, two things, their simpleness, as wayside flowers always are; and their devotional spirit, as though they bloomed along a quiet lane, that leads to church.

My Father did not bear his Christian name in vain, nor do dishonour to it. He was essentially a wise and earnest Patriot. To his native State, and his native land, he was a most loyal son. His wise and constant warnings of the dangers that threatened, ever and anon, his faithful admonition and inculcation of the real principles of our government, digging them out from the rubbish of modern statesmanship and politics; his intense veneration for the name and character of Washington; his regular and careful observance of the two national holidays, and the wreaths, he hung about the tombs of Taylor, Harrison, and Webster, witness amply to his "*Amor patriæ*."—As early as 1834, he urged the religious celebration of the 4th of July, for which he afterwards authorized the form of prayer from the *Proposed Book*. And when the State Convention of New Jersey met to frame a Constitution, in 1844, he set forth a form of prayer to be used; with a pastoral, in which these words occur:

DEAR BRETHREN: The people of the State of New Jersey, as you know, have authorized, by their representatives, a Convention, to frame a Constitution for the government thereof; and have elected their delegates to the same, who are to assemble in Trenton, for the discharge of their important duty, on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of May. It is the greatest of secular trusts. Upon their fidelity and wisdom, the welfare of the present, and every future, generation of our people, must essentially depend. It is from God, that wisdom and fidelity must come. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." If the Apostle, that rulers might rule well, and the people "lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty," would have "supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men," but, most especially, "for kings, and for all that are in authority"—a precept acted out in every Liturgy of every land, through every age—it surely is not less incumbent upon us to pray for those who have in charge from us to embody, for our use, the fundamental principles of government, and lay the ground-plan of the laws by which our rulers shall be ruled. * * * * *

My reverend brethren will remember, that the first prayer, in the first Congress, was offered by a ministering servant from our altars; and that the venerable Bishop, who so long presided in the councils

of the Church, and through whom so many in our apostolic line received the grace of their apostleship, long served as Chaplain to that honourable body. And, while they are ever faithful in teaching, with St. Paul, that, "the powers that be are ordained of God;" and therefore, that "whosoever" "resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God," they will be careful, I am sure, to "submit" themselves "to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake."

Of his native State, he was always very proud.

* I never shall forget, with what a strange and startled joy, I stopped, and stood, and gazed, upon a few black letters, on a plain deal board, at the corner of a street, in the old English town of Lincoln. I had been musing, beneath the Roman archway, called the Newport Gate, of the ever-changing stream of life, which had not ceased to roll through it for twice ten centuries; and, busied with my thoughts, had wandered off alone. When, as I climbed the steep ascent, on which the town is built, lifting my eyes up from the ground, near the Danes' Gate, they were arrested by the words, "NEW JERSEY." It scarcely is a figure to say, that, in an instant, "my heart was in my mouth." Romans, Danes, English, all were gone. I doubted of my very sense of sight. It seemed some mirage of the mind. Country, and friends, and home, were all before me.

"My eyes

"Were with" my "heart, and that was far away."

I stood, a Jerseyman, and in New Jersey.

I do not speak of this as if it were at all peculiar. I know that it is not. The Swiss guards, in a foreign land, who dared all dangers, and bore all privations, were melted to desertion, if they heard the simple native song with which the cows were brought from pasture.

"The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,
Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
If chance he hears that song, so sweetly wild,
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks, a martyr to repentant sighs."

No: it is not peculiar. I cite it as a fact in nature. It is a part of our humanity. A touch of that which makes the world all kin; so that the man who felt it not, would scarce be owned of human kind. And I cite it now, because it indicates, as no elaborate dissertation could, the ground on which I stand to-day, and the feelings with which I stand on it; the feelings and the ground, which, if our coming here is not to be in vain, you must share with me, as JERSEYMEN, AND IN NEW JERSEY. Let me not, for one moment, be misunderstood. I yield to no man in the Catholic comprehension, which takes in the world. I teach no truth more earnestly, than that which filled and fired the fervent soul of Paul; that, in the plan of God, for human good, there should be no Jew, no Greek, no Seythian, no Barbarian, but all one

in Jesus Christ. But I remember David's longing for the water of that ancient well, by the town-gate, where he had bathed his boyhood's brow. I remember how Paul yearned for his brethren, his "kinsmen according to the flesh;" and, if need were, would even be accursed for them. And I remember—and I speak it with profoundest reverence—how that blessed ONE, who "gave Himself a ransom for all," when He was come near Jerusalem, beholding it, "wept over it." To love our neighbour as ourself, is not to sink the brother or the child. Jesus had one disciple, "whom He loved." The house will soon be chilled, in which the hearth-fires are gone out. There were no Nile, to fatten Egypt, if the fountains were not full. Trust not to his philanthropy, who is not filial as a son, and faithful as a friend. He can be no American, who is not more a Jerseyman.

* * * * *

* Gentlemen: I cheerfully comply with the request conveyed to me in your note of the 10th instant, that I would furnish for publication, a copy of my Oration before the Society of the Cincinnati. I am for use; and to be made useful is my highest aim on earth. A native Jerseyman, and one to live and die, I desire nothing, that is human, more than the confidence and approbation of Jerseymen. I deeply feel, and shall fondly cherish, the kind expressions you have used; and am, most faithfully and respectfully, your friend and servant,

G. W. DOANE.

Riverside, July 14, 1845.

And all this was consecrated very much as Hannibal's; only that his was for hatred, and my Father's for love.

My Father's correspondence was varied, extensive and incessant; and it was all done with his own hand. Business letters, the Diocesan and Academic correspondence, a very large English correspondence, many private letters of advice on all possible points; and a note from him always the first, to congratulate or to condole. He condensed in them, even more than in his other writings. And a succession of those short, clear, strong sentences, flowed on like the successive notes of an octave, or fell like the quick blows of a hammer, or rattled like the bullets of a regiment, as the letter was of love or of argument or of reproof. Sir Robert Inglis says of them,—“Beginning by a declaration, that you will not describe any thing, you paint every thing, in single strokes.”—It is to the life. The letters that I have of his, are home letters, full of his over-running love. But a few I may quote for their pointedness; their thoroughness in giving advice; and for the cordial, touching reality, of their sympathy in joy or sorrow.

* Correspondence in reference to the publication of the Address before the Society of the Cincinnati.

LETTERS TO DR. CROSWELL.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, Feb. 21, 1828.

"DIMIDIUM MEI"—which you are not to interpret "My better half"—

Your scurvy substitute for yourself came to hand this morning. I have longed for you greatly, and looked hard for you last night—but longed and looked in vain.—*We* will try to keep the Watchman awake without you, till Tuesday, when we shall certainly hope to see you face to face. In the mean time, "Sunday School Papers No. 3," "A Sonnet to Jacob Oson," and any other poetic favours will be regarded as agreeable reminiscences. The "disjecta membra" on your last page were good. *Ex pede Hercules.* Give us the rest.—The Watchman is ready for the press—both forms—and it will be magnificent—as follows. The Ritualist—Bp. B.'s address to Jacob (by request, meimet)—Prayer No. V.—Extracts from Smith's Sermon on Carter—good—A beautiful bit, by "H."—Milman's Hymn—The Picked Man—Reminiscences from the Traveller's Journal, better than they look—*Our* tribute to Rev. A. Carter—*Our* Notice of the Ordination—(you ought to have seen H.'s. It began thus: "The *ordination* of Jacob Oson to go on a *Mission* to Liberia took place, &c. Dr. S. said it ought to have been the *fore* ordination.) Twilight No. 3, of which it becomes not *us* to speak—Intelligence. Pretty good bill, Sir—and better fare! H. promised, but like yourself flunked.—Glad you like the tract. Shall send some to your father to-morrow. The Tract Soc. can have some of the present impression if they wish, at cost. The form is distributed. There are sundry poetic favours waiting your sentence.—Do conclude the best arrangements you can for next year.

WASH. COLL., Feb 24, 1828.

D—RUST A. C. F.—Your dual favours are this day received and welcomed with a right good will. But how comes it that in the last you make no mention of the Episcopal Watchman, which was duly mailed for your Editorship on Friday P. M.? I marvel at your silence on a theme so prolific. Your hint concerning the R. J. is a good one—but dearest dimidium, until you come back, I have but one eye, one ear, one hand, one foot—in short am but half a pair of scissors, and so exsors secandi. I have just come down from our evening lecture. There were 17 present, and all very devotional, and I think interested. It is storming furiously—yet I must go to the office.

ASAPH DEAREST.—"Don't mention it to any one"—but "I'm off." Mr. Dorr arrived at nine last night. I went to the college at ten or thereabouts, but your deadlights were in, and this morning I have to stir round in order to be ready to start at half past seven.—I leave you, however, for consolation in my absence,

"A little book (libellus) for you to look upon."

I hope to be "back again" early on Saturday morning. Till then

take care of yourself—be as happy as you can without me—and believe me
 Yours forever and a day.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

DEAR DOUBLE-YOU-SEE.—I stop Joseph who is surnamed Hollister to inform you that besides sundry *punctual* errors in Asaph (strange coincidence!) there is a *d* too much in “A Child’s Prayer” and two quotations too little.

“And innocent and grateful” &c.

Yours in a hurry, YE’LL KEN WHA.

Boston, March 2, 1829.

MY DEAREST FRIEND AND BROTHER.—For the first time I believe since you and I have been fellow shipmates, my promise distinctly made of something for the log book, has failed of its performance. The reason is, that I have not been quite as bright as usual from a slight cold, and one or two other small ailments, which, had I been with you as I was at this time last year, I should have used as apologies for staying at home, in order to do the thing; but which, at the distance of an hundred miles from Canfield’s office, rather tends to increase the vis inertiae. In addition to that, I was looking daily for the Watchman, to furnish me some hook; which did not come till Thursday night,—*Mem.* do send the other two by mail—and then was rather hookless. The Western Review came to hand, as did the Family Visiter, but did not “touch the spot.” The former I return. Your capital letter, however, did touch the spot, and it is my present purpose to reply jointly and severally to the matters which it contains. * * *

Your visit here shall be as you please—clerical, editorial, poetical, political, (whew! what a cabinet your (merry) Andrew has made up,) philosophical, metaphysical, mathematical, only let it be soon. Serus in Connecticut redeas! Do you know, you bold dragoon, that you have given that honest man and good citizen—not Publius Gavius Cosanus—but Samuel Hutchinson Huntington, my most particular good friend, the lie direct? As how? you’ll say, and begin to cross yourself. Marry thus. In a late letter of his, he says, “Mr. Croswell,” meaning the Rev. William Croswell, missionary to parts unknown, “preached to the acceptance of the people”—and you say, the experiment was worse than a failure—and like a true Job’s comforter divide the fault between matter and manner. Apage sceleratissimus! which means, mend your ways, good Mr. Croswell! * * * *
 S. S. Goodrich asked me the other day if you had not written poetry. I told him, yea verily, and good poetry too. He asked if you should not be among the specimens. I said in truth you should. He asked me to get of you, such pieces as you would suffer to be inserted. I engaged to do it. So send or bring a sample of your *pottery* right on. Then he asked me if you would not adorn his next Token. I told him you would, more, by token that I had promised to do so myself, and liked good company—and I promised to show you to him ere long in person.

Boston, April 14, 1829.

MY DEAR CROSWELL.—Yours of the 6th was just the thing—factus ad unguem—worth twice the postage! Every word of your advice is good, and shall be followed as far as I am concerned ad literam, as S. H. H. would say. But your presence here must be waited for, ad maturandum. Your proposition about all the talents being in use, negatur. We are a lazy, slouching, do-little (the Italian says do-nothing, “far-niente”) set. But you are right as to the con-sid-e-ration. There is reason, quotha. The N. A. R. pays one Spanish milled dollar per paginam. Spirit of the Pilgrims the same. So shall the Banner of the Church. I have rather avoided the publishers, until I can see you. My plan will be, if I do engage, to write as you suggest. B—— shall be used.—As to the name, the publishers suggested it; and though I hated it with a perfect hatred—yet, as I thought it less important than some other things, I did not protest. But our name is *the* name. And if I can but get you here, we’ll “make it go.” A Quarterly has been in my mind too, but it must come after. I question now, whether we ought to appear till January 1st, 1830. What say you? Issue the prospectus soon. Then, in nine months, the birth. N’est-ce pas? Shall it not be so?—My mother is ready to be your champion in all places and at all times—and so will her son and daughters too—unless, “mark me, Alfred!”—unless you fail on the Sunday after Easter. Your pulpitophobia is a mere fever of the brain. Why man, as honest a fellow as yourself and full as tall, stands there every week.—While you were at Hartford, I had no fears about you; but since you have got on the paternal hearth, and such a clever fellow as H. by your side, I feel something like a country chap, whose sweetheart has gone to see her cousin in the city, and who sees a rival in every dandy of them all. However, I rely on your promise to come here first. The Juniors requested me to select a device for their card. I chose Cybele with her car and three lions, and

Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
Laeta deumpartu, centum complexa nepotes
Omnes Cœlicolas omnes supera alta tenentes.

How was it? Sober or sarcastic? The dogs liked it well, and sent me their unanimous resolve not to forget Professor Doane. I suppose they meant “old Joe.”

Boston, April 22, 1830.

NORTHERN LIGHT.—Your coruscations are most brilliant in apogee. They have of late been so few and far between, that I feared a total occultation. I rejoice therefore that you should repair your ray. * * My labours grow on my hands. I expected some fifteen or twenty, and I have well nigh fifty candidates for Confirmation. I gave them the whole subject, root and branch, in two sermons on Sunday, and have three lectures on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday following. If I had a fortnight longer I should nearly double my list. Several most interesting baptisms have grown out of it. You will form some estimate of my labours when I tell you, that since Easter, I have set

down in my book eighty-two pastoral visits, and shall round the hundred before next Sunday. God be thanked, for the gleams which encourage me to hope, that my poor labours may not be in vain. Commend me to your household with truest love, and to all others, as they deserve. As to the way I go to Philadelphia, let the answer be, by Providence, ut decet Christianum. Let your walk and conversation be as befit the Rector of Christ Church and Shepherd of the north. *Enrich Goodrich* with some *good* poetry for both of us—Arcades ambo—and count upon me in all love and loyalty your friend and brother of the Cross.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Nov. 1832. 10 1-2 P. M.

DEAR CROSWELL.—I have entered upon my portion of the Lord's Vineyard. I arrived at 6 by the silver light of the *crescent* moon (mark me, crescent) under as fair a sky as the stars ever lighted up.

Foremost in all the Alphabet, like Saul,
Stood Croes upon the wharf, and overtopped them all.

He was waiting to receive me, and brought me at once to his house, where he lives in very good style with some six or seven olive branches about his table, and where he received me very hospitably. At 7 the service commenced. The Church, a pattern for neatness, and quite picturesque, with all things in due order, and a font fit for a cathedral, was handsomely lighted up, and well filled with a most respectable and attentive audience. On the whole, therefore, my first service was encouraging and gratifying. May it be a token of good. What is wanted here, is the sentiment of the Apostle, now it is high time to awake out of sleep. But I will not anticipate, and much less despond. Though alas! when I think of the reed on which I have so much leaned, what have I to do but despond. But sursum corda! I am off to-morrow, 30 miles—so good night. Best love to all.

BURLINGTON, April 29, 1833.

MY DEAREST WILLIAM.—It was well for us that

“Tide and *time*”
And the railroad *line*

“wait for no man.” It is said not to be manly to weep, and it is among the sayings, no doubt, that are “more honoured in the breach than in the observance.” For my own part I cannot realize, and do not mean to, that we are separated. How I know not, but my confidence is firm, that the three-fold cord, which nine years has been twining (“nonum prematur in annum”) is not now to be broken. When you come here, as come you *must*, it is my hope and trust that we shall have time and heart, to talk over *our own* affairs at length. Let me now remind you, that you are booked for the 8th of May—and be sure to take the Rail Road line at 10 A. M., as I mean if possible to be at Amboy to take the boat with you on that day. (Mem. Wednesday, 8 May—Rail Road line, 10 A. M.)

Since we arrived here our hostess has taken one of the most Paradise looking places, that I have anywhere seen; and in all this

week we shall be nestled among its bowers. I value it chiefly as a play-ground for the children, though of a moonlight night, such as this is, it might make serious work with older hearts, provided they were of different genders. For myself, I live from day to day, walking by faith, not by sight, and taking as little thought as may be, for the morrow. I have a firm faith in the protecting Providence of God; and though clouds and darkness overhang the future, I know in whom I have believed, and am very sure, that He who hitherto has helped me, will guide me safely to my journey's end. To His goodness I owe it, that by a sort of self-adjusting process, which few believe me possessed of, I accommodate myself easily to circumstances. I love (no man more) a quiet, *settled* home, my "blue bed and my brown," my own table, my children's nursery, my study, my books, "with all appurtenances and means to boot." I have none of these things here, yet I am not unhappy. Nay, if my dear wife should recover the healthy tone and temperament which have been so sadly jarred, I shall count on peculiar circumstances of happiness, in our present situation. And so far, I confess Burlington pleases me much. I have some day-dreams, that I should rather tell you of, than write, and should one-half of them be realized, I shall feel myself possessed of such happiness as Hooker longed for and so exquisitely described. "A quiet country parsonage, where I may see God's blessing spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy—a place where I may without disturbance meditate my approaching mortality, and that great account which all flesh must, at the last great day, give to the God of all spirits." Let who will seek for himself great things. My experience has been such, that it is no self-denial to say, I seek them not. A tranquil home, a true friend or two, the means and opportunities of study—grace to feed the flock of which I am an overseer, and save my own soul with the souls of them that hear me—(what am I that I should ask such things?) I ask no more. All unite in kindest, truest love to you and all you love. Long may such happiness as you now enjoy be yours and theirs, and when exchanged, may it be for heaven! Write me again, and believe me ever your inseparable

CHANG.*

I was not a little pleased with the answer of one of the steamboat hands, whom I asked, after taking care of the baggage, if the ladies were on board. He said yes; your brother came with them.

BURLINGTON, May 24, 1833.

MY DEAREST WILLIAM.—The report of your disastrous overthrow has filled us with sorrow and sympathy. It was first communicated to us imperfectly in a letter from W——, which I received yesterday. My first impulse was to take this morning's boat and come to you—when I remembered that I am due at Salem and Penn's Neck on Sunday, and at the Convention on Wednesday. Happily a letter by the same mail, from our excellent friend in Tremont Street, relieved us in part from our anxiety. While therefore, we bless God, with all

* Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins.

our hearts, for your preservation, from loss of life or limb, and earnestly pray, that he may make all your bed in your sickness, and speedily restore you to health, usefulness and enjoyment, we need not tell you of our deep and sincere condolence with you in your suffering.—The more so, as we have so very lately experienced to the full your kindness and care in conveying and protecting our women and our little ones, through the same perils, which you have now been called to encounter. We know that all your pains are soothed by perfect acquiescence to the divine will, and to *His* safe and gentle hands, who keepeth Israel, we affectionately commend you.

It would have done your heart good to have seen how fully G—— entered into the case, when detailed to him, and how to the life, he personated the “knight of the rueful countenance.” “Poor Cawell,” he said, “G—— love Cawell! Did Cawell cry?” And he relates the sad story so affectingly that even your little peculiar lifts up his hands, meaning by it, “what a pity!”

My best and dearest friend, my own brother in the flesh and in the spirit, though I know well that what *can* be done for you *is* done, duty alone, the highest and most imperious duty prevents my coming to you at once. And should I not hear, when the Convention adjourns, that you are doing very well, I shall most certainly find my way to Boston. Let me find, then, on my return here, on Thursday or Friday of next week a true account, from some kind hand, if not your own, of your condition in mind, body and estate. Remember, there are few that bear in them, my blood, and only one that does not, so dear to me as you are.

I write on the very eve of a journey to my southern parishes, and I write moreover to an invalid. But be the words fewer or more, they carry with them the whole heart of your affectionate and faithful friend and doubly brother.

BURLINGTON, May 31, 1833.

MY DEAR CROSWELL.—Your most welcome letter, written on my birth day (27th) arrived this day, to greet my return from the Convention. “For all the daily blessings of his never failing Providence, God’s holy name be praised!” And most especially, for this. It was only this day, that I read in some paper “the Rev. Mr. Croswell was taken up for dead.” “But God had mercy on” you; “and not on” you “only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow.” Let us anew determine, in his strength, to show forth his praise, not only with our lips, but with our lives!

Your heart, I think, has been with me, these last three days. I went to Camden in hope, but not without anxiety. I found in the Churchmen of that place, a little handful of most faithful men (second to none in intelligence and respectability) bound together and to the Church, as with a three-fold cord. What men could do, they did. And though our Session was in the City Hall, such was their energy and attention, that in no respect but sacredness of association, could any Church have been more desirable. The Convention was larger than usual—larger than any (I believe) except those connected

with the election in all which the "eagles" gave evidence of the "carcase." The service was divided between Dr. Beasley and Mr. Croes. Dr. Wharton sat with me in the Chancel. I felt rebuked, between such hoary heads. The congregation was large and most respectable, including several brethren from the city of brotherly love. The charge occupied precisely an hour, and was listened to with intense and increasing attention. The Address proposed a plan for raising money on St. Paul's principle, 1 Corinthians 16 : 2, which was referred to a Committee. They reported resolutions drawn up by me, which brought out more electricity (not galvanism) than I have ever seen. Eyes sparkled, countenances glowed and hearts were melted, till "like kindred drops they blended into one." They were bowed as the heart of one man. God grant that so gracious a beginning may not fail of a glorious end!

BURLINGTON, *January 25, 1834.*

(Conversion of St. Paul, and the anniversary of the ordination of my dearest friend.)

Your delightful letter met me, on my way to the ferry to cross for Burlington, and warmed my heart, when the ice was here, and the ice was there, and the mercury was far on the wrong side of zero. The Delaware is only not impassable. We were an hour in crossing in the steam ferry-boat. I got your letter at the office as I came along, and read it on the deck. An hour of staging and another of steaming, (locomotive,) brought me to my delightful quarters at General W——'s, where I sit down to answer it. In the matter of the poetry, I give up, for there you could always beat me—the poetry I mean of your allusions and anticipations. In plain prose, (very plain, you'll say,) the sermon, a thorough-going prelatical line of battle ship, giving no quarter, and asking none, will be under way, I trust, on Monday, and pour in a broadside of red hot shot upon the congregational mud-works in your parts, that will let the light in, in less than no time. So just (dropping the figure) get up a review in your best style, right off, for the London Quarterly Review! or, (for shortness) the Churchman.

My notion as to the paper is this. I want a channel of communication, constantly open, with every part of my diocese. I wish to have, in the literal sense, an *Episcopal* press, and preach in every parish, every week. Well, I say to the Convention, go home, and tell every family in your several parishes to give you a dollar, and I'll send you for Saturday night, more than the dollar's worth. I should ask no favours beyond New Jersey. Every week I should give them a talk—here a little and there a little—plain, pointed, practical. In short it should be a real family paper, drawing from primitive fountains, giving them the best bits from Ignatius and Polycarp and Cyprian, well garnished, and the marrow of the Church of England, as it was and as it is, and in a word, letting people see that "some things can be done as well as others," and a "leettle better."

You, I need not say, would be the world and all to me. But for such comfort I dare not hope. The best I have is yours, with all my

heart, but knowing how much you love me, and still better, how much I love you, I dare not ask you to come. Yet you know me for a bold dragon. And since the truth must out, I honestly confess that the hope of getting you here, has never been out of my heart, and only to-day Mrs. W. (who is one of the grandest of women) was helping me long for you, and conspiring to get you. Nothing shall be done, rely upon it, my own true yoke-fellow, but with your full counsel and co-operation. But the plan seems to me, a most desirable one. * * *

HOUSE OF BISHOPS, *Sept. 1, 1835.*

DEAREST WILLIAM.—The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. The re-organization of the Missionary Society is so far complete, that the Board and the two Committees command and will sustain the confidence of the Church. * * * All that remains now is the appointment of the two Secretaries. The Church being the Missionary Society, Missionary Bishops being practicable on her part, because due from her to her scattered children. She has resolved to send two to the West. A canon authorizing the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies to elect, on the nomination of the House of Bishops, was unanimously passed. * * *

The spirit of the Convention has been most admirable—great energy, greater harmony, entire determination by an overwhelming influence to sound and conservative Churchmanship. Under God we are now safe. The two new Bishops (Hawks and Kemper) will put the character of the House beyond a peradventure. God be praised for all his mercies. * * *

In sober sadness, I feel that I have again been placed, surely not by my own seeking, in a position of influence and responsibility, which will bring down upon me, as before, all the poisoned arrows of the wicked. But Mordecai will trust in God. * * * To you, my dearest of dear friends, I say with deep and searching sorrow, that the fact that I have been the Coryphæus of the Convention, in all its leading measures, fills me with apprehension because I know the men with whom I have to deal. Gladly would I, as a man, flee like a dove to the wilderness. But as a Christian and a Christian Bishop, I must stand by the altar of my God. This will provoke those who are on the contrary part. But God is my trust. Pray for your own friend.

ST. MARY'S PARSONAGE, *Christmas Eve, 1835.*

Ichabod, Ichabod, Ichabod!—Croswell, I mean, not Crane! How is the fine gold become dim, the wine mixed with water! Quantum mutatus ab illo! Alack and alas, there shall be no more cakes and ale, and ginger tastes cold in the mouth and quite magnesia-ish. I could at most, wish the "Christian" were a false "witness," or that my spectacles, that I have looked out of, like the mother of Sisera from her window, these twenty years, had played me a trick, or that my own friend had not gone to the Convocation, and not permitted the venerable Church of the North to witness the indecency of an ordination by night (was his name Nicodemus?) himself reading the

service. (Que., morning?) and assisting in the communion. In a little half-worn book, which bears the imprimatur of one William White, I read under "the Form and Manner of making Deacons," "When the day appointed by the Bishop is come, *after Morning Prayer* is ended, there shall be a sermon," &c.,—Que. *how long after?*

In the same "Form," &c., it is appointed that the Bishop shall say the Litany, which on inquiry I find is "to be used *after morning service*."—Que., *how long after?*

Then shall also be said the service for the Communion, which is clearly designed, from several of its provisions, to be used "immediately *after morning prayer*."

From all of which I conclude that Nicodemus could not have been duly made a Deacon, about which I care but very little, if my own friend had not been aiding and abetting. * * * St. Mary's, I am told, is to be beautiful exceedingly to-morrow. How natural to wish it could collect on Christmas all our friends! There is but one place where that *can* be. May it be so! Your visit to the sisters did good like a medicine. Letters are eloquent in your praise. Repetatur haustus! All are gone to bed but me. I know they will unite in wishing you, all that the season brings of peace and joy. Ever your own true friend.

ST. MARY'S PARSONAGE, *Twelfth night* }
(or what? *you* will!) 1836. }

DEAR WILLIAM.—We are fairly entered on the "New Year." Whither will it carry us? What will it bring to us? What will it take from us? Well for us it is that there is no oracle on earth that can, and none in heaven that will, resolve us these eventful questions. And since we know not what a day, much less, a year may bring forth, well will it be if we prepare ourselves for its worst issues, by giving up ourselves, and all we love, to Him who made and gave us all. So shall we be always ready, and so shall we and all we have be safe. For myself, when I consider through what strange changes and sore trials I and mine have been securely brought, I own myself a monument of mercy, and feel that I should never doubt the goodness of the Lord.

My winter thus far has not gone much to my mind, having been much interrupted by absence and unlooked for occupation. Of the former I have more in prospect. Of the latter every day brings some addition. Of four months which I set apart for study and writing, nearly two are gone and I have not yet got to work.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa?

ST. MARY'S PARSONAGE, *January 11, 1836.*

DEAR WILLIAM.—We are now in the receipt of the first snow storm this winter. It comes thick and threefold—the big tree at Mrs. A.'s door is all one huge white feather—and the raw material, which has at least one half thawed and resolved itself, lies to the depth of an honest foot; in short, we are likely to be snowed under,

in which case you will hear from us, about next grass.—I have kept close house all day—not so much as my imagination has stirred out—and though I have done but a small portion of what I designed, I have done something.—I believe I once vowed never again to propose your leaving Boston, and I believe I have thus far kept it. As I understand the case, you have had your pulse felt about Utica, and have been coy, and all that. Now what I have to say is this—if you desire to leave Boston, and do not contemplate the cure of souls in the parish of St. Mary's, Burlington, you will never do so well as by going to Utica. I speak advisedly, with a full view of the case. There is not so desirable a place out of New Jersey. In every respect, but one, I will be honest enough to say, it is to be preferred even to Burlington. What that is my modesty forbids me to say.—Being an old friend of Dr. Rudd, and feeling much interest in my friend Dorr's parish, and knowing a *nice* young man in Boston, I commend him to their special consideration, advising them not to "take no for an answer" at least the first time. So if you are resolved not to enact the part of Cato Uticensis—"It must be so, Plato thou reasonest well"—you will very likely have the opportunity of giving *two* negatives—which all the world knows make an affirmative. After all, you very well know where I would like to have you, and I do not believe you could be happier or do more good, than in that same place. But I am neither selfish, nor self-willed. And if that is not to be, I do advise you on every account, to consider well, before you reject a position which for pleasantness and usefulness, for entire independence and extensive influence, has no superior.

Yours every where and every way.

CONGRESS HALL, CAPE MAY, *July 17, 1837.*

DEAR WILLIAM.—"Dulce est desipere in loco" and of all the locos the sea shore is the most complete for lounging. "A pleasant land of drowsy head it is," and of all things, I should like to see you loitering here with "half shut eye." Since my last College vacation, in 1827, I have not taken a real holiday till now; and it goes far to confirm, what I have always said, and fear to believe, that I am naturally and essentially indolent. Few know the effort it has cost me to "keep moving" nor how necessary it is to my being good for any thing that I keep myself always under the lash. I remember well, Bishop Hobart (*magna componere parvis*) used often to speak to me, of whipping himself up to the work. How little we know from what we see! And again, *quam parva sapientia regitur mundus*. * * * * We set out, on Wednesday last, from Burlington, *nine* precious souls and all agog—for an aquatic residence of a month. The weather, which for a month or two had been more coquettish than the most beautiful woman, broke out that afternoon all bright and clear, and has continued so. The trip from Philadelphia is delightful. The boat is one of the very best, and the magnificent Delaware opening first into the noble bay, and then into the glorious ocean, is a cruising ground for kings. The cape excels

in all respects our highest expectation. Such a beach, such a surf, so beautiful a country. As for the house, there are an hundred of us, and yet I have never been so perfectly at home, out of my own house. The worst of it is, I must go up to-day for a week and leave my dulce domum behind me—for after all, it is not the house that makes the home but the “*placens uxor*” and the “*dulces nati*.” * * *

RIVERSIDE, *November 26, 1839.*

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I need not tell you why I did not sooner answer your kind letter. You know to what I came home and you know through what I have passed. You know how well I loved that boy,* and how much I counted on him. I say *you* know, and yet in very deed I did not know myself. Never, till I had drawn down his dear knees, and laid his true hands by his faithful side, did I know how I loved him, or feel what I had lost. From that day my heart has been as rivers of water and I am not now fit even to write to you. * * * * *

IDA COTTAGE, *July 13, 1842.*

MY DEAR CROSWELL.—Though I have not told you so, my heart most truly rejoiced with you in the heritage and gift which has come to you from the Lord, and prayers instinctively arise that with that other “*Mary*” she might choose “*that better part*.” Your letter came to Riverside, when I was off on duty. Immediately on that, came the two weeks of public service in New York, in the course of which I was at home but for six hours. And from that, we came to fulfil a long promised engagement with our dear friends on Mount Ida. Even here duty has found me. Good old Dr. Butler, of whose short sickness I knew nothing, died on Monday, and to-day I have written and preached his funeral sermon. “*Our fathers, where are they?*” And you are now a father! What an opening of new relations and responsibilities, new pleasures, and new pains. May all your happy omens be fulfilled! Most surely, if sympathy or prayers of mine can be of use, they will. * * * *

RIVERSIDE, *August 16, 1842.*

MY DEAR CROSWELL.*—Your very kind letter was forwarded to me from Troy. It was a great disappointment to me, as to all concerned, that you could not be with us at Hartford. * * * * *

A ride up to the College with the Doctor told the tale of time. The little whips are now great trees. I took an hour of sweet and bitter recollection, to revisit all the haunts of old, not omitting the printing office where we played the Watchman. It was an hour of softened and subdued emotion. Why do not the traces of such hours

* The Rev. Mr. Winslow.

† “*Learned Librarian*,” “*Winsome Willie*,” “*My dear Musician on the Stranged Instruments*,” “*Dear Wandering Willie*,” and many other like names, prove the loving pleasantry of this large correspondence. I have collected these letters here; as coming best together; and have selected comparatively but very few.

stay longer. Alas in this steam age they come too seldom and depart too soon. What you say of our own loved and lost is sadly and severely true. If I look enviously on any spot of ground it is B——'s grave. How wise those ancient heathen (there are no heathen!) were—"whom the gods love die first."

* ENGLISH LETTERS.

MORLEY'S HOTEL, *July 12, 1841.*

Your most pleasant and most welcome letter deserves an answer in detail: and I have meditated it at length, as I have dwelt on it, making memory fragrant in my roamings through delightful England. But now that I am fairly set down to write to you by the Great Western—alas for feminine fidelity, it brought *me* no letter while all my fellow travellers are rioting in theirs!—I find such a pressure of things seen and heard which you will wish to know, that I do violence to that native modesty which has grown with my growth, and resolve to write to you only of myself. In my first letter from England, I gave notice that my letters could not journalize. It is well I did. The mail bag would not hold what I might write. I shall therefore only leap from point to point, keeping the sweet valleys, and sunny slopes and shaded dells to be filled in, when I sit down with that blessed mother of yours on one side of me, all sweetness and all smiles, and yourself a secondary, yet a rainbow on the other, with L—on my knee and the two Gracchi grinning from the front. There's a picture for you, paint it who can! * * * * The same day I dined the only guest with the Literary Society, of which Sir R. H. I. is President. The Vice Chancellor of England, Earl of Ripon, Mr. Lockhart &c., were present. Sir Robert Harry Inglis placed me on his right; and Mr. Wordsworth (*the!*) placed himself on my right, and in five minutes we were talking as if we had always known each other, and so through the whole dinner. Very soon he asked me to dine with him, the next day, which I could not, being engaged to go to Cambridge. Then he proposed my meeting him, at Harrow. And finally, made me promise not reluctantly to visit him at the Lakes. He is a true philosopher, and as simple and fresh as a child. He told me he would write a sonnet more to his Ecclesiastical, on the American Church. Whereupon I offered him my sermon on the death of Bishop White, which I sent to him with the inscription which I deem the literal truth.

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The Poet and the Sage,

God's blessing to our times.

One of the most pleasant things has been my visit to Fulham Palace, the seat of the Bishops of London, for twelve hundred years. I spent a night there last week having been to dinner before. The Bishop is the great working man of this Church. He undertook a few years since to build fifty new Churches in London and more than forty of them are built. Mrs. Bloomfield is a very pleasing woman,

* Most of these have been anticipated by the Journal.

and has shown me very great kindness; and they have some ten or twelve children. It was the first night I had slept where there were any of these comforts; and when I heard the little boys talking in the garden under my window, early in the morning, I could have leaped out to them. At breakfast Mrs. B. proposed a day of pleasure, which engagements at dinner prevented. She however took me with her daughters and the Bishop's mother and Mr. W — by Richmond! Twickenham!! Strawberry Hill!!! to Hampton Court!!!! and there we spent the morning. Think of it! Such walls, such halls, such pictures, such gardens. Wolsey's pride, Charles I.'s prison. I assure you——life here is high pressure. I have been like one under nitrous oxide influences ever since the first day at Sir R. H. I.'s. * * * * * * * * *

LONDON, MORLEY'S HOTEL, *August 15, 1841.*

* * * * * A little after our arrival at Anstey Vicarage, was the hour for evening prayers. The Vicar had gone to the Cathedral, to the election of proctors for the Convocation. The Curate was a deacon. So it was arranged by Dr. Hook, that I should sit in the Chancel, in my robes, and say the Absolution. No sooner was the service over, than the bells began a merry peal, in honour of my coming, which they kept up till midnight. After service, the Vicar returning, some of the neighbouring clergy came in, and we had a most delightful dinner, with music in the evening. The next morning, after a social breakfast, we went to Church again, when I read the Litany in the morning service. Nothing can be more soothing and serene, than the daily service in these old country churches. There may be but few, but it is to two or three that He promises his presence. The testimony of the truth is borne and the sacrifice of prayer is offered, and the silence and simplicity of the scene make it tell intensely on the heart. Oh for the daily prayers at home! Thank God for their revival everywhere here. Of this good fruit, the Cathedrals have been the seed-plots. There, the fire has never gone out. Would that I could lay my hands on a few spare thousands, and a Cathedral should erect its spire in Burlington, before the sole of my feet took a rest. From this sweet refuge of the ancient faith and piety, we started off by railroad, running 120 miles, between 3 and 8 P. M. Much of it, at the rate of 45 miles an hour towards the Lakes, and the next day at two o'clock (the boys had gone to Scotland) were dining at Rydal Mount with Mr. Wordsworth. Our purpose was to call and spend an hour with him. But not such his. We must make out a day. And so we did. And such a simple patriarchal hospitality my eyes have never witnessed. We went to dinner in what had been his kitchen and still showed the rafters whitewashed. He sat quite as a guest on one side, just taking care of himself. After dinner out we started for a flower; he questioning all the while what it should be, and finally settling with himself that he had lately seen a bunch of pansies and that they would be the thing. So on we tramped, up this way and down that, he following the instinct of his nature as the hart snuffs from afar the brooks of water, till he exclaimed,

"there it is!" And sure enough the ground was purple. This secured, we went our way sight-seeing, first to this point, then to that, then to the lower Rydal fall, then it was but half a mile to the upper, and the Queen Dowager walked it with him the other day, and on we went, he all the time descanting as his manner is. It was a rainy day, but he was used to it, and we did not care for it, and so we went to all his favourite points before we stopped. When we got home he went and got me a pair of shoes, and these I must wear to Keswick and send them back by the coach. Such attentions at such a hand were irresistible, and I complied. When we were comfortable, we went to the drawing-room, (all the rooms are lined with books,) and he sat down to write the autograph: and then asking for paper wrote some fifteen, saying that some of my friends perhaps might value them. Such is the sweet unaffected child-like simplicity of the great Poet and Philosopher, the greatest of our time. You will believe that it was painful to part from him, as we did with words and gestures such as heart can never fail to recognize as from the heart. When I had started he ran after me, and would put his own cloak on me and tie it himself, and send his servant (like master like man) to carry the umbrella and see me in the carriage. Hence we pursued our way by Helvellyn to Derwent Water and Keswick for the night. As soon as possible, and it was nearly nine, I wrote a note to Mrs. Southey to say that I was only there for the night, and asked permission to pay my respects to her and inquire after Mr. Southey's health. She returned a most kind note (which you shall have) and in a few minutes we were at Greta Hall. She received me with the deepest feeling, and is well nigh heart-broken. Yet she said "God has been very good to me." She spoke freely of his sad condition. The physicians call it softening of the brain, and ascribe it to overwork. His mind has faded out. He takes no notice of any one but of her. Yet he sits among his books, and takes them down and seems to read, and sighs. It is indeed the saddest case I ever thought of. * Our interview though painful, was most interesting. She was evidently delighted with the attention, and said that nothing could have given Mr. Southey greater pleasure than to see me. I left her with the assurance that the sympathy of our whole nation was with her, and her illustrious sufferer. I have written to her since to say, what feeling then prevented.

* Once have we met—once only face to face,
 A brief half hour, by the pale taper's light;
 Yet should I grieve to be forgotten quite
 By one, whom Memory, while she holds her place,
 Will oft, with faithful portraiture, retrace.
 There are whom in our daily path we greet
 Coldly familiar—ev'n so to meet,
 Mind to mind stranger: while a moment's space—
 Mystical interchange of tone or look—
 Binds us to others in strong sympathy,
 Fast and forever. * * * *

GRETA HALL, KESWICK, Jan. 23, 1842.

*Sonnet Dedicatory to the Right Rev. G. W. Doane,
 in Mrs. Southey's volume, "Solitary Hours."*

VICARAGE, LEEDS, *July 30, 1841.*

And here is Warwick Castle,—at your service ! And that round tower reminds me of the weary way I had to climb it. But the view was beautiful, and quite repaid me for the effort. This is one of the few old castles that are kept in perfect repair and inhabited. The principal rooms are shown to persons, according to a fashion which I should not permit had I a castle. It is very well however since I have none, that others do not think as I do. You are met at the lodge, by a brisk old woman who shows you Guy of Warwick's sword and battle axe and spear and porridge pot, and a rib of the dun cow, and several other marvels, after which she passes you on towards the castle and expects a shilling. At the great door you find a servant, who waits till a party of six or eight are assembled, and then shows you through the state apartments, telling you what is what, and when he is done he too expects a shilling. Another shows you the grounds, and a fourth conducts you to the summit of the lofty tower. We can have little idea of wealth from any thing that is to be seen in America. * * * * * From Warwick we went to Kenilworth castle which is a spacious ruin. It is now the abode of the fowls of the air, and sheep pasture where Queen Elizabeth was entertained by her great subject Leicester. It makes one think of the mutability of things ; and for how short a time such cost is lavished and such pains are taken. The ivy is the beauty of these ancient ruins ; and with its vigorous life marks their decrepitude and proclaims the triumph of nature over art. I have never felt, my dear ——— as I now feel, the value of what I have read : and I never wished as I now wish that I had read more. By all means make yourself perfectly at home in English History. It will invest every relic of the past with a magical interest and throw on every scene a ray of golden light. It is in England that one sees the surpassing value of a thorough education. The gentlemen, that I have met with are all scholars, and the ladies better educated far than I had thought was the fashion of the age. And you see the effect of this, when they do not even open their mouths, in the softness and refinement of their manners.

“ *Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.* ”

What has charmed me most of all, has been the modesty of the young men. At Sir Thomas A.'s were two of his sons, one in parliament. Both graduates of Oxford. Thoroughly educated and informed on every subject, as you learn when they converse with you. But more ready to hear than to speak, and manifesting towards those who are older and superior to themselves, that respectful bearing which always marks the gentleman. I noticed the same in Lord ——— who dined there. The eldest son of one of the oldest families in England, and in parliament, and well qualified for his position ; and yet with the most quiet unassuming air, as of one whose respect for others was the best assurance of his self-respect. It is a matter, in which the manners of our young men at home, would admit of much improvement. You will readily believe that I have enjoyed the progress of Conservatism. It is odd indeed that I should have been in England

during the whole of this great struggle. It has been quite parallel with the course of things, at home last year. * * * * * This town of Leeds is one of the greatest manufacturing towns in England. There is a room in one of the factories which covers two acres. The tall chimneys and the coal smoke and dust are any thing but pleasant. But by this craft, they have their wealth. The towns of England on the whole, are less agreeable than our own. But the picturesque and park-like beauty of great portions of the country, baffles all description; and then it is the very land of flowers. We have no reason to be ashamed of our fatherland.

VICARAGE, LEEDS, *July 30, 1841.*

* * * * * Killerton House is just what a Christian gentleman's house should be—the home of hospitality and piety. The broad hall seems made for all mankind, and all the appointments of the house are plentiful though plain, and made for use. Nothing pleased me more than a sweet organ at which Lady A—— presides and the psalms for the evening are chanted just before the family retire. In the morning just before breakfast I was shown into an inner library, where about twenty servants were arranged on benches, and the family gathered for prayers. After breakfast we walked through the Park, about a mile, to an old family chapel (before the Rebellion) when the old family chaplain who has had his place for thirty-five years, read morning prayers, and preached an excellent sermon. Sir Thomas is building a noble stone church in the Norman style, near his house. It will cost not less, I am sure, than 25,000 dollars. In the afternoon the family all went to the parish church, and I preached. After that I went on a pastoral tour with Sir Thomas, among his neighbours and tenants of every degree. Not a dog that he did not know by name, and that did not spring upon him, while the little children caught him by the coat. With the sick I prayed, exhorted the old and catechised the children: Sir Thomas dropping in a word in season and taking care to tell them that a Bishop had come 3,000 miles to see them. He has a fine family of sons and two sweet daughters, one a confirmed invalid. We remained here till Tuesday morning, and felt like starting anew from home, they were so kind and affectionate. Nothing on earth can surpass the enjoyment of English life in the circle into which I have fallen, when with sufficient wealth, the highest refinement of mind and manners is combined, and all softened and sanctified by a deep and broad but unobtrusive piety. It is the circle of which Hannah More, and Wilberforce and Bishop Jebb and Heber were an honoured part. Indeed when Sir Thomas first met me he said, now I must take you in (to the Library) and introduce you to your friend's friend—meaning a portrait of Alexander Knox, Bishop Jebb's great friend, which hung in the library. * *

VICARAGE, LEEDS, *July 30, 1841.*

MY DARLING BOYS:—For though poor W—— could not write, it is no reason that I should not write to him—above is a beautiful view of the celebrated school at Eton. Ask your excellent Mr. L—— to let you learn Gray's admirable ode on a distant prospect

of it. I remember the pleasure it gave me when I was not older than you; and when I visited it a few days ago the remembrance of its beautiful lines greatly increased my enjoyment. Indeed it was English poetry which enabled me in fancy to live in England for thirty and more years, which prepared me for my highest satisfaction in visiting it, and which has added infinitely to every day's delight. I hope that the same taste may give you as much pleasure. We left London one bright morning by the railway and in a very short time were on the top of a coach driving towards Eton, with Windsor Castle full in sight. I called directly on Mr. Coleridge, nephew of the great poet, who is one of the Tutors, and found him busy with his boys. He left them however to go for a while with me. After visiting the library, we went to the beautiful playground. It was noon and they were at their sports. You will readily see which lines came into my memory. There is not a more beautiful thought in the language, nor more beautifully expressed, than that, "the sunshine of the breast." Only remember my dear children, that the true sunshine of the breast can only come from God, and comes to them alone who fear and love him. *Cælitus mihi lumen.* As I walked on that sweet plain, by that dear stream, under those venerable trees, the tower of Windsor and its floating banner in my sight, I thought of the great and good men who had grown up there, and felt that it was holy ground. Eton was one of the places, Mr. Coleridge told me, which most forcibly struck Mr. Webster. There are there, this year, more than six hundred boys. * * * After tea we went to a boat race, among the students on the Thames. Some twenty boats started to row two miles and return. It was indeed a picturesque sight. When you get into Virgil you will be able to read the best description of such a race that ever was written. Ask H—— about it with my love. There was a great concourse of spectators, ladies and gentlemen; and it was quite amusing to see grave tutors taking such an interest in such sports of boys. I assure you that Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Selwyn and myself were not slow in showing ours. This over I went for a little while to Mr. Coleridge's and walked in his beautiful garden, talking with Mr. Selwyn about his mission to New Zealand. Then drove to the train and was in London a little after nine. So you see steam is useful to me in England as well as in America. The railways here, are much more thoroughly constructed than with us. But England is too beautiful for railroad travelling. It should be taken leisurely that its singular charms may be seen and enjoyed. * * * * *

GENERAL LETTERS.

Saturday afternoon has always been to me—my whole life having been a scholar's or a teacher's—the twilight of the week; and so with twilight thoughts. It is just the smooth circle between the waves of the week, and the ripple of Sunday. And then I always feel a little anxious, on that day, about "the morrow." So that "*Il Penseroso*," is the character for that hour, always. But most especially to-day. To say nothing of the past or present, it is impossible to keep back at such moments from the sad, solitary summer, and the

September and October responsibilities. You know I have no fear. But I am human, and alone. And I have so long thought aloud to you, that I feel even lonelier than alone. But I chastise it soon, and think of Keble's willows. * * * * *

“Though the rudest hand assail her,
 Patiently she droops awhile,
 And when showers and breezes hail her,
 Wears again her willing smile.
 Thus I learn contentment's power
 From the slighted willow bower,
 Ready to give thanks, and live
 On the least that Heaven may give.”

It is the very “May-day,” of the Poets. * * * I woke very early (“call me early, Mother,”) and my first thoughts were of “my darling on the sea.” There is a closeness about Sunday, peculiar to the day. I went out at seven, to get some flowers, to give Lilly with her present; and some for Sarah. The Conservatory was rich with every thing that is beautiful. And the day so lovely. And so many things that I want you to see. Your balcony is so beautifully festooned with the Sapphire clusters of the Glycena, and the flowering cherry is just in perfect beauty, like a weeping bride in a veil of snows.

What a morning, this has been! The lawn, one emerald. The fruit-trees, snow-wreaths. The magnolia, a bush of Amethysts. The holly, a tree of golden branches; such as Eneas found. Do you remember that beautiful touch—

“Uno avulso
 Non deficit alter?”

The *Pyrus Japonica*, strings of coral, or of opals; according to the colour. The hearts-ease a purple cloud flecked with gold. The violets, *Arabia Arabiores*.

MY DEAR SIR: You refer to the first column of the course of studies at Burlington College, headed “Religious Instruction”—and you ask, is not this course Sectarian in its character, and is not each scholar required to pursue it? In answering this question I reply to the latter portion first. Every scholar is “required to pursue it.” But every parent or guardian who brings a child to us knows beforehand that this is so. But it is *not* Sectarian in its character.” That is not “Sectarian” in which all Christians for fifteen hundred years united. In which with very few and small exceptions, all Christians now unite. Is Pearson on the Creed “Sectarian?” or “Butler’s Analogy?” They are in every theological library. Can those “Apostolic Fathers,” who were taught by Apostles themselves be “Sectarian?” or “Cyprian,” who suffered martyrdom for Christ in 258? Can it be “Sectarian” to teach the “Hebrew Scriptures,” and the “Gospels and the Acts in Greek?” and the Septuagint version of the Old Testament? Must “Church History,” be set down as “Sectarian?” or “Sacred Antiquities?” or “the History of the Prayer Book?” Is it “Sectarian” to compare “the Catechism,” the “Collects,” the “Daily

Service," the "Baptismal and Communion Services," the "Creeds" and "Articles" with Holy Scripture?" Can "the Old Testament History," or "the New Testament History" be "Sectarian?" Is it "Sectarian" to require from boys "narrations and Biographies from Holy Scripture in writing?" Can "Scriptural Lessons" be set down beforehand as "Sectarian?" Not one of these, you will most readily admit. There remain but "the Catechism," and "the Collects." Of the latter, some are more than a thousand years old—all are of the time of English Reformation. Of the Catechism it were enough to say that they learned it, who as their pilgrim ship lay off the British Coast, declared, in a letter as honest and affecting as men ever wrote, that they had drawn the milk of the Gospel from the breasts of their dear Mother the Church of England. The course of "Religious Instruction" at Burlington College is not "Sectarian" in its character. Nothing is taught in it which was not taught by Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, who gave their bodies to be burned for Jesus Christ.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I would suggest as to the first point in your letter that the Sacraments are means of grace: and that we cannot expect the grace unless we use the means. We must not wait till we feel better, before we employ the divine Medicine; but take it that we may feel better. The father of the demoniac was yet but half a believer when he said Lord I believe. His unbelief was helped. The same state of feeling often exists in regard to prayer. It is banished but by prayer. We must be instant in the discharge of our religious duties; and in our earnestness the answer will be had. The lepers started to the priest before they were healed: and found the cure in going. The man's arm was still withered when the Saviour bade him stretch it out. He did so, and was healed. I have no hesitation in advising you to draw near with faith: and receive that Holy Sacrament to your comfort: making your humble confession to Almighty God.

RIVERSIDE, *Eve of the Conversion of St. Paul*, 1843.

Your letter gives me real pleasure; as it proves the sincerity of your love for Christ by its desire to bring others within the reach of what you most enjoy. "He first findeth his own brother Simon." Nothing can so endear and elevate and sanctify the bond of sisterly affection as communion in the things of God. There may be natural fondness. It may grow and deepen through long habit, and close intercourse. To the world's eye it may seem perfect. But none are truly *one* that are not one in Christ. Till this be so there will be a feeling of reserve. Till this be so there will be exposure to the vicissitudes of time and chance. Till this be so it may be sundered forever by death. But they who are one in Christ are one in each other—He in them, and they in Him—and one forever. Happy indeed must you feel in any progress you can realize towards this most desirable consummation. Happy indeed shall I be to be in any measure instrumental to it.

I am glad to know that my suggestions have been of use to you. It is a great comfort to me that you seek them. The Shepherd's best reward is when his flock follow him whithersoever he goeth. Not

however for anything that is his own; but because he seeks to be the follower of Christ; and they are drawn not by him; but by the Cross through him.

RIVERSIDE, *July 10, 1845.*

It is not as I hoped. But He knows best. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." Shall we not finish the sentence? "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" I am not unmindful of the weakness of the flesh. But I remember who hath said "My grace is sufficient for thee: my strength is made perfect in weakness."

I could have wished that in this time of your trial, you had been within my reach. I was away from home all last week; and have been away most of this. I was very sorry to be absent on the day of the last solemnities. But be where I would, my heart was with you. Mrs. Doane too has entered deeply into all your trials.

You have indeed been an afflicted family. Regarded after the manner of men it would seem too much. But in the Gospel School we learn a different lesson. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." And again, "Every branch which bringeth forth fruit, He purgeth" (that is, *pruneth* it) "that it may bring forth more fruit." With these exceeding great and precious consolations, we may come, through grace, with the Apostle to "rejoice in tribulation."

RIVERSIDE, *April 28, 1854.*

Great difficulties are only to be met by reference to great principles. Whatever befalls us in the course of divine providence and in the discharge of our duty, we are to meet and bear, in dependence on His grace, who orders the providence and has assigned the duty. I judge that you believe yourself providentially placed in your present position and in the discharge of sacred duties which grow out of a natural relation. Until this ceases to be so you are to meet and bear what comes. I deeply feel how great the trial is. How much worse it would be if you too knew no better. You have been divinely led to the green pastures and pure fountains of the Church. Your soul loatheth this dry food. Nevertheless you are where it is administered. You must be present at its administration. But you are not bound to feed on it. In a sense which may be suffered you have meat to eat which they know not of. With your Bible and your Prayer Book in your hand and in your heart, and with the memories of better days, and the stores of faith and piety in Taylor, Andrews, Wilson, Jones of Nayland, Horne and the like, you can live on, among them, but not of them. The trial is hard I know. The soul yearns for sympathy. But it is *your* trial. It is your *cross*. You must take it up and bear it. It will help to crucify you to the world. It may be that your quiet, unrepining, uncontroversial, submission to your lot may have its influence on those about you; and better views and greater light be given to them in answer to your prayers. We know not whither our pathways lead. It is enough if we know that God ordains them for us.

In answer to a note deprecating publicity, before the as-

signment was decided on, he writes, to one of his most intimate friends :

It cannot fail to be known that three of my nearest friends have been here, with another of whom more or less has been said in connection with the business of the Institutions. Will not the question be inevitably raised, For what?—Will not whatever there is of anxiety, and timidity (to suppose no ill-nature) make answers to suit itself? Do not such answers run and spread and grow? Is it not wise in judicious modes and measures to meet and forestall, and so to mitigate and mould them? For myself in a life much longer than its years, I have always found the simple truth the best and surest of all arts. It foils suspicion and makes distrust impossible.

And what is there against this? What is proposed? What can any one know that knows all, that is not for relief and encouragement? Here are two great and most successful Institutions. They are encumbered with heavy indebtedness. But every one confidently believes, that if prudently administered they will yield a large annual surplus, to reduce and finally extinguish the indebtedness; at the same time, that in their prosperous progress they fertilize the whole community. What is proposed now is not only to secure but to demonstrate their prudent administration. Their proprietor and head puts them both in their financial relations into commission; first to ensure their conduct in such a way as will prevent the possibility of future indebtedness, then to ensure the just and equitable application of the whole surplus of receipts to the reduction and extinguishment of all existing liabilities, and the proprietor, relieved from the only portion of his work which has been able to wear, and grind, and crush him, goes on in it with renewed energies and hundredfold capacity. Is there any thing in this to keep back? Can any one desire a better arrangement? Can there be any thing so good? for every interest and for every individual? I do not deceive myself, from the thought that it will be free from troubles and perplexities. Debt like sin brings its own penalty. But what I claim is, that it is making the best of the case. That in point of fact it is a good case; and that, with every six months, it will be and approve itself a better. And what is the alternative? There is no one that dare look at it. If there could be men so violent or so foolish, as in the face of such a proposition guaranteed by the sanction and co-operation of such names, to break in upon the work, and break it down, would the distribution pay them for the trouble? And would not the boy who killed the goose that laid the golden egg, be as a philosopher to the greenest of green goslings, in the comparison?

I have no apprehension of such an issue. And if it comes, I am prepared for it. My desire, my heart's desire is to protect and provide for every one to the fullest measure of equitable justice; and I am as confident that it can be done, if I am permitted to do it, as that there is a sun in the heavens. If by the force or fear of men I am prevented from carrying out this plan, I shall vindicate myself and let them that can "stand from under."

To you and the other dear friends who have stood by me in this trial I can only, say God do so and more to you and yours.

Ever faithfully and affectionately, G. W. DOANE.

MY VERY DEAR — : This is the one point from which I want to start. After weeks of effort the most anxious and most earnest, and after a conversation yesterday, terrific for its plainness and only tolerable on the ground of actual love, you promised me compliance, and you did it simply, sweetly, naturally. And now you tell me, that all I gain by it, is the outward formal submission to constraint. As the softened shell yields to the mould ; and hardens in its shape. There is no conviction, there is no persuasion, there is not the slightest lodgment in your heart. It is all outside. There is a battery planted, over against the citadel, beyond the wall. Its guns are heavy. You have felt their fire. You shrunk from it. For a fortnight, from the fear of them, you will lie low, and keep dark, and make no show, whatever. They will be silenced then, and you will have your own way, and do it, just the same. This is to

“Palter with us, in a double sense ;”
To “keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.”

This is not what I want, because this is not what will do you any good. It is the *expellas naturam furcâ*. It leaves the heart tender. And the injustice, done, by it, to love, reacts, in more injustice, and in greater injury ; and leaves the last state worse than the first.

For instance, I likened your case aptly to the case of Haman and Mordecai. What you propose to do is, not to speak any more of Mordecai, nor to pass by the king's gate again. But, in your heart the thought is still to live ; and, like some peccant humour of the body, strike the more deeply in, from being driven from the surface. Surely, this is breaking “the word of promise” to “our hope.”

What your case needs is *simple submission to the will of God*. What my treatment of it calls for, is submission to it, in me. All dealings between God and man are sacramental, more or less. The Cross acts sacramentally, and as its virtue is our only hope, it gives its complexion to all minor means. To get the good of me, which I desire, you must receive me, and deal with me, as a physician of the soul. There is a “breaking out,” as common people call it. The Doctor is sent for. The patient shows her hand. She shows no more. She tells nothing. What the Doctor can gather, from the back of her hand, he is welcome to. As for any thing farther, whether it be external or internal, he must get at that, as he can. If he proposes a wash for the hand, it will be used. There is the end of the concession. “Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.”

I count on no important, or abiding benefit to you, without a *perfect unreserve to me, and an entire submission to the holy will of God*. “Lord what wilt Thou have me to do ?” must be the language of your heart to Him, and what He orders for you must be regarded as, so far, His answer. When you are “willing” to do His will, the rest will come. The peace, the love, the hope, the confidence, the happiness of a little

child will come with a little child's dependence and obedience. Unless your promise to me goes that far, it will disappoint itself and fail. Not to indulge in a complaint about the weather or the wind; not to be captious about the climate or the scenery; not to be severe or censorious, towards this or that person, whose conduct has been unjust to you; not to appear reserved or cross, or unhappy; to fall in to the course of life about you; to do, in a cheerful way, and bear with gentleness and meekness of manner, the things, which, yet, you do not like; to decide no great providential question, harshly, or on partial grounds, or from prejudice, or passion: to grant at least a year, to the operation of these better purposes; and to use all the means and opportunities of the year fairly and faithfully: all these things, I suppose, would come within your own construction of your promise; and, while, they would be, outwardly, a great improvement of the case, would have, in some degree, a reflex inward influence, no doubt, as the light eats into the picture, on the plate. But this is treating erysipelas, by the skin; when its virus is in the blood. This is to scotch the snake, not kill it. This is to act, from a contract, and not from a consent; with a slave's control, and not with a child's affection. This is to lose at once, the pleasure and the profit. And worst of all, as it is an unfaithful and ungrateful disregard of Truth and Duty and Opportunity, it is to run the risk of losing the blessing, not only, which, to faith and love is promised to these three, but of incurring the displeasure, which the Heavenly Father *has* to visit on the children, that withhold their heart from Him.

Bearing so fully in his presence, in all his lines of thought, in voice and look and word, his office, as a Bishop, he had yet a very marked individuality; and there were personal qualities about him, that made and left deep impressions upon all who knew him. His enjoyment of all natural beauty was most intense. Looking out on his own lawn; or through the door at the beautiful river, he seemed to drink in, not only refreshment for his own heart, but sources of pleasure and delight for others. His illustrations were mostly of this kind. And his own keen delight, was the bright hue in which he painted them so clearly. What could be finer than this picture of busy nature, in his Charge "On Work?" *

Come out with me next month in hay time. Or later, when the harvest whitens for the sickle. You must be up before the sun, to see the first of it. You must be out through all its glowing fervours to behold the height of it; you must linger till the twilight greys the sky, to see the end of it. * * * * Nay, take a lesson from the hive. Go to a clover field in June. See how the swarm is all abroad. See how each blushing flower bends, with the eager bees. Hear how the air is vocal with their wings. See what a bee-line to their cells. See how they struggle with their load. See how they hasten for another. See, how they heap their honied hoard.

And then that exquisite opening of the last thing he ever wrote, that so interprets nature as to seem like the sound of her own voice in Spring.

There is a flush of life upon the grass. There is a scent of Spring upon the air. The birds are twittering back to their old nests. The maple flings its crimson banner to the sky. The willow blushes into green. The life pulse can be stilled no longer. The life glow cannot be repressed. There is a restless heaving of the mass. There is a hum. There is a flutter. There is a start. The old hive swarms again, and they are off.

And all this he learned that morning, in his morning walk for the flowers, which he always put upon each plate, at breakfast time. Nature speaks so, only to her best lovers, as he was. And in what colours, golden as the ripened grain, did he paint this harvest picture as the symbol of the soul's growth in grace.

It is a hill-side, sloping to the South. It is mid-March, and more. What a delicious green! It feasts the eye. It almost feeds the soul. You have seen it, a thousand times. But, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." It is the bladed grain; "first the blade." The soil was there. There was a gracious rain. There was a warm south-wind. The word for "wind" in Greek, is, also, the word, for "Spirit." There was a birth, thus, of water, and the Spirit. It was the springing "blade." And ten thousand times ten thousand of them blend their emerald greenness, in the living verdure of that sloping field. * * * It is night. It is day. We sleep. We rise. We know nothing. We do nothing. We *can* do nothing. But, it is written, "My Father worketh hitherto; and I work." And, as, it is written, so it is. And when the April showers have fallen, and May has smiled her sweetness, and, it is time for June, we walk out into the field; and the young blade, that scarcely blushed its greenness, on the southern slope, is now erect and tall, the full-formed ear. The genial skies have warmed it into vigour. The Southern winds have fanned it into form. It is open to every blessed influence. It is capable of every precious gift. It is receptive of the fulness of the heavens. It is passing into perfectness. "First the blade; then the ear." * * * And now, it is the height of summer. The genial influences of earth, and air, and sky, have all, combined to do their best. Nature has been riotous in luxury. Birds, blossoms, fruits, have filled the lap of man, with beauty; and pampered every sense. It is the highest tide of life. And every streamlet overflows, with plenty. As the morning breaks, the fields are vocal, with the reapers' song. The hush of noon falls, on the golden sheaves. And, when the evening gathers, it is on struggling teams, and groaning wains, that bear the harvest home. "First the blade; then the ear; after that, the full corn in the ear."

And Herbert's day "so cool, so calm, so bright," one of his favourite quotations, grows into deeper beauty, in this opening of a sermon.

A Sunday morning. A Sunday morning in the summer. A Sun-

day morning, such as this is here. Could Poet's dream devise a lovelier thought? Can there be livelier image of that better, brighter world? Labour, in all its forms, at rest. The very instruments of toil set out of sight. Silence upon the earth; and, on the sea; and, in the air: save that the birds seem in the general stillness, to be more emulous in their sweet songs. A deeper green, upon the earth. A deeper blue, upon the sky. The poorest household, decently composed. The little children with a book, or with a flower. All waiting, in a cheerful silence, for the sound of the Church bell. And, then, from hill-side, and from valley, that quiet company; gathering, by families, at the old gate of the Church-yard: as it lies there, in its loneliness, a lovelier and more sacred garden; the fittest vestibule, that could be thought of, for the house of Prayer.

In his English journal, among the faded flowers of personal remembrance, are his own fadeless flowers of landscape painting. From the castle at Rochester, he plucks "some wall-flowers from the battlements, and the single poppy from over the arched gateway of the great entrance," and he adds,— "How nature smiles at art." At Battersea Rise, he delights "in a purple cloud of pansies." In a heather field, he would get off the coach and "roll in it like a child." And in his Conventional Addresses, he must stop the record of his work to tell how he was rested, with the beauty of the Landscape."

"Though in December, it was a day of unusual mildness and beauty, and as the congregation threaded their way homeward, from the rude old Church, as it stands in a lonely glen under a high romantic bluff, it was a scene to delight a painter's eye and a Christian's heart."

"The church is beautifully situated near a grove of venerable oaks, and the throng of carriages and horses that surrounded it, as we approached from our drive of five and twenty miles, on a bright and balmy morning, with the cordial greetings of the congregation waiting our arrival, gave the most animating character to the scene."

And his records began, with this, so often, that some wise people made fun of it. "It was a bright and balmy day," or "In the first place, God gave us a good day." It did him good. It made a mark upon his heart. And the transfer of these marks was what made up his Address. The grounds at Riverside, witness his love for nature, in the development of all her beauty. It was an old buckwheat field in 1838, with seven trees in it. What it is, now, for lawn, and shade, and bloom, is the work of his love. The trees on it were his special delight. He knew them all. Some weeping ash trees, a mountain ash, some purple beeches that he bought, for memory of those at Milton Bryan; were his constant delight. And when a careless mistake cut down one of his three pet larches, he mourned as for a friend.

He was a very great lover, too, of flowers. They were

constantly on his table, and one almost always in his button-hole. Just before prayers, every morning, he went out to gather some for others, and after prayers, we found them, on the table; and often at dinner, or at tea, they were there again. He always told with utmost delight, the story of the present Queen, when a young child, asking her mother's leave to give a flower to Sir Robert Inglis, when *once* she saw him without one. And he felt that single flower, in his button-hole, a mark of fresh and natural and lovely traits of character. He loved them in the field and in the garden; in the house, and in God's House; and he loved them, where *he* has them always, upon graves. Among his pencilled books, the paper in the "Sketch Book" on Rural funerals, has his marks constantly, where the custom is alluded to, of putting flowers on the graves. And now, it has been true of every day, since then, what one wrote of his first buried day. "All that glorious May-day his grave lay under the soft sunshine, a mound of fresh and fragrant flowers, which loving hands continued to heap on it, from morning till night."

And his love for children was a feature of his life, that no one failed to know. They were his chief delight. Of the home darling, who was "his sunshine," his "precious creature;" he said once, when she only was with him, lisping "Our Father" in the morning Family Prayer, "that he never felt so near the angels." He would lay down any work, or give up any recreation, to be with her. He lavished upon her every thing, he could think of. Away, once, for a night, the morning mail brought her the words of his yearning love. But beyond the two he loved at home; as in his first home he had two, to love; his heart was full of every tender thought for children. With St. John's appealing love, he discharged St. Peter's high commission, in his pastoral work. And, in his private life, in the homes of his own people, and in homes all through the Diocese, the children gathered round his feet and sat upon his knee; and for his Master's sake, and in his Master's way, he took them up in his arms, and blessed them.

Beyond these, there are many things, sayings, and feelings, recorded in our hearts. His feelings were not often shown, not that he was hardened into stony Stoicism, but that he was patient, and brave, and strong to bear. But they were very quick, and very deep. When he came home in a very triumphal procession, from his victory in the Court of Bishops, he walked, with crowds of his friends, in tears of joy and almost shouts of triumph, all about him, bright and cheery as any. But when he reached his own room, and was alone for a few minutes, one of us found him crying, and

wondering that it should be so that day, he said, "how is it, that people should dislike me so."—When he was preparing his notes for the Protest, Appeal, and Reply, one who was working with him, asked, not in doubt, but in love's longing for a confirmation of conviction; "Dear Bishop, none of these dreadful things are true."—It was the evening, of the thirteenth day of the month, and he said, "I paid them the things that I never took, God thou knowest my simpleness, and my faults are not hid from thee." Once on a visitation in the country, as his host expressed an anxiety about a rainy day for the service, he said, "no matter, we can make the sun shine."—And the servant's deduction from it, was a perpetual fund of amusement to him, that—"Those Puseyites think they can do every thing." On his last visitation, he was urging the call and support of a minister to a parish, with a Church building and somewhat of a congregation. One of them expostulated with him for his urgency, because they were so few. "How many Church people are there?" "Only eight." "There was just that number in the ark," he said, "and the whole Church grew out of that!"

As unobtrusive indications of a deep religious feeling; the little expressions, that just bubble up by chance, as from an inner well of life, are the best tokens. Many such we have. From one or two of the account books prepared by him for the record of house expenses, I find one headed, "Give us day by day our daily bread;" and another "Send thy blessing on the basket and on the store." A medical treatise, on the efficacy of white mustard seed, in affections of the nervous system, has written in it;

"Have faith but as a little grain
Of mustard, least of all the seeds,
And God, whose gifts come down like rain
Shall comfort give for all thy needs."

Of his pleasantry and readiness, the following sketch from the loving hand of one who was admitted into the very close recesses of my Father's heart, gives ample proof. It recalls the cheerful face, he put upon a time of intense anxiety, and one incident of it; which belongs here. Walking up from Riverside, to the place where the Court was held during the time of his trial in Burlington, he was always surrounded by a body of friends, and saluted from almost every window that he passed, with a word of greeting and cheering love. On the first morning, as he passed along, a lady called to him, "Good morning Bishop. Beware of dogs."—He turned, as he passed, with a wave of the hand, and only said,

"The *man* recovered from the bite,
The *dog* it was that *died*."

THE BISHOP ON HIS VISITATIONS.

“It was a misfortune that those who were most forward to pronounce a public judgment upon Bishop Doane knew least of him, or only knew him from distant points of view. To know what he was, required the near and constant intercourse of daily life. Some men bestow all their smiles upon their dear public, and reserve their frowns and fretfulness for private use, and home consumption. Such was not the Bishop’s use of those rare qualities, which made him dearest to those who were nearest to him. His gentleness, abounding pleasantry, and brightness were most conspicuous in the circle of home, or among the friends he loved. Wit and humour were always at his command, and he summoned them to cheer and enliven the familiar intercourse of trusted friends. He had one quality of wit seldom excelled, that which enabled him to give a prompt and pertinent repartee, and his quiet manner and accompanying look always sharpened the point. This pleasant attendant seemed always most at hand, to cheer his friends, in circumstances which would have depressed or crushed other minds. At a meeting of anxious friends, in one of the most trying seasons of his life, some one remarked he “was sorry a certain Bishop had engaged in the matter of the presentment, for it was *said of him that he never let go of any thing he took hold of until his teeth met.*” “That depends upon what he bites on”—was the Bishop’s quiet reply.

But the clergy, who were most in the habit of attending him on his visitations, had most experience of that pleasantry which made the roughest road smooth, the toughest meat tender, and the darkest night less dreary. And he carried this pleasantry into the houses where he sojourned, and made all, young and old, feel that they had under their roof not only a Bishop, but a bright and pleasant guest, who brought cheerfulness to their home. Arriving at a country Parish in a violent storm the lady of the house said, “Bishop I’m afraid we’ll have very unpleasant weather during your visit.” Oh replied he, “I’ll make it pleasant!” It will hardly be credited that this jocose answer, was made, in the country about, the ground of a serious charge, quite in character with others, against the Bishop, as holding such high views of his office that he claimed Episcopal control over the weather! But the Bishop could make it pleasant “*whether or no*” as he expressed it. And he made it one of the principles of his life, to maintain this pleasantry under the most adverse circumstances. Indeed few men have ever lived, who were less the slaves of circumstances. How many men have little joy or comfort upon earth, because they give such power to the petty

evils and trifling annoyances of life. Bishop Doane never allowed these to be his masters—and even if he felt them, never let others know it, by his complaining. With as much to try him as most men, he was less than any, a murmurer or complainer. A clergyman who once drove him through his whole northern visitation, often tried to extort a little sympathy, with his own weariness and sense of discomfort, from the Bishop. But it was in vain. The dialogue between the disconsolate driver and the contented passenger, would run something after this sort. “Bishop this road is very heavy!” “Well, it’s a great comfort to think that we haven’t to *carry* it!” “The night is so dark I can hardly see to drive!” “Well, you’ll see better to-morrow!” “But Bishop, I’m afraid we are on the wrong road!” “That’s nothing to me, I’m only a passenger!”

Arriving late one night at the house of a distinguished citizen of New Jersey, after three long services and weary drives, between, the Bishop as usual made no complaint. In the morning the lady of the house, who had been a little prejudiced against him, said, “Bishop I must say, you pleased me very much, last night!” “How was that, Madam?” “Why most clergymen coming as you did, would have spoken of their hard work, and fatigue, and complained of it. You never said a word!” That lady, during her life, was always a firm and devoted friend of the Bishop. As illustrating the Bishop’s indifference to discomforts, and the pleasant influences he had in making others forget them, a clergyman has often described a three days’ visitation, in one of the roughest parts of the Diocese. The conveyance was a one horse waggon without springs, drawn by a very slow animal with difficulty to be forced into a faster gait than a walk. Rain pouring down all the time, and only one small umbrella to shelter three! Road’s rough, and hills many. Yet the spirit which the Bishop communicated, the happy turn he gave to every adverse circumstance, the radiance of his bright and joyous temper, made this a delightful excursion! The Missionary of the district, a Deacon, and one of the youngest Presbyters of his Diocese were his companions, and yet the Bishop treated them as his equals without in the least sacrificing his dignity. He was with them as an elder brother, and thus it was he won hearts. There never was one who stood less upon *personal* prerogative—he only magnified his *office*. He could in an instant lay aside his playfulness and assume the dignity and uncompromising resolution of his working character. On this visitation he gave an illustration of this. In a long rough and uncomfortable drive to a distant Parish, he was in his most playful humour, employ-

ing its power in a successful conflict with the discomforts of the way. The Missionary's one horse, which the Bishop named "Sorry" from his colour and condition, was very much opposed to the spirit of this "fast" age. The result was a continued conflict between man and beast—the Missionary and the horse, of which the former was only half owner. At any unusual application of the whip, the Bishop always interposed on the ground that the Missionary had only a right to touch one half of the horse, and that he must not beat Mr. D.'s *half*! As the driving rain was falling fast and our umbrella afforded little shelter, the Bishop took in good part, the impudent suggestion of one of his youthful attendants, borrowed from a similar saying to Dr. McKnight, that "as soon as he got into the pulpit he would be dry enough." The way beguiled and shortened by constant pleasantry, its end at last, was reached. On entering the Church, by that ecclesiastical deformity a basement, the untidy appearance of every thing made a very disagreeable impression. In one corner were heaped the sweepings of the past year. At once our playful companion became the Bishop in God's House, jealous of its honour, indignant at its profanation. The Bishop instantly summoned the minister, and the attendants stood almost aghast at the sternness and energy of his rebuke. The clergyman replied that it was not his "business to keep the Church clean." "Yes, Sir, it is your business, even if you sweep it yourself! Why, Sir, if even Satan likes to have places swept and garnished, can you think that the Holy God will tolerate such a place as this!"

Although he never *played* the Bishop with his clergy, and associated with them as a loving brother, yet he could *be* a Bishop, when it was needful.

On his first visitation of his Diocese in New Brunswick, Dr. Ogilby first met him at the dinner table of the Rev. John Croes. On returning home Dr. O. was asked what he thought of the new Bishop. He replied—"One single speech of his satisfied me that he is the man for the Diocese, and that he will make it flourish." The conversation at dinner had reference to the Methodist system and its apparent success. Some one said that he thought their success was to be attributed to their system of itinerancy. 'If I thought so,' said the Bishop, 'I would set my clergy itinerating within a month.'

I may add to this two incidents of one of his last visitations; which pleased and entertained him, as much as those who were with him. It was his first acquaintance, with a clergyman brought into the Diocese by those not friendly to the tone of its principles. He had no surplice, and had been

officiating without one. "Where is your surplice?" said my Father. "I have none, Bishop." "What have you been doing?" "Wearing the gown," said Mr. M. "You must have a surplice," my Father said. "Well Bishop, if I must have one, will you help me to get it?" "Will you wear it?" "Certainly, I will." "You shall have one before next Sunday." And before many days had passed, one was sent to him. After service my Father said to him, speaking of his letters of transfer, "You have got under a tyrant now." "I only promised to obey my Bishop's *godly* monitions, you know," was the reply. "Have you any children?" said my Father. "No." "Well you expect some don't you?" "Yes, Bishop." "When you tell them to do a thing, will you let them be the judges as to whether it is a godly, or an ungodly monition? I guess you'll decide that yourself; as I do." And they parted, firm friends.

Going to visit a vacant parish, he found there a clergyman from another Diocese, officiating. "What are you doing here?" he said in an off-hand way—"Well I am supplying the Church." "Who sent you?" "Well, Miss C. asked Mr. D., to find a clergyman, and he found me." "Is Mr. D., Bishop of New Jersey?" "No, but I am only here *temporarily*." "We only live temporarily," said my Father.

Thousands of such things there are; repartees, the play of sparkling wit, his genial, sunny conversation; but they are elsewhere written, and need not be, here.

As one tries to take in the roundness, the completeness of his character; the portrait, if it were well drawn, would look somewhat so. Externally, unusual manly beauty. The beauty of intellectual power, in his massive head; of imagination, throned upon his noble brow; of love and kindness, kindling in the depth of his eye, and the graciousness of his smile, of cordial friendship, in the warm grasp of his hand; of undaunted and indomitable decision, in his solid step; of anxious responsibility, in his bent shoulders; of incessant thought and care and suffering, in the flowing silver of his hair; and in his stalwart powerful frame, of a capacity for work and for endurance, such as few men possess. His will was mighty. Partly it was born in him. Partly it grew from the fact, that the latter and more responsible years of his life, found him with no friends *near* him, who had force enough to influence him, or steadiness enough to support him.—He was thrown thus necessarily upon himself, for counsel; and the earnest workings of an earnest soul, left alone, by a fickle, faithless age, to think and do as best he could, led him on, to an unhesitating pursuit of ends, that were beyond his grasp. The timidity of others increased his fearlessness, till it became

too daring. So real did his faith become, by the utter want of it in others, that results, impossible to others and possible to him, only through years of suffering and labour and care, were to him, as done. What to most men, would have been far off hopes and dreamy visions, were to him existing realities, that he could see and feel, and turn into sources of revenue. Whatever faults, whatever misfortunes, this mighty will and overweening faith may have brought upon him, I am well content to feel, that they are essential elements of all greatness; of all usefulness to others; and that, as more and more men see in their fulfilment, the realities which were real to him, in their conception, what seems recklessness and self-will, will be rounded and softened into the faith of the age of Saints; and the determined decision, that has given the world Becket and William of Wykeham and Archbishop Laud.

"Personally acquainted with him," writes the Bishop of Illinois, "from his diaconate, occasionally meeting on our paths of life, but knowing him best, as he has enabled all to know him, by his undoubted qualities of genius, intellect, learning, indomitable work, boldness, enthusiasm, tenderness, disinterested sympathy, gushing love for friends, his noble plans and mighty success in all that he attempted for the Church of Christ,—to me he stands indeed 'the great-hearted Shepherd;' and I thank God that whatever may have been the reality of his faults and wrongs, if such were, I have never been brought to know or feel them as a painful drawback to my admiration of him as a splendid man, whom death has now embalmed and my heart entirely identifies with his own last words."

Of his inner life, few know. It is too sacred, in its devotional character, its love of prayer, its intense appreciation of spiritual beauty, too sacred for any to look on, but the Eye of God. Of the soul and mind that made up the man, the picture would be hard to draw; utter fearlessness, with a woman's tender thoughtfulness; indomitable perseverance; an even balance of heart and head, of intellect and affection; enthusiastic faith; unshaken sanguineness of hope; perfect disregard of self; courage that courted danger; great self-reliance; loyalty that nailed his soul to any cause to which he was pledged; uncompromising adherence to principle; entire trust in God; intense and most appreciative love of the Church; and crowning all, greatest of all, God's own chief glory, abiding, inexhaustible, overflowing love. What pencil, what colours, what canvass, what skill, to paint the picture as it is? The two, to whom so many compare him, are S. Chrysostom and Jeremy Taylor. —His noblest name and best, to me, "the great-hearted."

CHAPTER VII.

SERMONS—ADDRESSES—CHARGES—PASTORAL LETTERS—LECTURES—CATECHIZING—PRAYERS—SPEECHES—OBITUARIES—CONTROVERSIES.

“PREACHING the word ;” “declaring the whole counsel of God ;” “keeping back nothing ;” “rightly dividing the word ;” “exhorting with all long-suffering, and doctrine ;” and doing this in the Scriptural way, “line upon line, precept upon precept ;” these are the marks of the thirty-seven years of my Father’s work as a Preacher. As a preacher, he acquired a very great reputation, and widely extended. It was built up on a basis of solid theology, real thought, and ever fresh originality. His sermons, throughout, were written with great rapidity, and the greatest ease. Ordinarily the writing was begun, after the Saturday evening prayers ; never early in the week—and it was the rarest event that he preached a sermon twice, except on his visitations. Men judged of his preaching in this way :

* “Bishop Doane was a mighty *Preacher*. Of him it might eminently be said, that his preaching was not in word only, but in power. Mighty in the Scriptures, he had hardly a thought, varied and original as all his thoughts were, which did not spontaneously arm itself, as it were, in the panoply of Inspiration. And the theme of his preaching was always Christ—Christ crucified, Christ risen ; Christ the meritorious Cause of Salvation, Christ the living Power ; Christ the Alpha and Omega, Christ the All in All. No one could recur more frequently than he, none more naturally, none with greater force of thought or variety of illustration, to that sacred basis of all pulpit power.”

† “I have not spoken to you of your Bishop and Rector, as a *Preacher*. It were needless. The very stones of this Temple are steeped in his eloquence. Its echoes will linger forever in these hallowed courts, and will, I trust, never pass from your hearts. His were “winged words”—words

bearing, as on angels' wings, the messages of heaven. They can never die, for they were the words of enduring faith, eternal hope, immortal love. Nor need I speak to you of him as a *Pastor*. The foot-prints of his merciful offices are worn too deep, in all the paths of human sorrow and suffering among you, to be ever effaced."

* "As a *PREACHER*, no bishop surpassed Bishop Doane. He has published more sermons than the whole House of Bishops—able sermons, which will be perpetual memorials of his intellectual powers, and of his zeal for the Church. These discourses are on a great variety of topics, but they contain much scriptural truth, mingled with his own peculiar views of apostolic order, sacramental grace, and ecclesiastical unity. His sermon before the last General Convention of the Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, was the occasion of one of the greatest triumphs he was ever permitted to enjoy. When his discourses and diocesan addresses are collected into a series of volumes, they will be found to be a treasury of High Church doctrine and order, which no bishop, nor all the bishops of his way of thinking, could equal. I have read most of his productions, and, although often disagreeing with him in sentiment, I have never failed to notice his intellectual vigour, his zeal for his church, and his unction for the episcopate."

In his own congregation, every one that took his place was unwelcome; and his teaching year after year, dwelling on the same great truths, was ever in such new and varied forms, that, while it had, always, the touching power of an old household song; it had the fresh variety of the first impression of something beautiful. With the same key, and yet altered constantly in its wards, he strove to open all the various locks, that shut the doors of men's hearts against the word of God, against the entrance of Him who stands at them and knocks. His sermons were very varied in their form. But his customary, and most effective sermons, were those in which he first divided the text into its essential points, in fewest and most telling words; and then developed each into the manifold fulness, of its proof, its meaning, and its application. It was like starting on the soft single notes of an organ, and then rising upon each with the deep sonorous swell, till it died down again, resolved into the full harmonious chord. Or like the single colours of a ray of light, passing each in its own clear beauty before the eye, and then melting into the crystal clearness of their combined power. Sometimes these divisions appeared, and sometimes not; but when they did, it was

the ranging of the batteries, for a deadly aim, a fatal fire. With all their beauty, there was no loss of strength in these sermons. Poor arguments were never hidden with sweet-sounding words; nor was their practical usefulness, their plain, homely teaching, their detail with little common things, ever subservient to their rhetoric. Soaring in their eloquence, in the mysteries with which they dealt, and the earnest power of their manner, to a height not often reached; yet they lay along the lines of our daily life; stooped to the level of childish and untutored minds, and penetrated far down into the hiding places of sin, and the deep of suffering and sorrow. And their adaptation was most remarkable, the style always suiting the subject; and style and subject harmonized, to the capacity of every kind of audience; children, his own congregation, the Convention, the students of the Seminary, or the Bishops and Clergy and lay delegates in the General Convention. It were worse than idle to sample such a building by a single brick. As to the religious tone of his preaching, I need not defend him from the accusations, of formality; of omitting Christ that he might preach the Church; and forgetting the Cross, that he might urge the Sacraments. Of the great evangelical doctrines; justification by faith, atonement and acceptance only in Christ, conversion, repentance, holiness of life; he was a faithful, powerful preacher. He knew the difference, it is true, between redemption and salvation; between regeneration and conversion; between the elect and the finally saved: nor did he attempt to preach the whole Gospel in every sermon. But he was faithful to the Church, who alone, has kept unmarred these great truths of revelation, for the modern sects, who repay her, by denying that she teaches them. Even, with those who do not mean to be prejudiced, the idea prevails that his preaching, and his life-long belief, differed from the glorious confession of his death. How untrue, and unfounded this is, his published sermons will plainly prove. He had no one-sidedness of view; no pet set of texts; no stereotyped form of phrases. He taught, that men were saved by faith; and then, that works must prove it; must be to it a cause of life, as the spirit to the body. Proclaiming salvation only through the blood of Christ, and the universality of His redemption; he did not cover up the need of personal, sacramental application of that saving Blood. The Church was, to him, the company of those saved by the Cross. And his plain, consistent dealing, following in spiritual matters, men's universal plan in worldly things, looked for the soul *in* the body; thought them, *together*, a complete man, and not *apart*; expected grace only in appointed channels; preferred the consent of primitive antiquity, to the dissent of modern protes-

tantism ; and understood plain words, to be as carefully used, and as literally, in the exactness of inspired writings, as in the looseness of ordinary conversation. And in his sermons taken together, a powerful and complete body of systematic divinity will be found, in words that burn with earnest eloquence ; and live, with the resistless vitality of truth.

The Episcopal Addresses to the Diocesan Convention, were altogether *sui generis*. They were not the mere formal outline, of so much machine work done. They were the living record of living work. And the same hand, plainly enough, wrote the record and did the work. There was heart in it. It was like a Father's recounting the day's adventures, to his family, at evening, round the fire. He had a hint for any needed work ; approval and encouragement for faithfulness and success ; a kind word for struggling parishes ; and always a record of the clergy who were with him ; which he kept because it rejoiced him, to have them, and because he thought it good always for them, to be with him. Toilsome and tiresome was the journey of those visitation months ; but he plucked flowers as he went along ; and the address was his herbarium. He gathered up in it, the tenderness and beauty of little home things ; the quiet Parsonages ; the return or the missing, of some familiar face ; the new Church ; the beautiful country ; the welcome friends, that came long distances ; the hospitable entertainment ; the successful catechizing ; all such as these, came in ; and from year to year, there was some touching commemoration of the dead ; some word of sympathy for the bereaved living. There was nothing hard, or dry, or cold, or distant, or abstract. He warmed every thing with his touch, and softened it ; and wet it with the dew and rain of tears and smiles ; and brought it nearer to their hearts, as lying near his own ; and made it real, existing, alive with his own interest and earnestness. The result was that his addresses were listened to, and read, and remembered, and had an influence of encouragement and sympathy upon all who heard them. They had a distinct and positive effect upon the Church work in the Diocese ; being, almost more than any thing else, the channel through which his spirit passed into his working Clergy. A few extracts will recall their character.

The chalice for the holy table is an interesting relic ; the inscription records that it is

THE GIFT OF
MARY DENNIS, WIDOW,
TO TRINITY CHURCH, IN WOODBRIDGE,
DECEMBER Y^e 25, 1760.

I have often thought, as it struck my eye, at my annual Commem-

oration of the Holy Communion, in that simple little sanctuary, how many hearts have been refreshed and strengthened, through God's blessing on that pious gift, in the long lapse of eighty years; with what a beautiful propriety the festival of the Nativity was made the day of its donation; and how peculiarly touching, that the one remembrance that has been preserved of her who gave it, is her widowhood. Happy they who in the bereavement of the ties of earth, are drawn more closely to the holy altar, and give their hearts to God.

It was an especial festival of the heart to minister the sacred emblems of the Saviour's blood and body, to my old master, and to the friend of my heart, the Rev. Lawson Carter, by whose side I received, from Hobart's holy hands the grace of the Diaconate.

The Rector of this parish has discontinued the use of the gown, and uses the surplice in preaching, as well as in all the services. He has done this with my full approbation; and I shall be glad to see the practice adopted throughout the diocese.

In this Church, that was done entirely to my mind, which the rubric requires to be done always; but which, I regret to say, is very seldom done according to its decent and orderly provisions. Immediately after the blessing, at the close of the Communion Service, the Communicants came to the Chancel, and kneeling down, received, at the hands of the Minister, and reverently ate and drank, the consecrated bread and wine which remained. This is what the Church orders. Surely it is what we should do. I affectionately ask attention to this matter for the future.

I have still to record the progress of improvement in the Church edifices and adjacent grounds, with the introduction of fonts, the side table for the Holy Eucharist, and other conveniences and proprieties of the Holy Place. I venture to think that there is increasing among us, what is so greatly needed, the spirit of reverence for the House of God, and the offices thereof.

Confirmation has been administered eight times in private, to sick or infirm persons. I regard this as an evidence that the design of the ordinance, as the channel of spiritual gifts, is better understood, and more highly appreciated. This is a wholesome progress, and promises better things to come.

I was much pleased to find the Minister engaged in planting trees, and trailing vines about the Church and Vestry-room. It is well for Pastor and for people, when the holy place attracts their eyes and hearts; and a sweet, rural Churchyard, serene and sacred, is of the happiest influence, upon old and young, in sobering their thoughts, and leading them to recognize that the Church is one, here, and beyond the grave.

"Angels, and living saints, and dead,
But one communion make.
All join in Christ, their vital Head,
And of His love partake."

My visitation from Berkley, down to Salem, though attended with every delight that Christian hospitality, and the companionship of friends and brethren could impart, and most encouraging in every

promise of the Church, was of a tender sadness, still. I could not but think of Prescott, brought to me, by providential guiding, from his distant home, once mine; and knit, in memory, with the thoughts that dwell the deepest down in human hearts, now in the caverns of the sea: and of venerable Tanser, gone from earth, whom he loved, and who loved him so well, who was always with me in these scenes of duty and delight. And I remembered others, true and dear, who had accompanied me, in other years, through these familiar rounds, who are now far away, among the mountains of New England, or by the sweet savannas of the South, feeding the Master's flock; and, with such thoughts and memories, unbidden tears would start. A Bishop comes, in time, to be a sort of "Old Mortality." His tread is among graves. Tomb-stones become the measures of his miles. A faithful brother, a cordial host, a venerable matron, a blooming maid, a budding child, has fallen, since he last was there; or tender memories tempt him to retrace, the tenth or twentieth time, the winding way that leads to the low resting place of a departed friend: and he were more or less than man not to be melted into tenderness. And it is well that it should be so, to keep us human, and to keep us humble; to knit us in a holier love; and lift us up together, on the wings of a more hopeful faith. "For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

Surrounded by the numerous congregation, which worships here, with the friends from other parishes, and the great "company of the preachers," my thoughts were, sometimes, with the dead, as the meek memory of the saintly Holmes rose up before me, as he went forth and sowed, with tears, the precious seed, whose sheaves, another brings: the child of his spiritual nurture, as he is his meet successor, in the husbandry of God.

The presence of the Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) McMurray, was a crowning beauty, for the service: as it witnessed to us, visibly, of the Communion of the Saints in Christ, through that most venerable member of His Body, our Mother Church of England. Altogether, it was a day for the whitest stone: and I could forget many things, that had past, and were to come, in the fulness of its spiritual joy.

In the afternoon, in the fading light of the western sky, in the midst of a rural panorama, which can seldom be excelled, I laid the corner stone of St. Mark's Church, Baskingridge.

Mr. Hoyt is the Rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, in the city of New York, and a most laborious Missionary, among the poor. But, his home is in the neighbourhood of Fort Lee. And, finding the people without religious influence, the heart of the good Shepherd kindled towards them; and he devoted his spare hours, to their instruction. He has collected a flock, and has built a Chapel; and the services, of the first Visitation, attest God's blessing, on his faithfulness. It is a wild, romantic region; quite Swiss, in its appearance. And, I felt, as if I had fallen upon another Oberlin, or Felix Neff. The Chapel is a perfect curiosity. It is made up of the odds and ends of a dozen Churches; begged by him, for this use. And,

yet, the result is good. He is a rare man, this Ralph Hoyt; and a real poet, into the bargain. If any Churchman of New Jersey has fifty or a hundred dollars, to apply to the best uses, I commend him to Ralph Hoyt, as his Trustee, for Christ.

Calvary Church is near Short Hills, the countryseat of Bishop Hobart; and his favourite resort from the cares and toils of the Episcopate, and from the pressure of his City duties and responsibilities. The very atmosphere seemed redolent of the virtues and graces of this great, good, man; from whom, I received orders, both, as Deacon and Priest; and who was, in every sense, my friend: and the presence of his son and namesake was a crowning joy of the occasion.

Camden is becoming a large city; and the influence of the Church here is strong and decided. As I looked round, upon the overflowing congregation, my heart was full of memories. Here, I had come, twenty-five years ago, to a little handful of true lovers of the Church, who worshipped in a mean upper room, and depended mainly, for the ministrations which they love, on the Clergy of Philadelphia. Here, I met, for the first time, the Convention of the Diocese; and delivered my Primary Charge, in that same upper room, over the City Prison. Hither, a year after, the most venerable Bishop White came with me, at my request, to lay the corner stone of St. Paul's Church. Here, I had met the remains of the saintly and beloved Lybrand, on their way to their last resting place. Around me were the friends, of a quarter of a century; with hearts more loving, for this lapse of years, and all that they had brought. Venerable matrons, who were then scarcely in middle life; happy mothers, whom I had catechized, as little girls; men, whom I found just passing into boyhood, who have held and dignified the highest honours of the State. And, here, alas, were *not* the kind, the loving and the true, that once were here; for, God had taken them. It was a mingled tide, that swelled up in my heart; and choked its utterance. It was a vivid experience of the mingled joys and sorrows, which an old man comes to realize.

The Rev. Mr. Bours hastened, from this service, to his parish, in Florida: having received, here, information that a pestilential disease was raging. He threw himself unreservedly into the work; and, in a few weeks, was numbered with the dead. A beautiful instance of the martyrdom of duty. I was especially interested in him; having married him to a dear daughter of St. Mary's Hall. His youth was full of promise. It has ripened into glory.

Nine times in his Episcopate my Father delivered Charges to the Clergy. It is a most meaning title; like the Apostle Paul's "I charge thee son Timothy." And all the word's meaning, of depth and responsibility, was in his conception and execution of them. They have been, and will be published, all. They must strike every one in two ways: as most solemn, anxious, earnest words, written under a deep sense of fearful responsibility; and as aimed always, not at abstractions in doctrine, but at some practical result; to bring about a fuller

tone of teaching ; a harder habit of work ; a deeper sense of responsibility ; a higher standard of holiness ; more uncompromising courage ; more unreserved devotion to Christ ; more unquestioning submission to the Church. They differ, in theological depth and in dignity, from his sermons, rising as they do to higher subjects ; and dealing with a higher class of hearers. But the various titles, show how perfect their adaptation was ; and what great and all important ends he urged in them, upon his brethren in the ministry of souls ; The Edification of the Church for the Salvation of Souls ; The Office and Duty of the Christian Ministry ; The Church's Care for little Children ; The Pastoral Office ; The Pentecostal Pattern ; Incorporation with Christ ; the Source and Channel of Spiritual Life ; Christ Crucified, the Hope, the Theme, the Model of the Christian Minister ; The Christian Minister, the Messenger, the Watchman, the Steward of the Lord ; The Church sufficient through the Cross, for the Salvation of the World ; and then the last ; the impress of his soul, the concentrated and collected lessons of his life ; " A Working Church."

His Pastoral letters were in the tone and character of the first Apostolic Epistles. His earlier ones, are directed to the plan of systematic charity, which he followed up most earnestly, with renewed arguments, with convincing results, with frequent appeals. Sometimes for the wants of a single congregation, he asked the alms of all the rest ; as a Father claims for one child in sorrow, the consolation of the other children.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I am informed by the Rev. Peter L. Jaques, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Hope, that on Thursday last the feast of St. Peter, Zion Church, Belvidere, of which, by my appointment, he has had the pastoral charge, in the vacancy of the Rectorship, was struck by lightning, and seriously injured. The very small congregation there, after having contributed, to their ability, for the erection of a house of prayer, were left with a debt ; so that I am well assured of their want of means to repair the damage thus sustained. Besides the inconvenience to which they will be exposed, the building, if not speedily repaired, will be injured by the weather. Under these circumstances, they are naturally discouraged. Without any solicitation, or even representation, from themselves, and in entire reliance on the instinctive sympathies of Christian love, I appeal, in their behalf, to their brethren of the diocese.—It was the beautiful superstition of the ancient heathen, that the touch of lightning consecrated the place on which it fell. It was forever sacred to their gods. Let it be our improvement of this providential stroke, to regard it as consecrating our brethren upon whose " holy and beautiful house," it has fallen, for the participation of our prayers and our alms. Let us acknowledge, by the gift of what He bestows on us, the mercy by which we are spared. And let us illustrate, while we enhance, the glorious comprehension of that blessed bond, which binds us through

the Cross, in one true brotherhood of love. While we have time, let us do good unto all men; and especially unto them that are of the household of faith.

Sometimes, he asked their prayers for the guidance of the civil authorities. Constantly, he stirred up their minds about the offerings, for Diocesan Missions. Never flagging in his confidence, in the apostolic plan of systematic charity, he always pointed to the weekly offertory as the best means, either to meet an emergency of debt, or to secure and maintain a sufficient missionary fund.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of New Jersey.

Dearly beloved in the Lord, the Christmas season has returned to us again, with all its household comforts and religious joys. But the Heathen have no Christmas; for they know not Christ. Their eyes have never seen that Star of Bethlehem, which led our fathers to the infant Jesus, and brought us in them. How vainly, if our hearts regard their darkness with indifference! How worse than vainly, if our hands withhold their help in guiding them to the true light! At the late Meeting of the Board of Missions, it was unanimously resolved that contributions be asked, in all the Churches in aid of FOREIGN MISSIONS at the season of Epiphany. Let our offerings on Sunday, 13 January, the first after that joyous festival, be for this use. Let us all do what we can, to realize that other name by which the Prayer Book designates this season, "the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles."

Affectionately and faithfully,

Your Bishop and Servant, for Christ's sake.

He addressed them once, on the duties of wardens and vestrymen; very often on the missionary offerings of the Diocese; in behalf of the Church's great missionary work; and for the Bp. White Prayer Book Society. In 1858, he urged the observance of the Rogation Days; and authorized a form for them, in this letter:

DEARLY BELOVED IN CHRIST,—Among the "other days of Fasting," which the Church adds to the great Fasts, Ash Wednesday and Good Friday, are "THE THREE ROGATION DAYS; being the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, before Holy Thursday, or the Ascension of our Lord." They are of very ancient observation in the Church.

How important, that observance was regarded, by the Church of England, is plainly shown by the Sermon, for Rogation Week, in the Second Book of Homilies.

As a preparation for the due observance of the Feast of the Ascension, the precedent is set, of Advent, preparatory to Christmas, and Lent, preparatory to Easter.

As it beseeches God's blessing on the fruits of the earth, now springing towards perfection, it is the fit counterpart of the appoint-

ment, by the Church, of a Day of Prayer and Thanksgiving, for their ingathering.

As a solemn deprecation of God's anger, in the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," it well becomes the season, when the seeds of disease are most apt to ripen, into death.

Considering these things, and mindful of my trust, for Christ, as put in charge with a portion of the flock, which He has purchased, with His blood, I earnestly recommend the solemn observance of the Rogation Days; which occur, this year, on the 10, 11 and 12 of May. I commend, to individuals, the practice of "such a measure of abstinence, as is more especially suited to extraordinary acts and offices of devotion;" and, to the Clergy, I recommend the observance of, at least, one service, on each of the three days, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. What an overpowering demonstration of the truth and power of the Atonement, the Ascension of the human nature of Christ Jesus into Heaven! How suitable the supplication, which beseeches Him to pour His blessing, on the fields, on the forests, and on the seas; that the opening of His hand may "satisfy the desire of every living thing!" And how well adapted to arrest the terrors of disease and dissolution, the position of the Church, as she stands, "between the living and the dead;" with tears, and fastings, and supplications!

Pondering these things carefully, not without prayer to God, for His direction, and His blessing, I earnestly advise the observance, in all the parishes, of the three Rogation Days, as a season of fasting and special prayer, for God's blessing on the earth, and on our homes: filling us with plenty; and shielding us from disease and death.

I hereby authorize the use of the Litany, in the morning service, on Monday and Tuesday, as well as Wednesday, of Rogation Week; and I also set forth the two following prayers, to be used, on the Rogation Days, "before the two final prayers of Morning and Evening service."

Beseeching Almighty God to teach us how to pray, who know not what to pray for, as we ought; and to give an answer to our prayers, in the fullest measure of His temporal and spiritual blessings, on ourselves, our homes, our country, the Church and the whole land: and specially beseeching a remembrance, beloved brethren, in your prayers, I am ever, most affectionately and faithfully, your Bishop and servant, in Christ.

Every Sunday afternoon was devoted in St. Mary's Parish, to a familiar unwritten exposition of the word of God; or of some subject connected with the Book of Common Prayer. He prepared for this with great care; but no notes were made generally, and none were ever used at the time. His Bible, with a few references marked, was all he needed. Always avoiding the evils of extempore preaching, diffuseness and repetition, he fell into its advantages of familiarity and plainness and minuteness, most profitably. It was this habit and power that made him such a speaker; so telling, so ready, so

precisely to the point. He followed out always a full and perfect plan, of introduction and argument and application. There were no loose ends left untied, to weaken what he said or to unravel it. He was remarkably exact, even in his unwritten lectures, in his use of words and terms. There was no idea of sparing work in it. They were as carefully thought out as his sermons. He used them and urged them as more direct, and simple, and straightforward; and the afternoon congregation at St. Mary's was never less than in the morning. His theological teaching always included a practice in this sort of preaching, for the students.

His estimate and idea of it, and his execution and perfection of them, are best seen in his own words.

It is more than ten years since I became the Rector of this parish. I have been absent from it, as little as the duties of my higher office in the Church allowed, never of my own mere desire. Very seldom have I been here that I have not, twice in the holy day, done what I could as your instructor in the faith and duty of a Christian. I have acted almost from the very first, upon a settled plan. My morning teaching on the Lord's day has been a written sermon. In the afternoon I have either taught you through the children, in the catechizing, or by a familiar exposition of the words of Holy Scripture in their natural connection. In this way, though seldom taking more than twelve or twenty verses at a time, I have gone through, as I could, the Gospels according to St. Matthew and St. Luke, and the book of the Acts of the Apostles.

It was not without deep reflection that I adopted this course of instruction. It was from no labour-saving consideration; nor was it on any pretension to extemporaneous gifts. If by extemporaneous speaking, were meant speaking without thoughtful preparation, it would be an outrage on the sanctity of this place, and on the awful cure of souls. If preparation without writing were adopted to save time or toil it would be a pitiful self-seeking, unworthy of the minister of Christ. Extemporaneous speaking, strictly so called is, I trust, unknown to the practice of the true Church. It would be certain to become vague and vapid declamation: and the mind, in such an abuse of it, would be as sure to grow dull and torpid, as the land that has been worked for years without replenishing, to run to weeds and worthlessness. There can be no choice fruits in any thing, but by continued, careful cultivation. And not to bring the very best before the Lord were wanton sacrilege. The Minister of Christ in teaching others is to teach himself. The better he is taught the better they will be. That is not teaching which supplies mere knowledge. It implies the development of powers and culture of faculties. It is not so much pouring into a receiver, as it is drawing out the mind itself and giving every energy and every capacity its fullest vigour and most healthful action. To this end I have long advised my clergy to prepare always one written sermon in the week, and only one. More than that, few can do well. None can do two, one-half so well as one.

The mind divides itself and is distracted. Each sermon robs the other. There are two thin ears of corn for the one good one. And what is worse than this, the habit has a reflex action on the mind itself, destroys its tone, diffuses its powers, makes it familiar with work half done, and satisfied with shallowness and superficialness. But it should be a rule, as near as possible without exception, to write one discourse for every week. Without it, there will be little study, or to little purpose. Without it there will be no vigour of conception or accuracy of expression. Without it the best powers of mind will run to waste. Just as earnestly as I enjoin that there be one written sermon every week and but one, I urge upon the clergy the stated catechetical instruction of the Children, as an ordinary office of instruction, in the presence of the whole congregation; and simple, familiar, practical exposition of the Word of God itself, or of the Creeds, Articles and formularies of the Church as founded on, and proved by, Holy Scripture. This, that the precept of the Apostle may be acted on, All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable. This, that the word of truth may be rightly awarded, and every one receive his portion in due season. This, that the people may be instructed not only in the massive outlines, but in the most minute details of the truth as it is in Jesus. And this, too, that the Minister may keep up and diversify his studies, acquaint himself with all the avenues by which men's minds and hearts are reached, gain confidence in his work, and give his people confidence in him, as a master workman, that needs not to be ashamed, and deal with them as a man, with men, plainly and honestly, with the earnestness of free discourse, on the great subjects which concern their souls. None of this to be done unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, soberly and in the fear of God, with carefulness and thoughtfulness in the study, with meekness and reverence as in the most holy place, and above all, not without prayer. The preparation of the written sermon necessary, to give accuracy and order and proportion and drift to the unwritten exposition. The unwritten exposition certain, to lend earnestness and ardour and practicalness and point to the written sermon. The whole result promising, if God shall bless the work, to the same amount of ability, acquirement and exertion in the preacher, the best return, in the interest, the attention, the edification, and, through grace, the salvation of the hearers. And, let me add what I feel, and what I do hope some of you also feel, drawing preacher and hearers nearer together year by year in their participation of that most precious treasure which has been committed to the Church, growing into each other, if I may say so, as both grow more and more into Christ in the sense of nearness not only but of oneness in the Common Salvation.

As a catechist, he was great indeed, in his love for it, his power in it, and the catechetical habit, which his precept and example has introduced into the Diocese. To commend one of his clergy as a good catechist, he counted highest praise. He always catechized monthly, at the Parish Church, and at the Hall, and at the College. His own ideas were often urged.

His second charge was largely devoted to its importance. His name, throughout the country, is connected with this; as much as with systematic charity, missions, and Christian Education. He published constantly about it; a book on "Public Catechizing;" a little pamphlet, *The Catechism proved by Scripture*. And he urged it in the Convention, and in the columns of the *Missionary*, frequently.

* A subject which has occupied much of my thoughts since our last meeting, my brethren of the Clergy and Laity, is *the religious instruction of children*. I need go into no detail of argument, or illustration, to impress you with its importance, or with the sense of our duty in the premises. I do not hesitate to say, that, as the training up of his children, "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," is the parent's first and highest duty, so the Christian Pastor can in no other way so effectually subserve the objects of his calling, in the edification of the Church for the salvation of souls, as in the strict, constant, *personal* supervision of the religious education of the children of his charge. It is a duty which cannot be neglected without the most awful responsibility, and which cannot be delegated by him to any other. Of the great benefits which have been derived, and which may be expected from the excellent institution of Sunday Schools, I do not entertain, and would not, intimate a doubt. As auxiliaries to the pastoral care of the young, or as substitutes where it cannot be had, they are of unquestionable value, and their extension an undoubted blessing. But there is too great reason to believe that their proper use has, in many instances, been departed from; that they have become substitutes for, instead of auxiliaries to, the pastoral care; that the clergy have generally withdrawn, or been by imperceptible degrees removed, from their direction, until their influence over them has almost ceased; if, in some cases, their *right* to control and regulate them be not seriously questioned. Nor is this all. The ancient and wise provisions of the Church for the instruction of all her children, in the catechism, have, it is to be feared, been in a great degree superseded and gone into disuse. So that the pastoral intercourse with the young, and, of course, the pastoral influence with them, is scarcely, if at all greater, than with the adult parishioners. Now this cannot be right. It is not safe for the country, nor for the Church. It is not consistent, my brethren of the Clergy, with the solemn responsibility of our office. We cannot so give account with joy for the lambs of our Saviour's flock.

† The *catechizing of the children* I have found productive of the best effects. Children, parents, pastors, and myself by no means to the least extent, have been partakers in the pleasing, and I trust in God, the profitable, interest. It has brought forth that "form of sound words," which is "to be learned by every person before he be brought to be confirmed by the Bishop," from comparative obscurity, to its due prominence in the Church. It is the beginning, I fondly hope, of

* Address, A. D. 1834.

† Address, A. D. 1836.

a course of efforts, by which, if God help us, the Church in this diocese will regain her proper hold upon her infant members, and be enabled, by divine grace, to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Parents are universally gratified with the arrangement. The children take delight in it. With my reverend brethren, no argument or influence is necessary to secure their hearty zeal in feeding the Saviour's lambs. Hitherto the examination, with two or three exceptions, has been confined to the mere repeating of the words. Hereafter, it is my wish that the children be prepared for what is more properly a catechetical exercise, in being examined on the meaning of the words, the Scriptural authority for them, and their practical application, and I design myself to take a part in it. A thorough trial of the experiment in my own parish, in which the children, once in a month, are catechized "openly in the Church," before the whole congregation, has thoroughly convinced me that no exercise can be more engaging to the children, more edifying to the people, or more profitable to the Pastor.

* The purpose with which this reprint has been undertaken will be fully answered, if it shall serve to extend the increasing attention which is now attracted towards the plan of public catechizing, and to establish more widely a just and proper conviction of the great importance of that ancient institution. The success which shall attend its adoption in any case will be mainly dependent, under God, upon *the pastoral interest*. As to the duty of bringing up the children of the Church "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," there will be no difference of opinion. The only point to be decided is, the most effectual mode. If the test of experience be followed, the decision will be easily established. A chief obstacle to its adoption is the apprehension, commonly met with, of failure in the attempt. There is a supposed necessity of some peculiar fitness for the work which all cannot attain. Doubtless there will be degrees of facility and different degrees of success in this, and every other human enterprise. But because all preachers are not eloquent alike, are not all to preach? The conviction is established in the author's mind, after much reflection and experience, that a high degree of excellence is much more generally attainable in catechizing than in preaching. The saying often quoted, is not lost sight of, that a "boy may preach, but it requires a man to catechize." Allowance is first to be made for a fair measure of proverbial exaggeration in the antithesis here stated. For the rest, *experience* makes the difference. "*Docendo docemur.*" The catechist *will* learn to catechize. Only let him have *long* patience. If there be a motto for *him* better than any other, it is Isaiah's—"precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line; here a little and there a little." For the method of catechizing, it will vary—the Church catechism being the basis—with every variety of character and circumstance. No course that could be delineated would suit all. A specimen of the course pursued, with great advantage, by the present writer, is in preparation for the press—"the

* Bishop Doane's Postscript, to Gilley's "*Hioræ Catecheticae.*"

Church Catechism analyzed and proved by Scripture." After all it will be no more than *Hints for Catechizing*.

This description, I believe from Mr. Winslow's pen, is one of the many testimonies to the power and results of his own catechizing :

" 'I would rather lose the best sermon that was ever preached, than the catechizing, it is so instructive,' said an elderly member of our Parish one *Catechism Afternoon*, as the children call it, as we were slowly wending our way to church. I am sure the good woman was right, valuable as preaching is. But apart from the instruction to be gained, there is a beauty in the scene itself, which must attract every eye, which can be attracted by any thing pure and lovely. We would we had the pen of a painter, that we might sketch the scene as we have often witnessed it, and each time with increased delight.—The evening service is over, and the notes of the organ are dying away, and the solemn psalm is hushed. There is a stir in the congregation, almost every pew door is opened, and the pattering of many little feet is heard along the aisles. Many eyes are anxiously following those little forms as they hasten to the Chancel. And now they are all gathered, girls and boys, the rich and poor, the fair Saxon and the dark African, side by side, reminding us all, that whatever distinctions may be necessary to our well being in this imperfect state, in Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, but all are one. Surely it should always be so in Church, that we may be prepared for the same state of things in heaven, when all earthly distinctions shall have become "former things" that have passed away. One might almost take that swarthy group clinging about the feet of the Episcopal chair, for a personification of degraded Ethiopia imploringly stretching out her hand to the blessed Church of God, for the privileges of the Gospel. And now the white-robed priest is seated in his chair, and question and answer are interchanged in animating succession. Glorious truths, that "sages would have died to learn," are proclaimed by those little voices. The Catholic verities of the Trinity of the Godhead, the Incarnation of the Son, the mysterious influences of the Saviour's death and passion imparted in the two Sacraments, are explained, and proved from the Bible. The duties of love, obedience, and reverence to God and man, of personal purity and holiness are asserted, and affectionately enforced. Surely these children, growing in grace as they grow in age, will come to "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Surely they will be kept from the sins of heresy and schism in the midst of a perverse generation. Surely some of these sprightly boys

will, when they have put away childish things, become ornaments and defenders of the Church. I am sure they will be good catechists. But the autumnal sun is quietly and soberly setting, and the shadows are every minute becoming longer. Again the swell of the organ rises on the ear; and with fervent supplication and solemn benediction, the service is concluded. The crowd of children about the Chancel is soon dispersed, and the Church is left to the stillness of a Sunday evening twilight."

In his contribution to the Memorial Papers, my Father speaks as strongly as ever, of this feature of true Pastoral work; in its essential importance; its infinite superiority over the modern Sunday school system; and its bearing and influence, upon the training of children; the control of young men; and the supply of candidates for Holy Orders.

The Pastoral instruction of Children should be first, and chiefly, in the Church. They come there, first, in Holy Baptism, to be made God's children. Not, as a ceremony. Not, as an incident. But, as a necessity of their nature: that they may be "born again;" and so made "members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of Heaven." Upon no point, is it more important, that the Pastoral Instruction should be clear, and full, and faithful. That parents may not only understand "the great necessity of this sacrament, where it may be had," and "the great benefit" their children "reap thereby:" but may know, and do, their duty, in carrying out a beginning, so auspicious, through all its states and stages, to its glorious and immortal issue.

Nor is it long, before, the Pastoral Instruction, as to the necessity, the nature, the benefits, and the responsibilities of Holy Baptism, takes personal shape, in the training of the child himself. The Godfathers and Godmothers were solemnly enjoined, "to see that this infant be taught, so soon as he shall be able to learn, what a solemn vow, promise, and profession he hath" "made:" and "that he may know these things the better." they are instructed to "call upon him to hear sermons; and chiefly" to "provide that he may learn the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments." The Sponsors are to see, that this is done. The parents are to bring their children, well prepared, to Church. The Pastor is to do it. "The minister of every parish shall diligently, upon Sundays and Holy Days, or on some other convenient occasions, openly in the Church, instruct or examine so many children of his parish, sent unto him, as he shall think convenient, in some part of this catechism." What a threefold cord is this, of sponsors, parents, pastor! How hard to break, if it be twined, in duty and in love; and blessed, with prayer! What might not well be hoped, of children, so instructed, in the Church, and trained, at home; from the earliest period, when they shall be able to learn, until, having "come to a competent age," having learned "the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Command-

ments," and being "sufficiently instructed in the other parts of the Church Catechism, set forth for this purpose," they "be brought to the Bishop, to be confirmed by him?"

Such is the beginning, such the progress, and such the end of Pastoral Instruction, as provided for Christ's children, in the Church. What duty of the pastor so plain, so hopeful, so delightful! What might not be expected of children, so brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord!" *But, it will take time!* What can be done without it? *But, it will involve labour!* So does every duty of our life. *But, it will interfere with preaching!* What preaching can be so plain, so practical, so profitable? No pastor, that has tried it, will doubt this. No people, where it is done carefully and faithfully, with love, will deny that it is so. In Churches, where there are two services on Sunday, this is the best appropriation of the second. *Best, for the pastor.* No man can do justice to two sermons, in one week. They will be two fractions, in the place of one integer. *Best, for the children.* They will feel, that they are in, and of, the Church; and grow up, unto Him, whose members they were made, in Holy Baptism, in all righteousness and godliness of living. *Best, for the people.* They will thus be kept familiar with the elements of Christian doctrine; and learn what they are to believe, and what they are to do, to their soul's health, in nature's holiest and happiest way, out of the mouths of little children.

In a parish so conducted, there will need no other Sunday School. A Sunday School is but a jury-mast. It will be rigged only for an emergency. In their original use, Sunday Schools were well conceived. They met a present necessity. But they have grown into a habit of the Church; much to the hindrance of its purity and unity. They have superseded family training. They have superseded Pastoral Instruction. They have superseded the Church, in her relations to the Saviour's little children. They have introduced a body of teachers, without responsibility; and, often, more zealous, than instructed or discreet. They have become an organization, outside of the Church, and independent of it. They are like the Vigilance Committee in California; in the place of law and order, of office and authority. This is where they are not closely and constantly under the direction of the pastor. Where they are, they do but add to his labours, and lay another burden on his overloaded Sunday; not to speak of the difficulties, and disorders, and dissensions, and divisions, to which they constantly tend, and which they often introduce. As a help to pioneer Missionaries, and to supply the want of pastors, in a crowded population, they may be used, to advantage, under due and specific regulation. But it is the militia of the Church. It cannot come in the place of the regular army. And, too often, it cripples its energies and embarrasses its operations. These may seem bold suggestions. And yet nine-tenths of the clergy, and a larger proportion of the laity, feel their force and own their truth: and go on, under a mental protest, with a labour, which is hard to bear, and yields but little profit; because it is the usage of the Church. If there is a Sunday School in the parish, the pastor must be in it, and

of it, and through it, and over it. And it will cost him more time, more toil, more care, than the proper system of the Church; and with small satisfaction; and no certainty, in its results. And this is without taking into account the drudger that it is, to children: who must either be excused from one of the services, or groan under the bondage of a more than Puritan Sabbath; and learn to dread the day of rest, as the day of their imprisonment, at hard labour.

To meet the objection, that the teaching thus proposed is not sufficient for the case, the Pastoral Instruction should pursue the children to the Parish School. By this, I mean, that the Children of the Church, on Sunday, are also the Children of the Church, on week-days. And, that the training in secular knowledge, is no more to be severed from the religious training, than their bodies parted from their souls. I am not tenacious of the name of Parish School. What I mean, is this: that all the Children in the congregation, until sufficiently instructed, to be sent to higher institutions, should be taught together, in a school or schools, whose instructors should be competent Churchwomen or Churchmen, and over which the pastor should have and exercise continual supervision. Six, against one, would be a fearful odds, in any thing. How much more so, when the six days are, for the world, against the one, for God! As if religious training were like children's Sunday-clothes; which are hung up on Sunday night, and kept so until Sunday morning. It is a case, too obvious, for argument. Nor, is it necessary to meet the current objections, that it would be sectarian education; that it would be costly; that teachers cannot be had. But, why is that sectarian, on Monday, which is not, on Sunday? And, what is cost, when souls are to be saved? And, when was the supply not equal to the demand? We have not Church teachers, because we do not ask for them; we do not care about them; we do not encourage them. And, as for cost, what do men care for the expense of music, or of dancing, for their children? And, if the Church is one household, and all its members, brethren, what shall prevent the same provision for the week-day teaching, as the Sunday? Where, do we read of any question about cost, among the first believers? Is there another Gospel? Is there a modern Church? And, besides, lamps are expensive. And curbing is expensive. And public supplies of water are expensive. And a police is expensive. And all government is expensive. What then? Shall we have none? Could we live, without? A division of the outlay would reduce the one, to the great advantage of the other. Only look at the thing, as it is. Only own, that it is, what it is. The rest will come. "Labour not, for the meat which perisheth; but, for that meat, which endureth to everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you."

And the secret of its success and popularity (it was with catechizing as with his lectures, that "the people were very attentive to hear him") is well put in Dr. Mahan's noble sermon. "In *catechizing* he had a tact universally admired. By a well put question he could open a child's mind, and deposit a

living truth there, so skilfully and with so delicate a touch, that it would seem to have sprung up from the soil itself." It was but the development, in one of its varied forms, of his love; his love as a Shepherd: his exceeding love for the lambs.

It was said truly, and with ample proof, that the gift of composing prayers had departed from the Church. But some of the spirit still lingered in the New Jersey forms. There is not a little of the rhythm, and devotion, and fervency of *early days, in the two prayers that follow:

O God, by whose merciful providence the Holy Church continueth to observe the doctrine of Baptism and of the Laying on of Hands: We beseech Thee to be with Thy servant, our Bishop, when he shall come, as the successor of Thy Apostles, to administer in this parish the blessed ordinance of confirmation; and grant that *these Thy servants* may approach the rite with *bodies* undefiled, with watchful *minds*, and pure *hearts*; that being filled with Thy good Spirit, *they* may never be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, but manfully fight under His banner against sin, the world and the Devil, and continue His faithful *soldiers* and *servants* unto their *lives'* end: through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O, Almighty God, who hast given unto us, Thy servants, grace, to erect an house, for the honour of Thy name, and for the comfort and salvation of the souls, for which, Thy only Son did shed His precious blood, accept the offering, which, in all humility, we bring to Thee, of that, which is Thine own; and bless Thy servants, and their service. "Prosper, Thou, the work of our hands upon us," O God; "O, prosper Thou our handy-work." Direct their counsels, to whom the work is especially intrusted, that it may be ordered, to Thy greatest glory, and the greatest good of Thy believing people. Have, in Thy holy keeping, the building, and whatsoever appertains to it; that our sacred purpose may be brought, the soonest, to the best result. Direct and bless the skill and industry of the Architect, the master-builders, and the workmen. May they be safe from every accident, and secure from every danger. And may all, who are, in any way connected with this temple, made with hands, be built up, through the operation of Thy holy Spirit, as living stones, acceptable to Thee, through Him, who is the tried and precious corner-stone, Thy Son, our only Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

In his notices of the departed, my Father was singularly successful. One of his loving friends used to say, that he should move into New Jersey just before he died, to get an obituary notice, in the Bishop's Address. The sort of *ex parte* statement, which seems essential, to this kind of writing, enters into them somewhat. But they are hearty and real tributes of his own affection, and expressions of his own affliction, to satisfy the love,

* It was a happy return to the liturgical treasures of better days, that gave back to his Diocese, in the "Second Evening Service," which he authorized, the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, and the unmutilated Benedictus and full Versicles of the English Prayer Book.

and console the sorrows of others. His funeral sermons and memoirs are, of course, the fullest instances, and have been largely quoted from before. He wove them into his Addresses, and often went back to them, as some association blew back the flood of memories over his soul. So naturally did all feel his fitness for it, that when the yet unrealized weight of sorrow lay upon the Diocese, after his death, the instinctive thought was, that the expression of it must come from his pen. And step by step, I have felt in this memoir, how he only could have done this service, for one like himself. The words of consolation, that he could speak so well; the triumphant assurance of faith; the finger pointing, as it were, to the blessed place in which the eye was "looking unto Jesus" through its tears; are the chief features of them all. They tell the ground of his confidence; and speak to us, as though from him, the language of our consolation. They are redolent with the spirit, and the expressions, of the Bible and Prayer Book.

Died, in Burlington, on the 10th ult, MISS RACHEL BRADFORD WALLACE, in the 64th year of her age.—The death of this excellent lady leaves a void in many hearts, which time will never fill. A daughter of the venerable JOSHUA MADDOX WALLACE, who was long identified, in this community, with all that was most eminent, in piety, hospitality and charity, she continued among us the virtues, with the name, which she inherited. Of the kindest and most unselfish nature, her delight was chiefly in doing good. The poor, the sick, and the afflicted were all familiar with her face; and will never lose her from their memory. Slow and careful in her attachments, she was the firmest and most faithful of friends. Born and nurtured in the Church, she loved its very shadow more than all the abodes of men. She was never absent from its services, and never indifferent to its interests. Her piety was of the primitive stamp; unostentatious, quiet, and self-abasing. She, literally, thought every other better than herself. One of her latest acts was the eucharistic commemoration of the Saviour, whom she adored and loved, on the evening of Ash Wednesday. Her latest words were words of self-distrust, and of meek confidence in Christ. Her dying moments were attended, with the consolations and commendation of the Church, by her Bishop, Pastor and friend. And her last breath was breathed out with these sweetest words of the closing benediction, "peace, both now and evermore!" She sleeps among her kindred, in the quiet Church-yard of St. Mary's; where her first vows were paid, and her last prayers offered, in the service of her confidence and joy. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labours."

"MRS. ESTHER WHITE HARRIS, wife of Dr. Thomas Harris, U. S. N., died in Philadelphia, on the 25th of May, at half-past eight in the evening. A brief record! But its suggestions will fill many hearts, and overflow in tears. Mrs. Harris was the grand-daughter of Bishop White. Who, that had access to that patriarchal hearth,

in Walnut Street, in 1833, will not remember 'Hettie Macpherson?'

"Mrs. Harris died after a painful and lingering illness. Long after most persons would have yielded to it, her indomitable spirit kept her up. She would cheer and console her invalid husband. She would sustain the relations and courtesies of society. She would minister to the poor. When it became certain that her malady must shortly terminate in death, her brave and buoyant nature resisted the conclusion. Her heart was all alive! How could she die? It was the writer's office, as one of her oldest and dearest friends, to tell her, that she must! It was done with tenderness and gentleness. And it was received, with the sweet submission of a little child. There was a questioning look. There was a doubting smile. And all the rest was cheerful acquiescence. 'Father, Thy will be done!' The family were gathered. The servants were summoned. She would have prayers. When she thought, one night, that the change was near, she said: 'I wish you to hold my hand when I die!' The cup was not full yet. She lived several weeks. At frequent interviews there was the same quietness, meekness and patience. She received the Holy Eucharist at the hands of her kind and faithful Pastor. She was commended, again and again, to the grace and consolation of the Comforter, by her old and loving friend. She was always ready, waiting, willing, and when the hour *did* come, she knew it, owned it, met it, in the grace of Christ. She spoke with perfect composure to the last; did not so much as sigh; breathed out her life, as infants do; and its last breath was caught by her devoted, only sister, kneeling by her side. A nobler or a sweeter spirit seldom lived. It is among the writer's holiest memories, that he was by the death-bed of the grandfather and of the grand-daughter. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives; and in their death, they are not divided.'"

"The Bishop of New Jersey, as will appear, by the Diocesan Record, was drawn aside, from his double duty, to his parish, and to the visitation, by one of those sacred claims, which lay hold of the "most dear heart strings." Death had entered the dwelling of one of his most excellent and beloved Presbyters; and taken, from it, the partner of his hearth and heart; and he hastened to discharge the duties of his parish; to consign his darling to her sacred resting-place, "beneath the church's shade," and to baptize the precious child, which had come into the world, at the cost of such a life.

Mrs. Stubbs was an extraordinary woman. An annual inmate of her house, for seventeen years, the present writer can well bear testimony to her excellence. She had been early taught, to be wise, to love her husband, to love her children. She was, emphatically, a keeper at home. She was "well reported of, for good works;" she had "brought up children;" she had "lodged strangers;" she had "washed the saints' feet;" she had "relieved the afflicted;" she had "diligently followed every good work." She was the very kind of woman, who supplied the portrait, to "King Lemuel," in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs. Her diligence, her economy, her skill, her taste, her tact, her gentle lovingness, made the Parsonage

one of the most pleasant, of all houses, to be at home in. To her husband, she was, indeed, "a help, meet for him." And no children were ever blessed with a better mother. She was mistress of that crowning art, the government of the tongue. With the utmost gentleness, she combined the utmost firmness. She was unwearied, in the discharge of every domestic duty and relation. And yet her heart took in the world, for sympathy and charity.

"She was a woman of a steady mind;
Tender and deep, in her excess of love;
Not speaking much; pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts. By some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A being, who, by adding love to peace,
Might live on earth, a life of happiness."

But, she had outgrown this present life; and He, in Whom, she lived, has taken her, to be with Him. Her death was scarcely counted on, until it came. But, it did not take her, unawares. To one, who referred her, to the highest source of strength, she replied that she had not, then, to seek such grace. She had lived on it. But half an hour before her death, she started from her tranquil state; and asked for "more light," and for "paper." She was thinking, doubtless, of her absent parents. When her husband, with a strength, not human, offered, by her bed-side, the commendatory prayer, she meekly crossed her hands, upon her bosom; and, in a few moments, was at rest.

The concourse of people, which filled the church, and the adjoining ground, at her funeral, was a becoming tribute of sympathizing respect to her bereaved husband. The sobs and tears, which could not be repressed, were her best eulogy. God comfort his own stricken ones! *

Of my Father's speeches, I have already quoted several. At the Union College celebration, and in England, he was by no means last among the speakers. But none of all were readier or more happy, than the two which follow here. And they are specially remarkable as being, so to speak, unprepared. At the Solemn Service in Trinity Church, New York, September 1, 1858, to celebrate the laying of the Atlantic Cable; after the Anthem, the New York Express says: The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of New Jersey, in his robes, took a position, just under the central arch of the screen, in the rear of the Lecturn; and spoke with great deliberation and emphasis, as follows:

"Glory be to God, on high; and on Earth, peace, good will, towards men."

This was the message of the *Angeli*, to the shepherds, on the plains of Bethlehem, when the incarnate Saviour of the world was cradled, in that manger. This was the message of the *Angli*, by the Atlantic Telegraph, to their Western sons. And this shall be the Anglo-American message, to the ends of the whole earth, "Glory be to God,

* My Father's contributions to Dr. Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit, too full to be inserted, too perfect to be quoted from, are striking examples, of his touching and beautiful portraiture of the departed.

on high; and, on earth, peace; good will, towards men." Was ever utterance so fit? Was ever fittest utterance so startling; so solemn; so sublime? A consecrated lightning! Flashing out, from the burning love of Christian hearts, in Ireland; flashing along, through the caverns of the sea; flashing along, among the buried treasures of the deep; flashing along, by the lair of old Leviathan; flashing along, over the remains of them who perished in the flood; flashing up, among the primeval forests of Newfoundland; and flashing out, from there, throughout the world. A consecrated lightning: consecrating the wondrous chain, the completion of which, we celebrate, to-day; consecrating the very ocean, which it traverses; consecrating this glorious, blessed day; consecrating anew that time-honoured Red Cross flag, the banner of a thousand fights; consecrating the stars that glitter on that flag of freedom, which, in less than a century, has won, for this nation, a place among the ancient empires of the world, and which, wherever the rights of man are to be asserted, forever floats and blazes, in the van. Consecrating, shall I not say, beloved friends, consecrating, anew, our hearts, to the love of man, and to the glory of the living God? It is recorded, of the father of Hannibal, that he took his son, almost an infant, to his heathen altar, to swear eternal hatred, against Rome. Shall we not come up here, to-day—have we not come up here, to-day—to renew, before this holy altar, our vows of love and peace? Shall we not, here, renew the vows of our baptism: that, so far as in us lies, we will live peaceably together; that, so far as in us lies, we will promote that which makes for peace, and quietness, and love, among all men; that, so far as in us lies, each in his several place, by prayers, by gifts, by services, by sufferings, by death, if God so please, we will do what lies in us, to bear out, to all the world, lying in darkness, lying in wickedness, lying in sin, the peace and love of the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?

It seems to me, if I may speak it without irreverence, that oneness is the great idea of God. *Oneness is the great idea of God.* The unity of God is the great truth of Holy Scripture. "There are three, that bear record, in heaven; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one." And, again, "I and the Father are one." And, in that beseeching prayer, when our dear Saviour was about to enter the garden of the agony: that "they may be one, even as we are;" "I in Thee and Thou in Me, that they also may be one, in Us." St. Paul instructs us, that there is "one Body and one Spirit, one God and Father of all, one Lord, one faith, one baptism." And then, only, will the mediatorial glory be accomplished, when there shall be one fold, under one shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord. The highest happiness, on earth, is, when men are "of one mind, in an house." And, to be one, in heart and life, is human love's devoutest, most delightful, consummation. Now, it seems to me, that among the thousand thoughts, that crowd upon the mind, in the contemplation of the great subject of this day's assembling, *the tendency to oneness* is the chief. It seems to me that, in a sort, the edict of Babel is reversed: that, so, the kingdoms of this world may all become "the kingdoms

of our Lord, and of His Christ." The dispersion of the nations is to be outdone, in God's time and in God's way; by bringing them together, as one, in Him. And, I might almost venture to say, that we have in prospect, as it were, the renewal and repetition of the Pentecostal wonder; when all the nations of the world heard, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God; when man shall speak to man, from the one end of the world to the other, of the Gospel of the Saviour, and of the glory of the Lamb.

Beloved friends, I am among you, travelling through the night, to be here, from the field of my own labours, in New Jersey, and from the care of my two hundred children, that, with my brethren and companions, I might worship, in this holy and beautiful house; and, with them, and with you all, and with all England, and with all Europe, and with the islands of the sea, rejoice, in the consummation of this great work. Beautifully and well, did this venerable Corporation seek, for itself, a place, in the rejoicings of this day. Trustees, they are, from venerable hands, in that dear mother land, now gathered to the grave; trustees, they are, for carrying out their views and purposes. And, great and glorious as are the good works, which they have done, they have done none greater or more glorious, than in lending the consecration of this house, the consecration of that altar, and, the consecration of these prayers, to the Atlantic Telegraph.

I said, my friends, that I came to you, from New Jersey. And I have brought something of New Jersey, with me. I hold, here, the oldest of the cables. This (exhibiting a piece of wire) is the germ, which has grown to what has now become so great and glorious. So far as I know and believe, this is a part of the telegraph wire, set up at the Speedwell Iron Works, in Morristown, New Jersey, more than twenty years ago; under the direction of Professor Morse, known to all the world, and Mr. Alfred Vail, his associate and fellow-labourer. It was set up, for a length of three miles; and it served to transmit intelligent signals in the telegraphic language. This has nothing to do, by comparison or contrast, with what we celebrate, to-day. The acorn is not the oak. The germ is not the tree. The infant is not the man. We rejoice, to-day, in the full stature of the man; in the tall beauty of the palm; in the shading glory of the monarch oak. And, we ascribe, under God, the practical application of that, which was felt after, so long—as is the case in every great invention—we ascribe its practical application, under God, to one Cyrus. To his energy and devotion, aided by noble souls in both hemispheres, it is due, under the blessing of God, that the chain, which binds together the two continents, has been laid, successfully. Space is, as it were, annihilated. Time, more than annihilated. In a sense, there is "no more sea." As I stand here, I feel that I can lay my hand upon the tomb of Chaucer. We can go with holy George Herbert, to hear the "Angels' Music," from the bells of Salisbury. We may breathe the air, made fragrant, by the dying breath of Cranmer, and Latimer and Ridley. Nay, our children can unite with England's children, when they say, "Our Father." And the men and women of the Western world may stand up, with the men and women of the East-

ern world, when they say, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth."

We have all read of that beautiful ceremony, which was, once, annually celebrated; the wedding of the Adriatic, by the Doge of Venice. The Bucentaur, with the fleet of gondolas, has made a radiant picture, on the heart of every child. It was a splendid pageant. But, it has vanished from the world. Venice is no longer among the sovereign nations. The glory of the Adriatic has departed. But, now, another wedding follows. The day breaks, upon the rugged shores of Newfoundland. A little company is landing, from a boat. They form a line. They bear, in their hands, and touch it, as a sacred thing, a small wire; and they proceed, with solemn step and slow, to the place, appointed to deposit it. With that same Cyrus, at their head, they form a procession; in comparison, with which, the heroes of antiquity must look to their laurels. Carefully, they proceed, charged, as they feel, not only with the destiny of nations, but with the interests of the Church of the living God: and repose it, in its place of annexation. A gallant sailor, a Captain in our navy, surrounded by the officers of, what I will call, to-day, our sister navy, and by the sailors of both fleets—an act inimitable in beauty, and a clear testimony, that God was with them, of a truth—pours out his heart, and theirs, in prayer to God; thanking Him for His mercies; and asking Him for His blessing. Then, with cheers, that wake the virgin echoes of Newfoundland, these gallant Sailors utter their rejoicings, for the consummation of that great work, which has made two, one; which has wedded England with America; and brought them, as we trust, forevermore, together. Together, for the advancement of civil freedom. Together, for the promotion of knowledge and learning. Together, for the happiness of Christian homes. Together, for the extension of the Gospel. Together, for the edification of the Church. Together, for the salvation of the world. Together, to bring on that glorious time, when angels shall again come down; and the whole redeemed world, with all the company of Heaven, shall lift, once more, that glorious hymn—"Glory to God, in the highest: on earth, peace; good will, toward men." England and America are wedded by that Atlantic ring. A ring of love. A ring of peace. Shall I not say, the ring of God? Shall I not add—and will not every heart respond, Amen—"Those, whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder?"

BISHOP DOANE'S SPEECH AT THE CENTENNIAL COMMENCEMENT AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.

The presiding officer having announced the toast—"Our Sister Colleges of the United States;

"—*facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen; qualem decet esse sororum,*"

and called upon the Bishop to respond, he rose and said:

Mr. President, I count it an especial courtesy, that I, who represent the youngest of the fair and gracious sisterhood of Colleges,

should be called upon, to-day, to answer for them all. A courtesy permit me to declare, which touches not my heart alone, but thrills the breasts of not a few among New Jersey's truest sons; who feel as done to them the honour which is paid, through me, to our young College. An honour I will add which this great College can well afford to pay. A College, which crowns to-day, with so much splendour, the circle of a century. A College, which has sent forth through our land, the wisest statesmen, the truest patriots, the most eloquent orators, the profoundest philosophers of which our country boasts. A College, the jewels in whose chaplet shine with a resplendence, which fills our own land, and is radiant abroad: of which the ode, in which we all united, but a little time ago, most justly says,

"Thou hast reared the pride of nations;
Thine, thy country's boast abroad;
Thine, who hold its honoured stations;
Thine, who teach the way to God!"

"Our Sister Colleges of the United States;

"——— facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum:"

which may be rendered, out of hand—

They seem not one,
And, yet, not two;
But, look alike,
As sisters do.

That were a low and mean requirement, which should hold all Colleges to bear one aspect. They *must* be various, to meet the various wants, the various tastes, the various characters, the various circumstances of men. A country such as ours, so vast, so rapidly increasing, so diverse in its interests, so full of mind, so full of men, must of necessity have many Colleges. Theirs is a narrow view, who look with grudging eye upon the increase, in all directions, of our literary institutions. Theirs is an idle and unworthy apprehension, who regard a rising College, as the rival of all those who were before it. No feelings such as these possess your minds. I say it, with a grateful pride, as a true Jerseyman, that, from the Colleges, before established in this State, the venerable College of New Jersey here, and her honoured sister, Rutgers College at New Brunswick, the College, which I represent, has received nothing but kindness, nothing but cordiality, nothing but confidence, from the moment of its first projection; and I am here before you all, to-day, to give my solemn pledge for Burlington College, that it is reciprocated and returned, most fully, and most faithfully, and shall be while a stone of it shall stand. For we all propose one end, the only worthy end of any College, to train up patriots and Christians; men that shall serve, with a true heart, their country and their God.

Mr. President, as I look abroad, upon this vast assemblage, I feel constrained to say, and in no irreverent spirit, "It is good for us to be here." For the ends and aims of this, our festive gathering, are so high, so pure, so holy, that the words of sacred scripture may become them well. Surely "it is good for us to be here." Centennial cele-

brations such as this, are *our appeal to all the past*. They signify and certify that reaching back, towards the first fountain of our being, which appertains to man, in his moral and immortal nature. The love of antiquity is an instinct of our immortality. It is the impulse of the God within us. Its backward look, toward Him, from Whom, we sprang, and in Whose image we were made, is twin born, with the instinctive yearning for reunion with Him, hereafter, in His eternal blessedness and glory. I feel that "It is good for us to be here," as *a testimonial before all the world, of our devotion to the cause of Education*. It is the noblest cause which can enlist our hearts and animate our hands. The highest and the truest interest of our country. Nay, the highest and the truest interest of man. His training to be useful here. His training for eternal happiness in Heaven. For, when we speak of Education, we mean, and all men know we mean, to speak of Christian Education. The nurture and the training of the body, of the mind, and of the heart. The nurture and the training of a moral and immortal nature. The day has passed, thank God, when these things might not be asserted. The day has passed, when they must be divorced, whom God has joined together. Lord Brougham himself has lived to own the fallacy of his own scheme. It is admitted now, that to attempt to educate without the Gospel, is to rear a superstructure where there is no foundation. It is admitted now, that every hope of man's improvement, that every interest of human life, that every institution of our country, demands that Education shall be Christian Education ; its highest end, its noblest aim, the restoration in man's fallen nature, of that divine and gracious image, in which it first was made. And I am not ashamed to say, that I rejoice to be here, as it is *a rallying of Jerseymen, and the friends of Jerseymen*. They who are here were either born amongst us, or have had nurture here. They have come back to the fountain which gave vigour to their youth. Come to renew their vows of love. Come to refresh and reinvigorate their spirits. Come to resume, the race of duty and of glory, with a new and nobler impulse. It is upon the soil of our beloved Jersey, that we gather here to-day ; and the effect, will be, and therefore I rejoice to draw the eyes and minds of men, to that, for which New Jersey is especially adapted. I have long thought and once before have said that the true interest of New Jersey is THE EDUCATING INTEREST. We cannot cope with other States in the extent of territory. We cannot cope with them in numbers or in wealth. We cannot cope with them in commerce. But in her geographical position, in her beauty and salubrity of soil and climate, in her accessibleness from everywhere, in her well ordered institutions, in her pure morals, in her simple manners, in all her social interests and influences, New Jersey is unrivalled as a seat of Education. This is beginning to be felt. This will be felt more with every year. It is owned at the North. It is admitted by the South. It is acknowledged from the West. It is our great work. Our work for the country. Our work for man. Our work for God. To train the fathers and the mothers of a patriot and Christian race ; this is our work. Let us arise and do it !

“Our Sister Colleges of the United States;”

There is as much of wisdom, in the language chosen to express this sentiment, as there is of real poetry. “Our Sister Colleges!” It is the thought of all to take the hearts of men. The truest thought that this connection could employ. Who has not felt the soothing of a sister’s hand? Who has not felt the cheering of a sister’s voice? Who has not felt the charming of a sister’s eye? What else comes so in aid of the parental influence? What else so soon exerts its sway with brothers and with sons? What else retains its hold so long in manly hearts? “*Our Sister Colleges*,” the soothers, and the cheerers, and the charmers of our youth! *Sorores formosæ almæ matres.*

Mr. President, before I close I have a privilege to claim. There is a name, which all day long has been in all my thoughts, which I must name before I take my seat. It is the name of one, whose noble heart would have exulted in this cheering spectacle, would have run over with delighted joy, at this great triumph of his College, and his State; would have assented to every word that I have uttered; would have sympathized with every feeling that I have felt. I hope that you, and all who have a better right than I, who am not of your College, but am yet a Jerseyman, to name this name, will pardon me for naming it.

*I propose to you, Mr. President, THE BEAUTIFUL AND BELOVED MEMORY OF * PROFESSOR DOD.*

My Father was “a man of war from his youth.” Only he added, to Goliath’s strength and long experience, David’s good heart and trust in God. If there was a post of danger, he sought it. He would be in the forlorn hope, and the thickest of the battle drew his presence irresistibly. Not actually provoking attack; he was so perfectly fearless, and so constantly ready to defend his positions, that at first, he was generally “engaged.” Later in life he had the privilege, of an old lion, whose prowess is acknowledged, and who is let alone. Always a leader, he would be a soldier too. The place on the commanding height, that overlooked and could control the battle, was his; and his too, the voice to rally the fight, the first foot on the wall; the hand to take the standard ere it fell, and raise it high, and bear it on to victory: and very many of these battles have left no record of themselves, except, in the memory of those who saw them fought, (especially in the missionary meetings) and in the results of the victory. They were battles of words, earnest, powerful, trenchant, loving words. “Your Father never hesitated for a word; and never missed the right one;” one said to me; but if he waited an instant; “woe to the unlucky one on whom it fell; for the whole dictionary from A to Z, could not have furnished such another.”

* My Father’s welcome of Mr. William A. Dod, last year, into the faith and ministry of the Church, was doubly cordial, from the loving admiration, and real sympathy, he had felt for his brother.

Of his published controversies, most of them were for the Order of the Church. And they were with both sides, growing prominently out of "the Oxford Tract movement" so called. I quote, to show the spirited power of his controversial writing, passages here and there from his defence against Mr. Boardman and Bishop Kenrick: the first drawn out by a lecture of the Rev. Mr. Boardman, which contained statements quoted as below; and the second, by a letter to him from Bishop Kenrick. They were and are unanswered, both, because unanswerable.

THE CALL FOR PROOF.

I call upon you distinctly, and by name, for your proofs, that "*a large and learned body of the Clergy*" of the Church of England, (*"embracing the leading ecclesiastical teachers at the ancient University of Oxford,*) *have returned to some of the worst errors of Popery, and are employing both the pulpit and the press with prodigious efficiency, to give them currency among the people.*"

Your reference to the state of things in this country is more guarded. By the "Oxford Tract leaven," however, I must suppose you to mean, from the connection in which you use it, the adoption of "some of the worst errors of Popery:" more especially as you state that the "Roman Priests are publicly felicitating their people on the progress their doctrines are making in the bosom of a Protestant Church;" by which you mean, doubtless, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. Adopting this interpretation of your language, I call on you distinctly, and by name, for your proofs of the adoption of "*some of the worst errors of Popery*" into "*the bosom*" of that Church; and of the progress in it of any "*doctrines,*" which, in your judgment, would justly authorize the "*Roman Priests,*" as such, in really, as well as "*publicly, felicitating their people.*" I say, *really*; for I am sure you are not ignorant of the devices of Popery; how she adapts herself to times and circumstances, taking cameleon-like the hue of every hour, yet all the while in purpose and intent unchanging and unchangeable; how skilful and how prompt she is in that old trick of tyrants, to divide and conquer; nay, how she has put on the very face and garb of Puritanism, that she might undermine what she most dreads and hates, the Church of England, and the truth as held by her.

In thus addressing you, I undertake no championship of what you are pleased to call "the Oxford Tract movement," as such; claiming, however, for myself the privilege to use, and to approve, without permission, and without reproach, (responsible for that alone which I adopt,) the vast amount that is most timely, and most excellent, in those calumniated writings. As little do I identify myself with any school or set of men, on either side of the Atlantic: although the names of those whom you have charged as striving to pervert their age to Popery, while they profess to stand upon the ground which Cranmer held at his life's cost—the ground of primitive antiquity—are such, for talents, learning, piety, integrity, holiness, heavenly-

minedness, charity, as would adorn the purest age the Church has ever known; and are—the Papists know it, though you do not—the boldest and the ablest living champions of the truth, against the force and fraud of fallen, frenzied Rome. I do no more than claim the application of that golden rule of mutual duty, which the Saviour has taught us, in demanding, as I would that others should for me, reversal of the sentence, which, without a proper hearing, has been passed upon the innocent and absent. Nay, less; far less than this. I do but act on the indignant prompting of a heathen's sense of justice:

“————— absentem qui rodit amicū;
 Qui non defendit, alio culpante;—————
 ————— hic niger est, hunc tu Romane, caveto.”

Letter to the Rev. Mr. Boardman, Banner of the Cross, for 20th Feb. 1841.

“The main question” is *not* “the alleged Popish character of the Oxford publications;” much less is it their “Popish character, *in some particulars.*”

Is it defence sufficient, from the charge of unjust judgment of “a large and learned body of the Clergy;” as having “returned to some of the worst errors of Popery,” to show, even if it could be done, the “Popish character” of publications, by a part of them? Much less, their “Popish character, *in some particulars?*”

Scarcely less surprising than the design to narrow down the ground first taken with so bold an air, and so to change the issue, is the attempt—disclaimed, indeed, on the last page, but never properly employed—to find protection in the plea, that *the “imputation,”* which the “Lecture” involves “against the character of the Oxford Divinity,” is *not “a novelty,” but claims the shelter of distinguished names.* It will be as it is sincerely meant to be, no disrespect to any of these, to ask, how many several assertions go to make one proof? Upon an action for a libel, in a civil court, would it be received at all, even in mitigation of damages, that the same, or like calumnious words, had been alleged by others? Suppose the “Pastor” of some “Presbyterian Church”—the case has been, and it may be again—should come, under suspicion of erroneous teaching, with his brethren, and be brought up for trial. Who would think of resting the prosecution on the ground, that the same charge had been brought against him, from a dozen, or a hundred, sources? What would be taken, as the proof of error, but the words which he himself had uttered; and they, not tried by the opinion of this Pastor, or that Editor, but by the only rule of faith? And is it less an evil, to be publicly arraigned, before the world, for “Popery,” and that with treachery and blasphemy involved, than to be summoned before any possible tribunal, that admits the forms of law, and owns the duty to do justice? Is public defamation to be warranted by grounds, which would sustain no prosecutor, before any tribunal, short of the Papal Inquisition? Is it upon what this one is “constrained to say,” and that one is “constrained to think;” because “they seem” to one author, and another can “come to no other conclusion;” that “a large and learned body of the Clergy” of the Church of England, and an undefined proportion of the Clergy of

the sister Church, on this side of the Atlantic, are to be branded as foul recreants, and cast beyond the pale of charity, and divested of the very hope of influence with their brethren, or even of access to them, as if the leper spot were on their skin? And, suppose a case conceivable, in which such things might be, is this asserted to be such? It cannot be that any such proceeding will be sanctioned for a moment. The plea of shelter or authority, from others who have made the charge before, will be rejected promptly, both by common justice, and by common sense. The author of the Lecture was under no necessity to bring the charge. In doing so, he makes himself responsible. By the merits, he must stand or fall; not by the weight, if weight there be, of names. "No matter by whom," says the Editor of the National Gazette, "or when, a wrong may be done, the repetition of it, by other persons, and at other times, is not the less a wrong. This proposition needs no elucidation."

But we are not yet ready for the "proof." *The Romanists*, forsooth, approve the doctrine, and commend the teachers. With what good reason, shall be seen hereafter. Meanwhile, let leave be had, to ask, if Richard Hooker should be given over as a Papist, because Dr. Wiseman calls him "that best of Protestant divines?" If Faithful Communion ceased to be a Papist, because he looked the Presbyterian, and prayed *extempore*, and called the Liturgy, the Mass? If any trick, in short, can overpass their capacity for fraud, who hold, and teach, that simulation is a lawful thing? Let it be asked, still farther, if the praise of Papists be conclusive proof of Popery, what the conclusion must be from their most merciless invective. As when, from the suggestion, in the Call for Proof, that Popery must not be always taken for its face, the "Catholic Herald" (so miscalled) can find no word too strong to stigmatize the author; until, finally, the climax is attained—"compared with the conduct of Bishop Doane, we must confess, that the proceedings of such people as Boardman and Sperry appear to us excusable!" It is not meant to undertake the exposition, and much less the defence, of what it is the fashion of the times to call, though most improperly, "The Tract System," and "the Oxford divinity."

When one spoke, in what was meant, doubtless, for contempt, of "the New Divinity," it was impossible not to be reminded of the complaint of some of the friars, at the revival of learning, which preceded the Reformation, that some had invented *a new language, which they called Greek!*

Not contented with assuring us, in his first Letter, of the mature "deliberation" of his less than two days' reading; he tells us in his second Letter, in Italics, that he has "*examined them in detail.*" "The quotations from them I had read, had left a deep impression on my mind of their dangerous tendency; but this impression became tenfold stronger, when I came to *explore the system as a whole.*" (p. 33.) And yet, for one who had explored the system as a whole, not only, but examined the details, there seem to be some strange misgivings as to its true nature. "The way in which Romanism is taught in these writings, (p. 30.)" perplexes him. "Whoever expects to find it

openly and systematically inculcated in them, will be disappointed." Doubtless, he will! "Nothing can be more ingenious or subtle than the principle, on which the controversy with Popery is managed." Coquettish controversialists, they seem to be! "Some points of it, as for example," (a large sample!) "the supremacy of the Pontiff, the schismatical position of the Romish Church, in its relation to the 'Anglo-Catholic Church,' transubstantiation, &c., they attack manfully: one broadside follows another, until the reader really begins to fancy they are the boldest of all the 'champions' who have entered the lists against that antichristian hierarchy."

But on other points, ("&c." should have included all that was not named,) "you will frequently find the case between Rome and Protestant Christendom stated in a way much more favourable to the Papist, than the Protestant: it is not so much asserted as insinuated, that Rome has the best of it." And, let her have the best of it, if she consents to think so, after Oxford broadsides have demolished the supremacy of the Pope, and transubstantiation, (as she holds it, with an anathema on all that do not see it just as she does,) and made her out to be in schism, in her relation to the Anglo-Catholic Church! A pretty Popery, indeed, without supremacy and transubstantiation! A very harmless monster, truly! A Popery without a Pope!

But, as well by what they do *not* say, as what they do, our Lecturer is puzzled. "In other passages you feel sure you are approaching, step by step, an explicit avowal of some rank Popish tenet. But just as you fancy [!] you have reached the point, and hasten to the next sentence, to seize on the development, the writer turns off, to indulge in some vague generalities; or to caution you against premature judging in a case, where so venerable a father, as this one or that one, has spoken doubtfully. Again, you are confident, after reading a sentence, that there is Popery in it; but when you return to lay hold of it, it eludes your grasp. 'They are' (to use the language of the London Christian Observer) so 'scholastically constructed, that when the obvious bearing of a passage or tract is shown [?] to be open to objection, there is *some little qualifying word in a corner*, which an ordinary reader would never discover, to ward off the full weight of an honest [!] reply to the passage in its true spirit.' It may be that these 'traps for critics' have not been noticed by my Right Rev. Correspondent; but many persons have an idea that the Tracts abound with them." (p. 31.) No doubt they do; and with "traps" for some who are not "critics." And hence the feeble headway that is made against these "little qualifying words;" and hence these rare confessions of "unsophisticated" Protestants, who find, too late, that they have tried their teeth upon a file. There was published, during the last year, the fourth edition of a letter by the Rev. Dr. Pusey, to his diocesan, the Bishop of Oxford, "on the tendency to Romanism imputed to doctrines held of old, as now, in the English Church;" to which is added "an Appendix, containing extracts from the Tracts of the Times, and other works." The Index to that Appendix presents the following, with other items, under the head of "POPERY—incurable; a falling off; pestilential; malicious and cruel; rebellious; tyrannical; an insanity;

an evil spirit; heretical; exclusive; unscriptural; presumptuous; persecuting; an Antichrist." "An unsophisticated Protestant," beguiled by the "wolf" cry of Popery, against these writers, might well exclaim, "Call you this backing your friends?"

Such is a very little sample of the "Popery," which Oxford writers are inculcating, and, "with prodigious efficiency," from pulpit and by press. Mr. Boardman may well say, "there is something peculiar in the *way* in which Romanism is taught in these writings." Very peculiar!

SPECIFICATION I. "One of the first characteristics of the Oxford writings, which will strike an unsophisticated Protestant, as indicating a strong Popish tendency, is *the extraordinary language in which the Romish and Protestant Churches are respectively spoken of.*" (p. 31.) The citation from the Tracts, to prove this point, is taken from No. 71. "The English Church, as such, is *not* Protestant, only politically, that is, externally, or so far as it has been made an establishment, and subjected to national, and foreign influences. It claims to be merely *Reformed*, not Protestant, and it repudiates any fellowship [!] * with the mixed multitude, which crowd together, whether at home or abroad, under a mere political banner." And yet this is historically true. The title "Protestant," as Dr. Pusey justly says, "has nowhere been adopted" by the Church of England, "in any formulary or document of hers." Why should her writers, then, not say so? Is their saying so to be taken as a proof of Popery; and this, although, in the same breath, they claim to be "Reformed?"

What the next two extracts have to do with the charge of Popery against the Oxford writers, it is hard to see. Not so hard to see, however, how one bent on heaping up ill will against a cause—which Mr. Boardman ought not to be thought, much less to be—might drop them, with a sanctimonious look, just in the reader's way. The second of them, from the 47th Tract, is in these words: "So far from its being a strange thing, that Protestant sects are not '*in Christ*,' in the same fulness that we are, it is more accordant to the scheme of the world, that they should *lie between us and heathenism.*" An ugly look has this, no doubt, in all sectarian eyes. Yet, read the article together, and more than half the teeth are drawn. Take an example, from the former portion of the Tract. It is entitled, "The visible Church." "You say that my doctrine of the one Catholic Church, in effect excludes Dissenters, nay, Presbyterians, from salvation. Far from it. * * I have known those among Presbyterians, whose piety, resignation, cheerfulness, and affection, under trying circumstances, have

The exclamation here is Mr. Boardman's own. It is too plain, "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*" That is to say, in the vernacular, "Ay, there's the rub!" But, really, it cannot be avoided. The "Protestant denominations," complained of, as *unchurched* at Oxford, may "go farther," (to Geneva,) "and fare worse." For what says Master Calvin of them, one and all? "If they will give us such an hierarchy, in which the bishops have such a pre-eminence, as that they do not refuse to be subject unto Christ; I will confess, that they are worthy of all anathemas, if any such there be, who will not reverence it, and submit themselves to it, with the utmost obedience." "Holy Mother," to use Mr. Boardman's phrase, scarcely could do more.

been such as to make me say to myself, on the thought of my own higher privileges, 'Woe unto thee, Chorazin, woe unto thee, Bethsaida!' Where there is little given, little will be required; and that return, though little, has its own peculiar loveliness, as an acceptable sacrifice to Him, who singled out for praise the widow's two mites!" Now this may be very weak, and very erroneous, and very absurd, if any one shall choose to say so. But it is not Popish. It surely is not uncharitable. And yet the writer of it, read in Mr. Boardman's extract, seems scarcely less ferocious than

"The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

SPECIFICATION II. "The Oxford School" deplore "*the glorious Reformation as a calamity.*" They are *not quite as explicit on this point, (and many others,) now, as they probably will be hereafter.*" (p. 33.) Suppose we wait, and see! It would be hard to hang a man for a murder, which he will "probably" commit "hereafter." But Mr. Boardman deals largely in this probable, paulo-post-future Popery. "One of them, however, the late Rev. Richard H. Froude, a favourite pupil of Mr. Newman's, and who is highly praised by the British Critic, did not hesitate to characterize that work as 'the detestable Reformation!'" It is very probable that he has done so, though that precise expression, after several hours' search, is not found; and Mr. Boardman is very sparing of his references. But let it be granted, that he did. He certainly has used similar expressions; and the more's the pity. But what then? Did not the Editors of "Froude's Remains," know that he had used such language? Did they not know that it would be caught at, dwelt on, and made the most of? Must they not have seen that it would be relied on, as it has, far more than all their publications to prove them Papists? And is this the conduct of "Jesuits in disguise?" Do men, who wish to steal a march, put bells upon their horses' feet, instead of shoeing them "with felt?" Are they who seek their own, disposed to put the worst side outward? The present writer never thought well of that particular publication. Many of those, who think most favourably of the Oxford writings, have regretted it. The Quarterly Reviewer, to whom reference has been made, "reluctant" "to say any thing harsh of men who are evidently fighting the battles of the Church, with no less purity of intention, than energy and talent," thinks it "strange, and lamentable, that such a work should have been published with the sanction of their name." What Mr. Perceval has thought of it, the reader is requested to ascertain from the conclusion of his most interesting Letter, in the Appendix to this Brief Examination. But, we repeat, what then? Had they not a right to publish the Remains of their departed friend? Is not the press as free to them, as to those who call them, Papists in disguise? (Verily, a thin disguise!) Are they, alone, of all who live in this our age, which clamours so for the free exercise of private judgment, to be debarred from using it? Grant that their judgment is unsound! Grant that they have acted indiscreetly! Grant that they convict themselves of utmost rashness and absurdity!

If they are enemies of the truth, is it not so much the better? May it not be God's way to make the wrath of man to praise him? Should not all "unsophisticated Protestants" rejoice, that, now, at least, the mask is thrown aside? But, no! This would not do. There must be "double corners." On one side of the same page, they must be charged with the most subtle sophistry; while, on the other, "odious Protestantism" must be arrayed from Froude's Remains, in double capitals. To-day, they are condemned for "little qualifying words." To-morrow, for the most unmeasured and intemperate anti-reformationism. Can both be true? If either charge were clear, would both be brought? Until the prosecution has determined, what the crime is, shall the accused be hung? To an honest mind, the very extravagance of Mr. Froude's expressions will be the best protection of his Editors from any charge, involving their integrity. Whatever they may prove, they disprove dissimulation. They repudiate the shadow of a suspicion of a secret influence for Popery.

SPECIFICATION III. "The Oxfordists scout the idea that the Papal power is the great 'apostacy' and 'Antichrist' of prophecy."—Now it may be remarked here, that it is not the practice of these writers to "scout" any thing. They write with calmness, gentleness and moderation; without violence, and without invective. They bear in mind—would that all Christians did!—the example of that great Archangel, who, contending with the very devil, brought no "railing accusation," but simply said, "The Lord rebuke thee!" Speaking, for instance, in the Tract No. 71, (p. 31) of the allowance to be made for the Anglican Reformers, from the peculiar difficulties of their condition, they say: "these considerations will lead us to confess that she is, in a measure, in that position which we fully ascribe to her Latin sister, *in captivity*; and they will make us understand and duly use the prayers of our wisest doctors, and rulers, such as Bishop Andrews—"that God would please to look down upon his holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, *in her captivity*; to visit her once more with his salvation, and to bring her out, to serve him, in the beauty of holiness." Who would think that any Christian "Pastor" would take offence at language like this? Or that these devout reflections, together with those beautiful lines, from the Christian Year—

"And O! by all the pangs and fears
Fraternal spirits know,
When for an elder's shame the tears
Of wakeful anguish flow,
Speak gently of our sister's fall:
Who knows but gentle love
May win her, at our patient call,
The surer way to prove—"

could make Mr. Boardman "rejoice" that these writers "have renounced the name of 'Protestants?'"

"Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?"

Is this the charity that "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;" that "thinketh no evil," and "is not easily provoked?"

One would be led to think that the Oxford writers had laid them-

selves largely out, to prove that Papal Rome is *not* the Antichrist. So far from it, until the fifth volume, which contains four noble "Advent sermons on Antichrist"—the Pope is welcome, quite, to all the flattery *they* give him—the Tracts for the Times scarcely, if at all, approach the subject. In his Letter to the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Pusey just alludes to the fierce outcry raised against them, for what they have not, rather than for what they have, said, on this subject. And, brief as his allusion is, (but ten lines and a half,) it is too long for Mr. Boardman to introduce entire; and long enough to suffer gross misrepresentation at his hands. What Dr. Pusey *does* say is as follows: the lines in brackets being those which Mr. Boardman finds it convenient to omit; and that, without the slightest indication of omission. "It is Popery again, and disaffection to the Church, to doubt whether the Pope is *the* Antichrist, [even while asserting that there is much Anti-Christian in the system of Rome; that as in St. John's time there were many Antichrists, and the mystery of iniquity had begun already to work in St Paul's, and his discussions were in a great degree realized by the Gnostic heresies, so there is also Anti-Christianism *in* the system of Rome,] though Antichrist himself be not yet revealed, nor may we yet know when, or among whom he will appear." Now the question at issue, not being, whether or not Papal Rome is Antichrist; but, *whether the Oxford writers doubtful as to that conclusion, are thus and therefore Papists*, more than enough has been cited to relieve all reasonable apprehension. For Mr. Boardman's sweeping sentence—there are small Vaticans, as well as large—"the corner stone of the Reformation was laid on the doctrine that THE PAPAL CHURCH IS ANTICHRIST;" it may be safely left with one remark—assertion is not proof!

What follows of the second Letter is chiefly harping on one string—the offence of those who "spurn all alliance with any, and every, Protestant denomination, as 'the offspring of heresy and schism.'" And—though we must believe him when he begs us "not to *fancy* that these passages excite any personal feeling" in his breast, because he has the infelicity "to be attached to one of these no-church organizations"—Virgil's enumeration of the slights of Juno,

"spretaeque injuria formæ,"

will rise, unbidden, to the thought. We trust that it is we, and not Mr. Boardman, who are mistaken in this matter. If not, the only comfort we can administer to him—and it must go to meet his whole array of insinuations, that they, who will not go Genevaward, *must* take their quarters with the "BABYLONIAN BEAST OF ROME"—is, in these words of Richard Hooker: "Where Rome keepeth that which is ancients and better, others whom we much more affect, leaving it for newer, and changing it for worse; we had rather follow the perfections of them whom we like not, than, in defects, resemble those whom we love." How Mr. Boardman can ever write hereafter, "the judicious Hooker," it is for him to show.

The hit at Archbishop Laud, for maintaining that "there can be no true church without Bishops," and the complacent quotation, from the

Christian Observer, of the praise of those divines of England, who have blessed God for their own exalted privileges, "without impeaching other communions," still whisper of *the pinching shoe*; the more as they have no connection whatever with the charge of Popery. We cannot now go into this controversy, and need not. It is well left in the hands of Hobart, the Onderdonks, Bowden and Chapman.

SPECIFICATION IV. *The Oxford system is "a religion of Sacraments;" "the Oxford Religion is, like Popery, a sacramental religion."*—Is it meant to say that, Popery is the only "sacramental religion;" unless the same can be proved of that of Oxford? And, if this be the meaning, is not the ground of all religion well nigh given up to Popery, at once? Has God ever revealed himself to man, but in a "sacramental religion?" Were there not sacraments in Eden—outward signs of inward grace? Was not the tree of knowledge such, although forbidden; by the outward eating of which the man became, as God himself hath said, "as one of us, to know good and evil?" Was not the tree of life, as such, divinely guarded; "lest he put forth his hand, and eat, and live forever?" Was not the patriarchal religion sacramental? The ark, which was the Church to the sin-wasted world; the sign of Noah's covenant with God, now "round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald;" the bloody rite of circumcision, the seal and pledge to Abraham of everlasting blessedness, in which the nations of the earth should all be blessed, through circumcision of the heart? Was not the covenant made with Moses sacramental? The rite of circumcision established, as its seal; the paschal Lamb, that bleeding picture of "our Passover;" the daily sacrifice, the blood of the atonement, all fulfilled and realized when He "entered in, once," "by his own blood;" "the manna, which was spiritual meat;" the water in the wilderness, their "spiritual drink"—"for they drank of that spiritual rock which followed them, and that rock was Christ?" Not that any of these were, in the true sense, sacraments of salvation, which the true sacraments of the Gospel are;—but that they were all "figures of the true," and the dispensations which they accompanied, clearly "sacramental." And when Christ came, "not to destroy, but to fulfil," what was the occupation of the last night before his crucifixion, but the institution of the Holy Eucharist? What was the subject of his last exhortation to his Apostles, but the command to baptize all nations? Is Mr. Boardman willing to give all this up to Rome? Is he willing to accept, and teach, a religion that is *not* "sacramental?" And, if he undertakes to do so, is he sure of stopping short of Deism: a religion without sacraments, because a religion without a Saviour—destitute of the sign, because rejecting the thing signified? This Mr. Boardman does not mean: for he allows that "Protestants have never excluded sacraments from the 'means of grace'"—meaning that *all* Protestants have not. But neither is Dr. Pusey to be understood, as Mr. Boardman's omissions and Italics make him seem to mean. He nowhere teaches—no Oxford writer teaches—that *what Mr. Boardman means* by "spiritual regeneration" is "inseparably linked with baptism;" nor yet, that "spiritual edification, strength and comfort" are imparted to "the communicant," unless "he feeds, in his heart, by

faith, with thanksgiving"—"faith" he expressly says, "being the *sine quâ non*, the necessary condition, for duly receiving it."

The Bishops, Doctors, Martyrs of the Reformation teach a "religion of Sacraments." Such, and only such, is the "Sacramental religion" which the men of Oxford preach. How can they do other, when it is written, in the words of Jesus Christ himself, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man *be born again*—except a man *be born of water and the Spirit*—he cannot enter into the kingdom of God;" and again, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood *dwelleth in me and I in him?*"

SPECIFICATION V. "Writers, who approximate so nearly to Rome, in their views of the Sacraments, rival her, of course, in *their notions of Church power, and the authority of the Clergy.*"—The items charged under this specification are, teaching that a Church episcopally organized is the only way to eternal life; that it is the channel of grace; that its Sacraments are the means for the imparting of Gospel gifts; and that the Bishops, not only, but the Presbyters of such a Church, have power over the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and to some extent over the things of the unseen world: and these are specified, "to show how Papistical these writers are in their notions of the power of the priesthood." (p. 47.) Papistical, more or less, Richard Hooker, whom Mr. Boardman justly holds as high authority, had the same notions: and, what is even more awkward for the "Pastor of the Walnut street Presbyterian Church," they are taught—the Episcopacy, which makes the high claim valid, alone excepted—not only in the "Confession of Faith of the Reformed Dutch Church, revised in the national synod, held at Dordrecht, in the years 1618, and 1619;" but in the "Confession of Faith" and "Form of Government" contained in "the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America" as amended in 1833.

What saith "judicious Hooker?"

"The power of the ministry of God translateth out of darkness into glory; it raiseth man from the earth and bringeth God Himself from heaven; *by blessing visible elements it maketh them invisible graces; it giveth daily the Holy Ghost; it hath to dispose of that Flesh which was given for the life of the world, and the Blood which was poured out to redeem souls; when it poureth maledictions upon the heads of the wicked, they perish; when it revoketh the same, they revive.*"

What saith "the Reformed Dutch Church?"

"ARTICLE XXV. *That every one is bound to join himself to the true Church.*—We believe since this holy congregation is an assembly of those who are saved, and that *out of it there is no salvation*, that this true Church must be governed by the spiritual polity which our Lord hath taught us in his word; namely, that *there must be ministers, or pastors to preach the word of God, and to administer the sacraments.*" * * * * *

What saith "the Presbyterian Church?"

"The visible Church, is the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, the house and family of God, *out of which there is no ordinary possibility of salvation. To these officers the keys of the kingdom of heaven are committed, by virtue whereof they have power respectively to retain and remit sins, to shut that kingdom against the impenitent, both by the word and censures; and to open it unto penitent sinners, by the ministry of the Gospel, and by absolution from censures, as occasion shall require. There be only two sacraments ordained by Christ our Lord in the Gospel, that is to say, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord; neither of which may be dispensed by any, but by a minister lawfully ordained.*"

"The only design with which I have introduced the above extracts"—Mr. Boardman will allow me the use of his own expressions—"is, to show how Papistical" the "Dutch Reformed Church" and the "Presbyterian Church" "are in their notions of the power of the priesthood." "I think impartial men will agree, that there is rank Popery in the doctrine here exhibited, however" the teachers of it "may refuse to acknowledge the Pope's supremacy." (p. 47.)

SPECIFICATION VI.—"*The doctrine of the Tracts on this vital point, 'justifying righteousness,' 'is substantially that of Rome.'*"—Notwithstanding "that the corner-stone of the Reformation," as Mr. Boardman understands it, "was laid on the doctrine, that THE PAPAL CHURCH is ANTICHRIST," it is under cover of this specification that the strongest hopes are entertained of fixing Popery on Oxford. With how much justice, we are now to enquire.

What is the Popish error in regard to justification? Is it taught at Oxford? The Popish error on this subject is variously stated by Mr. Boardman, (pp. 50, 51,) as justification "by being made inwardly and subjectively righteous;" confounding the gifts of "justification and sanctification;" making "sanctification or personal righteousness the ground of justification:" and, in connection with these statements, he presents the inference, that "justification is progressive." Merely reminding the reader, in passing, that the first of the "irreconcilable differences with Rome," as stated in Tract 38, (quoted on our p. 27,) is in these explicit words, "I consider that IT IS UNSCRIPTURAL TO SAY, WITH THE CHURCH OF ROME, THAT WE ARE JUSTIFIED BY INHERENT RIGHTEOUSNESS;" let the Oxford teaching on this subject be presented (from the Preface to the fourth edition of the Letter to the Bishop of Oxford, which is the latest publication on the subject,) in the words of Dr. Pusey and of Mr. Newman.

"Justification is, as a cause, antecedent to sanctification, in which it issues."—*Pusey*, p. xxviii.

"Justification is a free pardon of us, when guilty, from God's mercy alone, irrespective of any thing in man."—*Pusey*, p. xxix.

"It is wholly from God."—*Pusey*, p. xxx.

"Justification is perfect at once, renewal or sanctification gradual."—*Pusey*, p. xxx.

"Justification, though productive of renewal, is distinct from it, in idea."—*Pusey*, p. xxxii.

"Justification does not consist in renewal or sanctification, or any thing of our own."—*Pusey*, p. xxxii.

Briefly thus:

ROME	OXFORD
Teaches that we are justified by inherent righteousness;	Teaches that justification is a free pardon of us when guilty from God's laws alone, irrespective of any thing in man;
Confounds justification with sanctification;	Distinguishes justification from renewal;
Makes personal righteousness the ground of justification;	Makes justification not to consist in renewal or sanctification, or any thing of our own;
Holds that justification is progressive.	Holds that justification is perfect at once, sanctification gradual.

SPECIFICATION VII. "The views of the Tractists respecting *sin committed after Baptism*."—The reader will remember, that the charge is, that the Oxford writers teach "some of the worst errors of Popery;" and that it is on that point only, that issue now is joined. He will be surprised then to learn, that while, in one sentence, the shocking doubt, "whether any provision has been made, in the glorious plan of redemption, for the remission of post-baptismal sins," is arrayed against them; the next but two or three contains the information, that "*the Church of Rome has provided for this exigency*, by the sacrament of Penance." If their views on this subject, common sense will say, be not Popish, why employ them as a proof of Popery? It is a question for Mr. Boardman to answer. It is certainly not involved in the present undertaking.

SPECIFICATION VIII. "Another of the worst errors of Popery, which pervades this system, is *the distinction of mortal and venial sin*."—"God has taught," says Mr. Boardman, "that the wages of sin is death," and that all sin is deadly." (p. 66.) And yet St. John hath said (1. v. 16.) "If any man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask, and he shall give him life for them that sin not unto death. There is a sin unto death: I do not say that he shall pray for it." "Again," says Mr. Boardman, "the Romanists deny this," (that all sin is deadly) "and so do the Oxfordists. Both teach with the ancient Pagans, that there are two kinds of sin, mortal and venial." And yet Mr. Boardman's "Confession of Faith" teaches (chap. xxi. § 4.) that "prayer is to be made for things lawful, and for all sorts of men living, or that shall live hereafter; but not for the dead, *nor for those of whom it may be known [?] that they have sinned the sin unto death*." Surely, they must be naughty people, those Presbyterians, to hold, not only with the "Romanists," and "Oxfordists," but even with the "ancient Pagans!" That Dr. Pusey did not think particularly well of Romish views on this and kindred subjects, the following extract will suffice to show. As for the "ancient Pagans," we may as well turn them quite over to Chief Justice Rhadamanthus. * * * * *

In this connection, Mr. Boardman quotes the Bishop of Exeter's Charge, describing him as their "friend," and "an admirer of the Oxford writings," and all the while rejoicing greatly in the reproofs which he administers. "The Bishop," says Mr. Boardman, after an extract, touching the remission of sin after Baptism, "was not 'as one that beateth the air,' when he penned the latter part of this fine passage." (66.) Well; very probably! The Bishop of Exeter is not often, the Radicals and Romanists both know it well, "as one that beateth the air." But why does Mr. Boardman altogether overlook the Bishop's qualifying words? Why does he leave his readers to suppose that he has nothing to bestow upon the Oxford writers besides reproof? Why did he not find room for this "fine passage" also?

"*Their accusers should beware how they violate*, not only the Sixth Article of the Church, but also the Ninth Commandment of God."

Will Mr. Boardman tell us who, besides "the air," is beaten in the last sentence? The Bishop of Exeter does certainly dissent from

many of the Oxford views. But his language is throughout respectful, mild and kind.

SPECIFICATION IX. "Closely allied to the dogma of mortal and venial sins; is that of *Purgatory*."—Doubtless, it is. But, do the Oxford writers teach it? To say, Yes, "sticks in the throat." To say, No, would be to lose the benefit of a most pregnant prejudice. Hence, such sentences "about it and about it," as the following. "On this subject again the Tractists are reserved and enigmatical. Sometimes they condemn the Romish doctrine stoutly. But this seems to be aimed rather at its details than the principle of it. And the prevailing tone of their observations leaves the impression on the reader's mind, that their antipathy to the doctrine is not so very bitter, but that they might be persuaded out of it." (p. 80.) And again, "This theory lacks but one feature of purgatory, namely, suffering or discipline," (p. 69)—as the old lady's gun wanted nothing, to make it dangerous, but a lock, a stock, and a barrel! And again "There seems no good reason why the Oxfordists should not avail themselves of it in *their* purgatory, as well as the Romanists and the Pagans," (poor Pagans, how they haunt him!) "in theirs." And again, "It will be no marvel if some *future* Tract for the Times should tell 'the Anglo-Catholic Church,' " &c. &c.

SPECIFICATION X. "If the Oxford writers are shy of confessing a purgatory, no such difference can be imputed to them in reference to the practice of *offering prayers for the dead*."—And the proof of this is just one page—a mutilated quotation from a Tract, and a mutilated quotation from the Bishop of Exeter's Charge; carefully inserting all his words of disagreement, (for it amounts to nothing more,) and as carefully omitting what he says, in this connection, and takes delight in saying again and again, of his "unfeigned respect for the integrity and simplicity of these writers, as well as for their eminent learning and ability." The history of their connection with the subject will be interesting; and illustrate, at the same time, the sort of dealing to which their opponents have thought it lawful, not to say, have been compelled, to have recourse. Tract No. 63, entitled, "The Antiquity of the existing Liturgies," contained a statement, from Mr. Palmer's "*Origines Liturgicæ*," of the particulars, in which all ancient Liturgies agree. All, for instance, contain, in the Communion service, the Hymn, "Therefore with Angels and Archangels," &c.; all contain a prayer answering in substance to that "for the whole state of Christ's Church;" all contain "another prayer" (which has been excluded from the English Ritual) "for the rest and peace of all those who have departed this life in God's faith and fear," concluding with a prayer for communion with them. To this mere statement of a historical fact nothing was added, nor any more importance given to it than to any other that was named. It was barely mentioned, and from the nature of the case could not have been omitted. When, some time after, it was drawn into notice by an opponent, with a view to involve the Tracts in the suspicion of a Popish tendency, Dr. Pusey replied to the writer, in what is now Tract No. 77, in a way which he will never be able to

forget: showing that the usage alluded to was not connected with the doctrine of Purgatory; that it had been justified by such divines as Archbishops Wake and Usher; and Bishops Taylor, Bull and Andrews, to mention no more names; and that even Bucer and Calvin, though they objected to it in the former Liturgy, from which it was withdrawn, clearly denied that it connected itself at all with Purgatory. "Since that time," says Dr. Pusey in his Letter, "neither in Tracts nor Sermons, orally or in writing, have we in any way inculcated it; and the late publicity, which the topic has acquired, has been independent of us."

Many will agree, no doubt, with learned Mr. Palmer, in his judgment, as to the omission made at the revision of the Liturgy; "The satisfactory and sufficient reason for the omission of such prayers in the English Liturgy is that they were *inexpedient*. Considering the circumstances of the times, more evil than good would have been the result of the continuance of this practice." *Origines Liturgicæ*, ii. p. 96. But none who understand the subject, can well presume to say, what Calvin so expressly disavowed, that the commemoration of the faithful, practised, of old, and favoured by Dr. Pusey, was a Popish error. None, who respect themselves, will charge upon the Oxford writers the desire to force it upon others, or even to bring it into public notice. So far from wishing that the prayers in question should be re-inserted, they say emphatically, (No. 77, p. 28)—"We never have, nor do we wish for any alteration in the Liturgy of our Church. We bless God that our lot has fallen in her bosom; that he has preserved in her the essentials of primitive doctrines, and a Liturgy so holy; and although I cannot but think its first form preferable, alteration is out of the question: THERE CANNOT BE REAL ALTERATION WITHOUT A SCHISM." These capitals are theirs, and the more forcible, as they seldom use them.

SPECIFICATION XII. "For instance, *the invocation of Saints and the worship of Images*."—These ominous words, displayed on Mr. Boardman's page in double capitals, seem "confirmation strong" that the writers of whom he speaks, must be far gone into Popery. But it is not half so bad as it appears. "*I do not charge them*," he says, in the very next sentence, "*with advocating these practices*, but"—but what?—"they are far from dealing with them in the ordinary style of Protestants." Very true, no doubt: and perhaps not the worse for that. What Mr. Boardman alludes to, as "the ordinary style of Protestants," is *very ordinary*. Mr. Boardman occupies but half a dozen lines with this head; and them with an extract, which amounts to nothing, from Mr. Froude's Remains. A great improvement, this, within a year or two: since there were persons, professing and calling themselves Christians, who deliberately made the Tract on the Breviary, just spoken of, the ground of charging on the Oxford writers, that they recommend the invocation both of Saints and Angels; and this notwithstanding sentences like these—"these portions of the Breviary (the invocation of the Virgin, and other Saints,) carry with them their own plain condemnation, in the judgment of an English Christian;" and the least objectionable of

the corrupt additions "do but sanction and encourage that direct worship of the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints, which is the great practical offence of the Latin Church, and so are a serious evil."

SPECIFICATION XIII. "This brings me to the doctrine of the *Real Presence*."—"The Tractists," Mr. Boardman adds, "deny Transubstantiation." One would suppose that this would end the matter. But, no! "They hold that the real body and blood of Christ are present in the Eucharist;" and then, after a few quotations from a tract by Bishop Cosin—"nothing certainly could be more at variance with the language of your 28th Article, which says, 'The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the supper *only* after an heavenly and spiritual manner'"—as if "heavenly" and "spiritual" were the antithesis of "real." Much more sensibly does Dr. Pusey write, "the *more* real *because* spiritual." But we must proceed, on this important point, in order, and with the adduction of authorities—the more, as the reverential suggestion of a writer in the Tracts, that "the unnecessary discussion of the Holy Eucharist should be avoided, as almost certain to lead to profane and rationalistic thoughts," has seemed to Mr. Boardman to authorize a most unworthy and unwarrantable suspicion. The two points are, that in the Tracts, Transubstantiation is not taught; and that the doctrine of the Real Presence, which is taught, is not Popery.

For the first, there needs no proof, so far as Mr. Boardman is concerned; since he expressly says, "The Tractists deny transubstantiation."

The more important point, then, is to show, secondly, that the doctrine of the Real Presence, which they do teach, is not Popish. Their teaching may be stated thus.

"We believe the doctrine of our Church to be, that in the Communion, there is a true, real, actual, though Spiritual, (*or rather the more real, because spiritual*.) communication of the Body and Blood of Christ to the believer through the Holy Elements."

That this is no Popish teaching, our Lord Jesus Christ himself is witness;

"And as they were eating, Jesus TOOK BREAD, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, AND SAID, Take, eat, THIS IS MY BODY. And he TOOK THE CUP, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, SAYING, Drink ye all of it: for THIS IS MY BLOOD of the New Testament, WHICH IS SHED for many FOR THE REMISSION OF SINS."—*St. Matthew*, xxvi. 26, 27.

The Apostle Paul is witness;

"*The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?*"—1 *Corinthians*, x. 16.

The Liturgy is witness;

"Grant us, therefore, gracious Lord, *so to eat the flesh of thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and to drink his blood*, that our sinful bodies may be made clean by his body, and our souls washed through his most precious blood, and that we may evermore dwell in him and he in us."

The Catechism is witness;

Q. "What is the inward part or thing signified?"

A. "*The Body and Blood of Christ*, which are spiritually taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper."

Nay, "the Presbyterian Church" is a clear witness;

"Worthy receivers, outwardly partaking of the visible elements in this Sacrament, do then also inwardly by faith, *really and indeed*, yet not carnally and corporally, but spiritually, receive and feed upon Christ crucified, and all benefits of his death: *the body and blood of Christ* being then, not corporally or carnally in, with or under the bread and wine; yet AS REALLY, but spiritually PRESENT to the faith of believers in that ordinance, as the elements themselves are, to their outward senses."—*Confession of Faith*, xxix. 7.

Perhaps, by this time, Mr. Boardman may think, enough said!

SPECIFICATION XIV. "The only remaining feature of these Tracts, I propose to notice, is their doctrine concerning *the Rule of faith*."—"On this fundamental question," says Mr. Boardman, "they side with the Church of Rome, in maintaining the insufficiency of the Bible as a rule of faith, and the binding obligation of 'Catholic traditions.' " And, in the next sentence, strangely observes—"that they differ from Rome, as to what these traditions are, is a *matter of subordinate moment!*" The very point in question, we assert, and mean to show. Does Mr. Boardman in his zeal against the very name "tradition," forget that Paul speaks of them? As, to the Corinthians (1, xi, 2.) "Now I praise you brethren, that ye remember me in all things, and keep the ordinances (the marginal reading is, *traditions*) as I delivered them unto you." And to the Thessalonians (2, ii. 15.) "Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the *traditions* which ye have been taught, whether *by word* or our epistle;" and again (2. iii. 6.) "Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the *tradition* which he received from us." Would it be "a matter of subordinate moment," if the "Catholic traditions," of which the Oxford writers speak, were shown to be of the same nature as St. Paul's traditions? But, "the Bible is, in the judgment of these writers, a very obscure book." (p. 76.) Well; did not St. Peter entertain very much the same judgment, not only of St. Paul's writings, but of "the other Scriptures?"—"Even as our beloved brother Paul also, *according to the wisdom given unto him*, hath written unto you; as also in all his epistles, speaking in them of these things; *in which are some things hard to be understood*, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also *the other scriptures*, unto their own destruction." (2. iii. 15, 16.)—"With her (Rome) they hold that the Bible cannot be understood without the aid of the Church." (76.) Was it Romish in the Ethiopian Eunuch to answer, and in St. Luke to record his answer, to the Deacon Philip—"Understandest thou what thou readest?" "How can I, except some man should guide me?" (Acts viii. 30.) Could it have been with Romish views that Dr. Miller, in his Lecture, wrote, "we may infer from what has been said, the duty and importance of all the members, and especially the ministers of the Presbyterian Church, exerting themselves to spread a knowledge of her

'public standards,' notwithstanding all the sneers and censure which have been cast on this language; for *every intelligent and candid man in the community knows* that we employ it to designate, not formularies which we place above the Bible, but merely those which ascertain and set forth how we interpret the Bible?" Nay, could it be that he intended to speak well of Popery in others, when he said, "our Episcopal brethren exercise a most laudable diligence in placing the volume which contains their articles, forms, and offices, in every family within their reach, which belongs to their communion, or can be considered as tending towards it: all this is as it should be; it bespeaks men sincere in their belief, and earnest in the dissemination of what they deem correct principles?" "Nay," with her (Rome) they hold that 'the Church has ever been the *primary* source of faith.'" (76.) And is it Romish to say, that long before the Evangelists had written, Apostles, Elders and Deacons had preached, the Gospel? Was it Romish in St. Paul, to style "the Church of the living God" "the pillar and ground of the truth?" (1 Timothy iii. 15.) But "an inquirer 'must go first to the Church;' then, if he chooses" (the *if* is Mr. Boardman's own,) "to the Bible." (76.) And is not this the very ground on which St. Luke commended the Bereans as "more noble," "in that they received the word" spoken by Paul and Silas, "with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so." But all this, to Mr. Boardman's eye, is "Oxford Tracts and Popery:" just as the wolf, (I believe it is Jeremy Taylor tells the story) who had learned to read; but, put together what letters soever he might, or in whatever order, he could not for his life make any thing out but L-A-M-B! And then, we have ever so much about Chillingworth's famous maxim, "the Bible and the Bible only, the religion of Protestants," which shall be noticed by and by: and a shameful thrust at holy Bishop Jebb, which shall be noticed now. * * * * *

And after all this, we are told so coolly, (p. 79,) "these writers, it is true, do not adopt the Romish doctrine of the rule of faith *in all particulars!*"

The summary of "principles" "common to the two systems," which Mr. Boardman has drawn up, we leave to the protection of his saving clause, "as I understand them;" charitably hoping, that the fault lies there.

Thus have we finished, at much greater length than we at first intended—though not too great for the importance, or the interest, of the subject—the Brief Examination, which was proposed, of Mr. Boardman's attempt to prove his charge, that "a large and learned body of the Clergy" of the Church of England, "have returned to some of the worst errors of Popery." An Examination, which would have been brief indeed, had he been held to the true issue; and not permitted to make the parenthesis of more importance than the sentence which included it. But no well-wisher to the truth will for a moment grudge the time or space which has been occupied—chiefly with extracts from the Oxford writers, and with authorities, to show how far they are from Popery—in this examina-

tion : as no serious person will be found, that will not blush, even upon this acquaintance with them, that a "Pastor" could be found, who would compare their pages to the Koran, or the works of Belsham, or of Channing.

The honest reader will see why the publication, first, and then the reading, of the Oxford Tracts has been so violently opposed, and so unsparingly denounced. Let him bless God, that what Dr. Hook well calls "the Popery of Ultra Protestantism" cannot control the press, nor even establish an Expurgatory Index !

For his second undertaking, to cast the suspicion of Popery on the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, without even the show of proof, the "word or two," of which the title-page gives promise, will abundantly suffice.

Is there an attempt to meet it ? First, (p. 82) comes a feeble effort to deny the justice of the limitation of his evidence, from Popish exultation, to such as in his conscience, he believed, was honest. How this told upon the Papists, the reference to the "Catholic Herald," on the 16th page, will show. Mr. Boardman finds it convenient to put himself upon his dignity, presuming that his word is "a sufficient voucher for it !" The fact was not denied, without his word. The question asked was, How much is it worth ? Judged by the test of Popish praise, or the reverse, "Boardman and Sparry" are more to be suspected now than "Bishop Doane."

Next, we have, what professes to come to "the merits of the case ;" and, yet, is but a poor evasion. "The whole question," Mr. Boardman says, "resolves itself into this, viz. : whether the Oxford system, as a system, has made any progress in our cities ? If it has, then, on the supposition that it is strongly imbued with Popery," (a point already examined) "the Popery in it has made progress also." But Mr. Boardman must not be allowed to dispose of his own words, even by eating them. He said, "the Oxford Tract leaven is already beginning to work in our cities." He added, "and ROMAN PRIESTS are publicly felicitating themselves on the progress THEIR DOCTRINES are making IN THE BOSOM of a Protestant Church." If this latter clause means just what the former does, it was at least superfluous. But it means much more. The "doctrines" of "Roman Priests" can mean but POPERY : not Popery suspected, not even Popery in progress ; but Popery itself, "some of the worst errors of Popery." Neither must "the bosom of a Protestant Church" be explained away, to mean "the cities." The country, too, we humbly trust, shares in the shelter of her blessed bosom, who is the mother of us all. The simple truth is, Mr. Boardman's words clearly do "cast the suspicion of Popery," and this is a mild phrase to use, "on the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." If he claims that such was not his meaning, that is one thing. When he does so, we shall advise him to be more careful, the next time he deals with such high matters, to say what he does mean. Meanwhile, the appearance is, that these harsh words were meant to do their work in quarters, where the truth might never come. He did not expect to be called on for Proof.

And what, in the name of law and logic, does the Proof, when brought, amount to? Five or six pages filled with extracts from "The Churchman," a paper published in the city of New York, the Editor of which, is quite able to speak on all occasions for himself; the whole mass of which would amount to nothing at all, even if the Churchman were the authentic organ of the whole American Church, (which it is not of any portion of it :) and "a single fact," "respectfully" commended to attention and duly *italicised*—"I know of an instance in which a family of the highest respectability *have been converted to Popery, chiefly by the reading of the Oxford publications.*" Verily, the labouring mountain has brought forth a mouse! Because the paper, called "the Churchman," contains certain original communications, and extracts from British Journals, which Mr. Boardman partly does not understand, and partly does not like—perhaps on account of "the summary disposal" made of all non-Episcopalians; and because the Editor of the Churchman not only gives a "laudatory notice" of Dr. Pusey's Treatise on Baptism, but even ventures to express the judgment, (which Isaac Taylor uttered, long before) that "every suspicion, even of a tendency to Romanism in the Oxford divines, is removed;" and because, moreover, to Mr. Boardman's certain knowledge, "a family of the highest respectability, have been converted to Popery, *CHIEFLY* by the reading of the Oxford publications," THEREFORE "Roman Priests are publicly felicitating their people on *the progress their doctrines are making in the bosom of a Protestant Church!*" But it will not do. "Fallen and frenzied" as Rome is, the "Roman Priests" are not reduced so low as this. Nor will even they accept the fact, that "a family of the highest respectability" has gone over to them, "*CHIEFLY* by the reading of the Oxford publications," as endorsement good and sufficient of their Popery; any more than we should take the multitudes that come "like doves to their windows," to the shelter of the Church, from Presbyterian families of the highest respectability, to prove, that Mr. Boardman and his fellow Pastors are Churchmen in disguise, and doing all their diligence, in pulpit and in tract, to fill our swelling ranks.

Who has not heard—and that by those with whom Mr. Boardman closely sympathizes—the sweeping charge of Popery, brought, not only against the Church of which Hooker was a Presbyterian, and its American sister, but against all and singular their doctrines, rules and usages? Did they believe and teach the doctrine of the Apostolic succession? It was rank Popery. Popery was thus a matter of history. Did they maintain Baptismal regeneration? Still it was Popery. Then Popery was a doctrine. Did they administer confirmation? All Popery! Then Popery became a rite. Do they use a Liturgy? Popery! Popery is a form of prayer. Do they make the sign of the cross in Baptism? Popery! Popery is a gesture. Do they kneel in the communion? Popery! Popery is a posture. Do they wear a surplice? Popery! Popery is a garment. Do they erect a Cross upon a Church, or private dwelling? Sheer Popery! A bit of wood is Popery! Suppose the question should

first be settled, What is Popery? In this settlement, the men of Oxford will be found most valuable helps.

But why should Mr. Boardman be so utterly proscriptive of the Church of Rome? Grant all her corruptions: yet she does hold some truths, and they cardinal; and common to her with the Church of England not only, and the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, but, thus far, with Mr. Boardman, and his communion. Such are the doctrines of the Trinity, of the atonement, of sanctification by the Spirit, and of a final judgment, when the righteous and the wicked shall be separated forever. Grant that she has been, and is "a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious:" yet there are enemies common to her, and those who hold with Mr. Boardman. Such are they whom St. Paul describes as "denying the Lord that bought them." Now, if Rome were overthrown, would these, and all who would make common cause with these, be satisfied? Would the warfare then be stayed? Would there be no farther call for Reformation? Would Mr. Brownson, and such like, be quiet? "The argument," says Mr. Newman, (*Letter to Dr. Fausset*, p. 35,) "was evolved to its last link, at the time of the Reformation. The followers of Socinus then proclaimed that Rome was Babylon; and that those who so thought could not consistently stop till they thought Socinianism the Gospel." What else was indicated by those well-known lines, so current then, by one of the extremest of the party,

"Tota jacet Babylon, destruxit tecta Lutherus,
Calvinus muros, sed fundamenta Socinus?"

Which may be rendered somehow so—

Whole Babylon is down, unroofed in Luther's reformation;
The walls, John Calvin overthrew; Socinus, the foundation.

Of the good will to have it so, there can be little doubt. The sad history of the Reformation in Germany, Switzerland and Scotland, to come no nearer home, invests the homely distich with "something of prophetic strain." Mr. Boardman, no doubt, would stop the work of demolition at the middle of the second line. But it is hard to jump but half way down a precipice. The beginning of an overthrow is easier than its termination. And why should any wish that Rome should be destroyed? Would not reform be better? Is even that impossible to faith and prayer? Nay, is not England, Rome reformed?

"Who knows but gentle love
May win her, at our patient care,
The surer way to prove?"

For the Oxford writers, nothing need be asked, but that they be read. Just in proportion as this is done, the outcry is diminished. Not that all agree with them. Far from it! But that the charge of Popery or heresy is seen at once to be erroneous or malicious. Before they had been read at all, the Trojan horse was not regarded as a more pernicious portent. A portion of them were reprinted; and the well informed among their readers said, at once, This is not

new! We knew all this before! These are the old Church principles, stated with fairness, and drawn out to just conclusions! And so far from being Popish, those who have but little sympathy on many points with Isaac Taylor, have felt what he has honestly declared—"the mode of repelling the pretensions of the Romish Church, recommended by the writers of the Oxford tracts, seems to me to be at once legitimate and conclusive; it is in substance an appeal from the alleged authority of that Church to a Catholicity more Catholic, and to an antiquity more ancient. On this ground, British Protestantism, or, let us say, if the phrase is preferred, British Christianity, stands on a rock, clear of all exception; and so far as relates to Popery, is exempt from all peril. Within the well-defined limits which it observes, this line of argument is equally simple and irrefragable." Give them, therefore, a candid hearing, and fair trial. Let it not be among the Christian freemen of America that they are treated, as the Chief Captain would have treated Paul, who "bade that he should be examined by scourging, that he might know wherefore they cried so against him." Of what they have not written, it becomes us to anticipate no judgment. But let those who wish to try their spirit, try it by their works.

To those who shrink from controversial topics, and would shun all controversy, let it be said, in parting, it is not given to man. We hold the truth, only by dint of never-flinching firmness. The price of religious, not less than civil, freedom is perpetual vigilance. It is the injunction of a holy Apostle, "earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints!" That priceless treasure has been perilled, through our carelessness and self-indulgence. The simple faith, which the first twelve proclaimed, and which was rescued at the Reformation, and restored, by hands, that clasped the burning stake, for love of it, to its primeval purity, has suffered compromise, through an undue respect for Martin Luther and John Calvin; and been conceded, as the price of peace, or through the flattery of smooth words, to the "mixed multitude" of their discordant followers. Those trumpet words of Paul to the Ephesians, "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism," are shrunk from, as discourteous to the great Diana of our Ephesus, which rejoices in that descriptive title, "other denominations."

Let it not move us from this steadfast trust and hope—let it rather greatly encourage us!—that now, as of old, there is "no small stir about that way." It is a vain endeavour. The Ephesian cry, "Great is Diana!" will not now, as it did not then, arrest the progress of the truth. In vain, the makers of the "silver shrines" are called together. In vain, the motley host of sects make common cause. In vain, the wily Papist presses, with an oilier tongue, his specious claims. In vain, the appeal, "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our" influence! Men are determined to inquire. The title-deeds must be investigated. Truth will be traced to its first foundations. That which is new will be spurned off, as false. That which is old will be embraced, as *therefore* true. And, while the German and Genevan glosses are rejected, and "the novelties

of Romanism," stripped of the "old garments," and the "clouted" "shoes," with which, "they did work wilily, and went, and made as if they had been" ancients, are trampled under foot; THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE, which Paul preached, and which the Anglican Reformers, through blood and fire, restored, will be proclaimed again, and owned, "the truth as it is in Jesus," "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." Proclaimed, as at the first, and owned in that one Church, "the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his blood;" "built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."

When the foregoing pages were but just printed, and not fifty copies had yet reached the binder's hands, the "Letter on Christian Union, addressed to" "The Right Reverend Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States," "by the Right Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Bishop of Arath," calling himself "Co-adjutor of the Bishop of Philadelphia" was received, by mail. It needed but a glance to see that this was but another form of the "old trick," so clumsily played, that it must frustrate its own purpose, and "return to plague the inventor." So much so, that if the account had been entirely closed with the "Pastor" of "Walnut Street," a new one certainly would never have been opened with the "Bishop of Arath." But the present writer holds himself responsible for "even-handed justice." He looks with equal favour on the schismatic of every form. He shrinks from the suspicion of a more profound respect for schism, in a Geneva Cloak, than in a Romish vestment. He only stops the binder, for the briefest space, that he may present his compliments, under the same cover, to the Popish Bishop, and the Presbyterian Pastor.

We pass on to the "Letter on Christian Union;" a strange topic for a schismatic interloper in the diocese of a Catholic Bishop, and irresistibly suggesting the quotation;

"Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentis?"

Which may be freely rendered;

"How strange, a schismatic should rail at schism!"

But to the letter!

RIGHT REVEREND SIRS: A few years since, some remarks on Christian Union, from the pen of one of your body, led me to address to him a letter, wherein I extended the principles he laid down to what I conceived to be their legitimate consequences. At a later period, an elaborate work, addressed to the Catholic Hierarchy, by another dignitary of your communion, which concluded with overtures for union, emboldened me to write a treatise in defence of the *Primacy of the Apostolical See, which is the essential centre of Catholic unity*. Neither the letter nor the treatise has been noticed by either of the prelates.—p. 3.

There may be several reasons readily imagined why neither of the prelates should have noticed either treatise. Of one of them, the rumour was, that it found small favour at the Court of Rome. Hence, perhaps, the superserviceable zeal of this epistle! Hence, perhaps, the eager haste to charge the second sentence of the letter with this ponderous sentence, "the Primacy of the Apostolic See, which is the

essential centre of Catholic unity." A singular specimen of economy in sophistry ; since, in scarcely more than a single line, there are condensed no less than three complete and perfect specimens of what logicians call *petitio principii*.

It is by no means granted that the See of Rome is, in the sense intended by the Bishop of Arath, "*the Apostolic See*."

It is by no means granted that the See of Rome enjoys a "Primacy" of other sees.

It is by no means granted that the See of Rome is "the essential centre of Catholic unity."

Of course, there is no call on any one to enter into controversy with assertions, merely. The pretty figure of a "centre of Catholic unity" shall have attention by and by. It may suffice meanwhile to say, that nothing was known of the Primacy of Rome at the first General Council.

In the mean time, controversy beyond the Atlantic has taken a retrograde march, and, in a celebrated English university, several points of ancient faith and discipline have been vindicated with much learning ; popular errors and prejudices have been attacked and overthrown ; and principles have been put forward, which the admirers of the new school, as well as its adversaries, seem now to regard as the preliminaries to peace and concord between the Anglican Establishment and the Roman Catholic Church.—p. 3.

And so the Oxford Tracts have brought together the Popish Bishop and the Presbyterian Pastor ! As it is written, in Holy Scripture, "And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together ; for before they were at enmity between themselves." A strange result this, for "a retrograde march !" But not more strange than that the Bishop of Arath should regard such sentences as these—"an union is impossible ; their communion is infected with heterodoxy, we are bound to flee it as a pestilence ; they have established a lie in the place of God's truth, and, by their claim of immutability in doctrine, cannot undo the sin they have committed ; they cannot repent ; Popery must be destroyed, it cannot be reformed"—"as the preliminaries to peace and concord," even in the judgment of what he calls "the admirers of the new school," "between the Anglican establishment and the Roman Catholic Church." Is it too much to say, with Chillingworth, of an insinuation so utterly unfounded—"what effect it may have wrought, what aid it may have gained with credulous Papists, (who dream what they desire, and believe their own dreams,) or with ill-affected, jealous, and weak Protestants, I cannot tell ; but one thing I dare say boldly, that *you yourself did never believe it*."

We enter into no discussion with Bishop Kenrick, as to the Ninetieth Tract for the Times. If he has read it, which he nowhere says, he is more fortunate than we thus far have been. Thus much we venture to conclude : if he had had access to it, and found it to his purpose, he certainly would have used more of it. * He never would have limited his extracts to the heads of arguments, if he had liked the arguments themselves. Of Mr. Newman's Letter to Dr. Jelf, while we have Dr. Hook's statement, that the explanation in it of the Nine-

tieth Tract was to his mind "perfectly satisfactory," it will take more than Bishop Kenrick's praise to cause us any distrust. For the rest, there needs no better illustration than the Bishop's fellow-helper, Mr. Boardman, has afforded, how much may be accomplished, by adroit quotation, with a proper mixture of *Italics* and of exclamations—think of a Bishop using them in triplets!—towards making "the worse appear the better reason." As for the Bishop of Arath's show of taking the censure of "the Hebdomadal Board" as but a trick, to ease the matter off, it makes one think of an old proverb, which one does not like to quote upon a Bishop. "The tone of the Tracts *has* found an echo on this side of the Atlantic." Of the readiness of any here to follow, "whither they are led by their Oxford brethren, even though it be to Rome"—

"Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought!"—

the pages which precede this Postscript may be taken as a proof.

Most unworthy of his high office, most unbecoming his position as a scholar and a gentleman, most inconsistent with that "simplicity and godly sincerity" which are the most immediate graces of the Christian character, yet in most perfect keeping with the teaching and the practice of the subtle school from which he springs, is Bishop Kenrick's course. He has seen the progress made at Oxford, to arouse the Church of England to a sense of her true posture, as an ancient Church. He has seen the impulse which the Oxford writings have communicated to the English mind, to search and stand in the old paths. He has seen that everywhere her truest sons were girding up their loins, and buckling on their armour, for that conflict, on the ground of "holy Scripture" and of "ancient authors," in which Rome must fall. He has heard the expostulations of the timid, he has heard the reproaches of the rash, he has heard the calumnies of the censorious, among those who swell the ranks, while they impair the strength, of Protestantism. He has resolved to turn the controversy to account: and, cringing to the cause which in his heart he scorns, has basely sought to prejudice, by his pretended patronage, the party in the conflict which alone he fears. No thought has he that any Bishop whom he ventures to address will ever look the way his pamphlet points. No thought has he that any scholar, much less any theologian, will listen for a moment to his sophistry. But the wavering may be shaken, the weak may be perplexed, the ignorant may be misled. At all events, the timid will be terrified, the prejudiced embittered, the enemy blaspheme. Brief though the triumph be, it will be something. The loss to England, however small it be, is gain to Rome. Next to his own advantage—nay, beyond it, to the envious and malignant—is his adversary's harm. And for such an end, and in the furtherance of such a spirit, such words of seeming love and tenderness are uttered; even as "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light!" "The sanctifying end" says Mr. Faber, in a case not much unlike the present one, "was good; and the Latin prelate does not seem to have been particularly scrupulous about the means."

"I do not conceive that discussion, either oral or written, is the means most likely to bring about the desirable union."

Ingenuous Dr. Kenrick! Discussion can do nothing to accomplish union! There needs no farther argument! The points are all decided. "Unless the Church be admitted to be the pillar and ground of the truth, the faithful witness of revelation, and the unerring judge of doctrine, all efforts to unite in communion must necessarily be nugatory." Therefore, by all means read "the *excellent* work of the *celebrated* Milner, 'THE END of Controversy;' than which I know of nothing better suited to *satisfy* persons of intelligence and learning, on this important topic, and thereby to dispose them for unity of faith. May I recommend it then for serious perusal?" And this "addressed to the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church!" I cannot find it in my heart not to enforce this high eulogium by a single specimen. "Every time," says Dr. Milner, speaking of the members of the Anglican Church, "they address the God of truth, either in solemn worship, or in private devotion, they are forced each of them to repeat, *I believe in the Catholic Church*. And yet, if I ask any of them the question, Are you a *Catholic*? he is sure to answer me, No, I am a *Protestant*. Was there ever a more glaring instance of inconsistency and self-condemnation among rational beings?"—There's an "end of controversy" for you! Would any one desire a more "excellent work?" Can any one conceive of an author more "celebrated?" "May I recommend it then for serious perusal?" Certainly, you may!

There is no such agreement in the world as when one has all things the way one likes. What simpler recipe for "Christian union" than is brought to us from Arath? The profession of faith, published by the authority of Pius IV. has but to be taken as the interpreter of "the unerring authority of the Catholic Church in matters of faith;" with "a reference to the decrees of the council of Trent," for "those who desire to see farther details," and there is an "end of controversy!" But there are two words to that bargain. What saith the third General Council, A. D. 438, of those who make new Creeds?

The Holy Synod determined that it should not be lawful for any one to set forth, write or compose any other creed than that which was determined by the holy Fathers who assembled at Nice, in the Holy Ghost; and that if any shall dare to compose any other creed, or adduce or present it to those who are willing to be converted to the knowledge of the truth, either from heathenism or Judaism, or any heresy whatsoever; such persons, if Bishops, shall be deprived of their Episcopal office.—*Action vi.*

And, in the second place, to look a little at these same details. The Church of Rome teaches, through her Creed of Pope Pius, authorized at Trent, A. D. 1563:

That they are accursed, who do not honour, salute, and honourably worship the holy and venerable images.

That they are accursed, who do not believe that Christ is present in the Holy Eucharist, by way of transubstantiation; or who affirm that after the consecration the substance of the bread and wine remain in the consecrated elements.

That they are accursed, who do not believe that there is a purgatory.

That they are accursed, who do not receive for sacred and Canonical, the

books of Tobit, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiastes, Baruch, two of Maccabees, and the additions to the Book of Daniel, to wit, the story of Susanna, the Song of the Three Children, and the history of Bel and the Dragon.

That they are accursed, who deny that confirmation, repentance, extreme unction, orders and matrimony, are truly and properly sacraments.

That they are accursed, who deny that the Church of Rome is the mother and mistress of all Churches.

That they are accursed, who refuse obedience to the Bishop of Rome.

That they are accursed, who shall deny that whole and entire Christ, body and blood, soul and divinity, is contained at the same time in every species of bread in the Eucharist, and in every particle thereof; and in every species of wine in the Eucharist, and in every particle thereof.

That they are accursed, who shall deny that Christ, in the Eucharist, ought to be carried about and exhibited to the people.

That they are accursed, who shall deny that sacramental confession to the priests, of every sin, was ordained by Christ, and is by divine authority necessary for forgiveness.

That they are accursed, who shall affirm that the sacramental absolution of the priest is a ministerial and not a judicial act.

That they are accursed, who shall say that the anointing of the sick does not confer grace.

That they are accursed, who shall say, that all and each of Christ's faithful people ought to receive both species of the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist.

That they are accursed, who shall say that the clergy may contract marriages.

That they are accursed, who shall deny that the saints departed are to be invoked.

That they are accursed, who shall deny the utility of indulgences.

"A mouth full of curses," truly! How many of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, does he of Arath think, will "echo," or subscribe to, them? Who will not own the sentence mild, which pronounces a Church requiring such terms of communion—unauthorized by Scripture, unauthorized by General Councils, unauthorized by Ancient Doctors—to be in schism?

One can easily account for so much earnestness in the entreaty, "to set aside all considerations, which might encumber or embarrass the investigation." The Papal Church is famous for simplicity of practice. Believe, or burn! The dogma, or damnation! These are her favourite formulæ.

The prayers offered up on the Continent of Europe and in England, for the return of the English nation to its ancient faith, may well be imitated by us; and, with still more enlarged views, we may, in these words, supplicate the same blessings for all the wandering children of error. I hope that the Catholics of this country will not fail to offer up their most fervent supplications for this purpose: as it is to prayer alone that this grace will be granted, that the glory may redound to God alone.—pp. 9, 10.

There can be no objection to this prayer; now, and at all times. Nor are we of those who take amiss the prayers of any, offered in sincerity. It seems a little odd, however, that the Bishop of Arath, in a letter to Bishops who agree in doctrine, discipline, and worship with the Church of England, should speak of praying "for the return of the English nation to its ancient faith." "The Catholics of this country" will be contented, if the Church of England and themselves may but be kept established in the faith which, at the Reformation, was asserted at the stake by Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley.

We thank the Bishop for his charitable interpretation of our errors:

There is no worthier object of our prayers than for the union of Christians. We do not look upon it as beyond our hope. We candidly admit that progress has been made towards it by the wide spread of Oxford influence. Not, at Rome, however, will the junction be effected, but at Jerusalem. The basis of that union will not be the decrees of Trent, nor yet the creed of Pius; but the "faith once" for all "delivered to the saints." When Rome will meet us on the rule of Vincent, "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus," we will embrace her, with arms open, and a melting heart. Till then, we bide our time. "It is not for *us* to form a human coalition by mutual sacrifices; but it is our duty to maintain the eternal covenant of God, whose truth suffers no adulteration," as by Rome; "whose institutions cannot be remodelled by man," as at Trent.

The admission of the doctrinal tenets implies the fundamental principles of Church organization.—p. 11.

This we most readily allow. Our system is "THE GOSPEL IN THE CHURCH."

It is defined by the Council of Trent, that there is a hierarchy constituted by divine ordination, and consisting of Bishops, Priests, and Ministers.—p. 11.

This too, we admit in all sincerity; and state it better, in the language of the Preface to our Ordinal; "It is apparent to all men diligently reading Holy Scripture and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of Ministers in Christ's Church, Bishops, Priests and Deacons."

The power of the Bishop of Rome, as successor of St. Peter, over all the Church, is defined by the Council of Florence, and is embraced in the profession of faith, which contains a promise of true obedience to the vicar of Jesus Christ. Against the admission of this authority, the strongest prejudices are, I know, enlisted.—p. 11.

"Prejudices," indeed! And pray who makes the dictionaries in Arath, that they supply no better word than this? "Prejudices," quotha? We sympathize with Gregory, surnamed the Great, first Roman Bishop of that name, upon this subject.

"I confidently say, that whosoever doth call himself universal Bishop, or desireth to be so called, doth in his elation forerun Antichrist, because he perversely doth set himself above all others."

How is it, if to the See of Rome belongs "a primacy over the whole world," that the Council of Nice (p. 193) placed Antioch and Alexandria on the same ground precisely; and that the first of Constantinople, (p. 193,) to inquire no further, ratified the judgment? How is it, if to the Roman Pontiff, as "successor of St. Peter," this Primacy of power belongs, that the first of Constantinople (p. 193) refers his higher rank entirely to his metropolitan position; and Chalcedon (p. 194) does precisely the same thing, for precisely the same reason? How is it, if the Roman Pontiff is "the true Vicar of Christ, and head of the whole Church," with "full power of feeding, ruling, and governing, the Universal Church," that neither Nice, (p. 191,) nor Constantinople, (p. 190,) nor Ephesus, (p. 191,) nor Chalcedon, (p. 191,) in limiting all Bishops to their proper districts,

makes no exception in the case of Rome? These things are not for us to reconcile.

“Non nostrum tantas componere lites:”

but theirs, who, with such perfect self-complacency, declare, with Bishop Kenrick, and count on their believing it, who have learnt how to read, that “the power of the Bishop of Rome, as successor of St. Peter over all the Church, is defined by the Council of Florence;” and challenge, upon that definition, universal and entire obedience. “Against the admission of this authority,” the Bishop of Arath may rest assured, there is much more enlisted than “the strongest prejudices:” the voice of God, as heard in Holy Scripture; and its confirmation, in the uniform consent of all antiquity.

The Oxford Divines themselves, who have shown no great reluctance to admit almost all our other tenets which were formerly contested with great warmth, have scarcely ventured to touch the very delicate point of Papal supremacy. Yet this is the rock on which the whole edifice of Christianity rests in immoveable firmness; this is the essential centre of unity, around which all the faithful must gather in harmony of faith and obedience.

“The Oxford Divines themselves, who have shown no great reluctance to admit almost all our other tenets”—see pages 30—34, of the Brief Examination, in connexion with this clause—“have scarcely ventured to touch the very delicate point of Papal Supremacy.” “Some points of it,” (Poper) says Mr. Boardman, “as for example *the supremacy of the Pontiff*, the schismatical position of the Romish Church, in its relation to the ‘Anglo-Catholic Church,’ transubstantiation, &c., *they attack manfully: one broadside follows another*, until the reader really begins to fancy they are the boldest of all the ‘champions who have entered the lists against that antichristian hierarchy,” (quoted in p. 24, Brief Examination.) Between Bishop Kenrick’s “scarcely ventured to touch,” and Mr. Boardman’s “broadside after broadside,” there is an obvious difference, doubtless. But one may get used to knocks, and scarcely feel them. The Oxford writers have unquestionably dwelt at greater length upon some other points than this of Romish error; perhaps as less palpably repugnant to all Scripture and to all Catholic tradition; and so, more dangerous. But more will judge with Mr. Boardman, than with Bishop Kenrick; when informed that, of their teaching, on this “very delicate point,” the following are samples:

“The claim of the Pope to be universal Bishop, is against Scripture and antiquity.”—*Tract for the Times*, 38, p. 11.

What more could it be?

And again:—

“That there is not a word in Scripture about our duty to obey the Pope, is quite clear.”

But, in a moment, what a change! “*The very delicate point of Papal supremacy*”—a vanishing point, in every Catholic eye—becomes, in the next sentence, “*the rock* on which the whole edifice of

Christianity rests in immoveable firmness ; this is the essential centre of unity, around which all the faithful *must* [?] gather in harmony of faith and obedience." In our old-fashioned way of thinking, we had supposed, with Paul, that "the whole edifice of Christianity" rested on "the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone." But they have changed all this in Arath. Apostles and prophets and Jesus Christ himself, in their philosophy, must all give place "to the very delicate point of Papal supremacy !" "The essential centre of unity !"—a pretty figure, doubtless, were it true ; and to be turned, in prose or poetry, to very good account ! But how was it when there were two Popes ? Were there then two "essential" centres ? Or, which was which ? And where is the authority for such a figure ? A wordy, bungling writer, in the "Encyclopedia Americana," (article, *Roman Catholic Church*,) says, that "this primacy, according to all the traditions of the apostles, rests in the person of the Roman Bishop, as the successor of St. Peter, whom Christ made the rock of his Church ; *that is*, the immoveable centre of his visible Church." This seems to be the notion prevalent in Arath, and perhaps the article itself was written there. The allusion, doubtless, is to Cyprian, *de Unitate Ecclesie* ; though not one word is there in that or any of his writings, of a supremacy of power and dignity in Peter ; much less of its descent, from him who never had it, to the Bishop of Rome ; much less of *his* being the essential centre of unity : but exactly the reverse. Even in the very passage which the advocates of Rome rely on most—and which, that they might more rely on it, there is strong suspicion that they have interpolated, to adapt it to their use—the power conveyed to Peter is expressly said to have been given to all the apostles, and the rest of the apostles are declared to be what Peter was. "The rest of the apostles were, indeed, what Peter was : endowed with an equal fellowship both of dignity and power." *Hoc erant utique et ceteri Apostoli, quod fuit Petrus, pari consortio præditi et honoris et potestatis.* Words, than which none could possibly be used more clearly to deny that supremacy which the Council of Florence, in 1438, attributes to the Pope.

"For three centuries, the experiment has been made, the Bishop tells us, to dispense with this conservative power." *Only* for three centuries ? It was in 590, that the great Gregory became the Bishop of Rome ; the same who said, as has been before cited, that whoever doth "call himself Universal Bishop," doth "forerun Antichrist." When Augustine came to England, the seven Welsh Bishops, whom he invited to a conference, replied, by Dunod, Abbot of Bangor, to his demand for their submission to the Pope, in these plain words : "Be it known, and without doubt, unto you, that we all are, and every one of us, obedient and subject to the Church of God, and to the Pope of Rome, and every godly Christian, to love every one in his degree, to perfect charity, and to help every one of them, by word and deed to be the children of God : and other obedience than this I do not know due to him whom you name Pope, nor to be the Father of Fathers, to be claimed and to be demanded. And this obedience

we are ready to give, and to pay to him, and to every Christian continually. Besides, we are under the government of the Bishop of Kaerlion upon Uske; who is to oversee under God over us, to cause us to keep the way spiritual." When the Portuguese arrived in Malabar, three centuries ago, and claimed the Syrian Churches, with their Bishops, for the Pope: "Who is the Pope?" the natives asked—"we never heard of him." The Church has got along without the Pope before, as well as since, the reformation; and can do so very well. When the Rock Christ Jesus fails her, she will find poor resting on the Rock, which sometimes found itself in Avignon, and sometimes at Rome. The special pleading which ensues, by way of showing how free from harm that is which God is said to have ordained, is hardly worthy of a loyal Papist. "That the Vicar of Jesus Christ is powerless against the truth," is just the case in point. It is the truth that tramples the tiara down. As to his power being for edification, not "for destruction," it depends exactly on how much he has. All history is bloody with the traces of his iron hand. The Inquisition is not yet forgotten. Miserable Ireland, laid open to us in the London Quarterly Review, attests the unchangeableness of Rome, in tyranny, as in false doctrine.

"To wish to fix with precision the limits of A POWER WHICH MUST BE GREAT, to meet all the exigencies of the Church, in the numberless vicissitudes of ages, is to create unnecessary embarrassment! No doubt, all limits set to power are awkward and embarrassing to tyrants. Hence, Napoleon's summary disposal of the subject—"the state it is myself!" "For every sincere friend of union it should suffice, that the authority is conservative and paternal, confessedly limited by the divine law"—"as I interpret it"—"and only to be exercised for the spiritual interests of the Christian commonwealth." Thank you kindly, Sir, for your deep interest in "the Christian commonwealth." It gets on very well without an earthly head. The history of the old Church admonishes us to be content with the Lord our God, for our king. We have not the slightest inclination to put our trust in the shadow of the bramble.

Bishops are sometimes flattered by the enemies of the Papacy, which is represented as hostile to the free exercise of their rightful prerogatives.

I have no notion that any of my brethren will need me to speak for them, in reply to the insinuations of this paragraph. And yet, I will say, that if any portion of this letter could be grateful to them, it would not be that. They desire nothing, as their "rightful prerogative," which is not given them by the word of God, as understood and acted on in the first ages of the Church: and, in maintaining that, they find no trouble with the people of their charge; and need no aid but His, who called them to be shepherds of the flock, for which He shed His blood. They are as little capable of being "flattered" by the servants, as "by the enemies, of the Papacy." They are as little governed, as you unworthily suspect "Archbishop Wake" to have been, by any "pride," in spurning from them an "authority superior," to them, to whom Christ himself hath said, "As my Father

sent me, even so send I you." Against "unjust local restraints," should they ever be called to suffer from them from "the civil power," of which they entertain no apprehension; or in aid of "the just exercise of Episcopal authority," they ask no protection from the Pope, and no counsel from his vassals. They admit not that the power they hold is a "subaltern power," except, as it bends humbly at the throne of Him who put them into this, His ministry; and they bless God, that they are free from all considerations of responsibility to any "superior," "distant," or near at hand. Admonished by our divine and gracious Lord, we "call no man Master;" for "one is" our "Master, even Christ." From Him, our office comes. In his name, it is exercised. To his glory it is devoted. The souls we seek to save were purchased by His blood. The virtue of our ministry comes through the power of His prevailing Spirit. With Peter—whose true heart, if it could suffer, in the Paradise of God, the blasphemies of Rome would daily wring to agony—we exhort one another, as fellow-elders, and fellow-witnesses for the sufferings of Christ, and fellow-partakers, as we humbly hope, of the glory that shall be revealed; "Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock; and when THE CHIEF SHEPHERD shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

It is as poor a proof of self-respect, as of the estimation in which we are held by him, that Bishop Kenrick speaks of "*other serious difficulties* in the way of union," which it were "premature" "to treat," on this occasion," besides the doctrinal concessions and ecclesiastical admissions, which he calls on us to make. When he has brought us to renounce the faith of Cranmer, Cyprian, Ignatius, Paul, "the faith once delivered to the saints," and embrace the gross corruptions which were mingled in the festering and fermenting caldron mixed and stirred at Trent, and to recognize the Bishop of Rome, as the "true Vicar of Christ, and head of the whole Church, and the father and teacher of all Christians," the "personal interests and claims," which "are at stake," will not detain us long. God forbid that we should glory! But, before that time comes, God grant that these, our bodies, may be "given to be burned!" In the mean time, permit me simply to inquire, by what right you, or any of, or even all, your colleagues, make these overtures to us? Who authorized you to answer for "the Father of the faithful?" Who made the servant free to give the invitations of his Master's house? Nay, by what right do you, the inferior and vassal of the Pope, approach us, Bishops of the Catholic Church of Christ; and so—saving the reverence due to occupancy of the see in which Apostles laboured, preached and died—the equals of the Bishop of Rome; and, therefore, your superiors? We are no Vicars of the Apostolic See, as you are, but Vicars of the Lord of heaven and earth. We claim no personal regard, but humbly wash your feet, as well becomes us. But if you touch our office, if you trench upon our trust, which we received from

Christ, and hold for Him and Him alone, we plainly say to you, that, if the Bishop of Rome, our fellow-bishop, be your superior, you may choose what name or place you will, but Bishops, in the Catholic sense, as we are, we allow you not to be.

God forbid, that the "impulse" given in these last few years to the "religious mind" should be resisted! Far be it from us to strive to check it! It is an impulse from on high. It bears us towards the source of truth. And it will carry with it, to save or to destroy, whatever, in opposing it, resists the truth. Under "its glorious banner," multitudes are rallying, more will rally. It is the banner of THE CROSS, and, when it beams on faithful hearts, the very waving of its folds is victory. Not for a moment, from its lofty and triumphant march, will men be turned aside, by the poor grudgings of the Puritan, called by whatever name, or by the specious flatteries of Papists. "The camp of Catholicity," so called, at Arath, lies not in its path; or, if it does, but to be swept away at its approach, as the retiring wave swept Pharaoh and his host. Even now the Lord takes off their chariot wheels, that they go heavily. Even now they grudge and murmur that the host increases not among us, as they would. And such an artifice, employed at such a time, betokens men "at their wit's end," and so perplexed as to forget not only courtesy but policy. A flimsier, thinner subterfuge was never used. A child sees through it. And, if "the Father of the faithful" does not call the writer home from Arath, and reprove him, his right hand forgets its cunning. Were a deacon of this diocese to perpetrate so gross a blunder, he should feel the fullest force of my rebuke. I would tell him that the occasion he had taken was unworthy of a generous heart. I would tell him that the spirit which pervaded every line was the spirit of a partisan, and not the spirit of a Catholic Churchman. I would tell him that while I blushed for the unskilfulness of the piece, unworthy of the contrivance even of a school boy, I was shocked at the impiety which could so mix up unworthiness of motive and unfairness of occasion with the professions of peace and the phrases of piety. I would tell him, in a word, that "the wisdom that is from above, is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

For the chair of Rome, occupied once by an Apostle; for the Church of Rome, where apostles preached and died, and to which Paul addressed a letter, which is now to us the word of God; we entertain, as such, a holy reverence. It is Papal Rome, not Apostolic Rome, from which we shrink, as from a body spotted with the plague; or, but approach her, should God give the opportunity, and then cheerfully, if at our lives' cost, to purify and heal. The chair of Peter, as the chair of John, or Titus, we may well regard with wonder and adoring awe, as the expressive emblem of that divine Episcopacy which has survived, through generation after generation, and will survive the world, which it was sent to bless and save, through faith which is in Christ. But speak not of the Pope of Rome, as sitting in

“the chair of unity.” Speak not of Rome as one. Rome is not one. And the approach to oneness, that is in her is the oneness of compulsion and constraint; the unity of mere indifference, the dull, dead level of infidelity. Rome never yet agreed, to specify no more, as to the resting place of that infallibility, on which alone her claim to unity reposes; nor does she yet agree. Well has Mr. Newman said—would that he would add to all his other service to the Church a work, well worthy of his talents and his learning, *THE VARIATIONS OF POKERY*!—“the theologians of Romanism have been able dexterously to smooth over a thousand inconsistencies, and to array the heterogeneous precedents of a course of centuries, in the semblance of design and harmony. But they cannot complete their system in its most important and essential point. They can determine in theory the nature, degree, extent, and object of the infallibility which they claim; they cannot agree among themselves where it resides. As in the building of Babel, the Lord hath confounded their language; and the structure stands half-finished, a monument at once of human daring and its failure.”

The Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, addressed by Bishop Kenrick, must doubtless deem it highly complimentary to them, that, in selecting from the works of St. Augustin, a concluding extract, to enforce his argument, one should be taken from his Hymn against the Donatists: “composed,” as we are needlessly informed by the historian Dupin, “*in vulgar and popular terms, to teach the most unlearned the state of the question betwixt the Catholics*” (not Romanists) “and the Donatists, and to exhort these to a re-union with the Catholics—a writing, as Augustin himself observes, “*proper for none but very ordinary people.*” Such as it is, there is no candidate for orders, much less any deacon in all our dioceses, who will not see at once, that, whether as to the occasion of the writing, or the meaning of the lines extracted, they have no bearing on the subject. Between the Donatists and the communion, favoured, through their Bishops, with this letter, there is not even the agreement of Macedonia with Monmouth, that there are “rivers in both:” and the appeal of the quotation starts, not from the chair of Peter strictly, but from the unbroken line of Bishops in the Catholic Church, from which they had gone out, beginning from that chair. “Enumerate the Bishops even from Peter’s chair, and in that line of fathers mark the due succession: that is the Rock against which even the gates of hell shall not prevail.” A question this, in whose discussion it might not suit the Bishop of Arath and his colleagues to engage; since it might prove them, in the expressive phrase of their own Champney, but “probable Bishops,” after all. The Council of Nice decrees (Canon IV.) “It is most fitting that a Bishop be appointed by all the Bishops in the province. But if this be difficult, by reason of any urgent necessity, or through the length of the way, three must by all means meet together.” It was decreed by the Synods of Arles, Nice, Antioch, Laodicea, Carthage, Orange, that at least three Bishops should consecrate. Now, Dr. John Carroll, the first titular Bishop of Baltimore, was consecrated by Dr. Walmsley, alone; and it is believed,

with good reason, that Dr. Walmsley himself was consecrated by but one Bishop. "Now an ordination," says one of their chief writers, "which is merely probable, or only probably sufficient and valid, only makes a *probable Bishop*, or one who is merely probably a Bishop. * * * But he who is only probably a Bishop, is not validly and sufficiently appointed to the Episcopal degree and power; nor has he Episcopal vocation; for true and valid Episcopal vocation is not merely probable, but certain and undoubted. * * * But otherwise, whatever the Pastors and Bishops of the Church should perform, as Bishops, would be so uncertain as to be probably null and invalid." This is mentioned only for the benefit of "whom it may concern:" it being observable that one looks in vain to "the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac and Laity's Directory," for any details of the succession—"quis cui successit"—of these "probable Bishops."

"Gregory XVI. invites you to return to the Church with the same authority and affection wherewith the first Gregory called your ancestors to the Communion."—To any proper communication which the Bishop of Rome shall ever make to the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, his office and their own will be a certain guaranty of due reception and respectful answer. To such an invitation as the Bishop of Arath undertakes to make for him, we reply not at all. We respect our order, we revere the Catholic doctrine, we reverence the word of God, too much. We place ourselves, at once, upon the ground of Ephesus, and utterly repudiate an interference so insulting. We are freemen, born free. We cherish, as a sacred trust, for those that shall come after us, "that liberty wherewith our Lord Jesus Christ, the Deliverer of all men, has endowed us by his own blood." We are Bishops of the Church of God; and recognizing no higher office in the Church, save His, who is the "Shepherd and the Bishop of our souls," we "give place" to the Bishop of Rome, "by subjection, no, not for an hour." When he calls home from among our flocks his vagrant Apostolic Vicars; when he addresses us, as brethren, put in trust, in the same Church, with the same Gospel; when he proposes to confer with us, touching the points in which we differ, with the reference of all of them to Holy Scripture, interpreted by Catholic antiquity, as represented in the first four General Councils; when he retracts his awful curses; and, "forbearing threatening," gives a brother's hand to brothers; kneeling with us at the one altar, where the Body and the Blood, that bought us all from everlasting death, are freely offered to whoever will receive them, in true penitence and faith, as pledges of salvation: then shall the hand of brethren grasp, with living love, a brother's hand; then shall the hearts of brethren burn and melt within them, with adoring gratitude; then shall Ephraim no more envy Judah, and Judah shall no more vex Ephraim; then shall the past be all forgotten; and the only struggle for the future, who shall love each other and all men the most, and so best serve the gracious Lover of us all; then shall the sorest hindrance to the progress of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ be taken away; and then, to

His own Banner of the Cross, borne forward by a nobler host than ever gathered yet beneath its flaming folds, "God, even our own God," shall graciously vouchsafe the victory. "Hasten it, Lord, in thine own time." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

There is sure proof here, of what one, once his opponent, said of him; since he laid his spear in rest and put aside the weapons of the warfare of the world, "No enemy ever conquered him, but death."

It must be imagined, hard as it is to do it, that there are those, who will see more weakness, in the mention of the names of Newman and Manning in the above controversy, than strength, in the truths they once believed and uttered, and in the arguments woven into their statements, by my Father, from Holy Scripture and ancient authors. To all such it is enough to say, that the revived teachings and practices, which my Father defends, are those which live in England and America now, in the wide acceptance of the Catholic verities; baptismal regeneration; the real Presence; the visibility of the Church; the apostolic succession: and in the increasing adoption of Catholic practices; daily services; frequent Eucharists; sisterhoods; houses for the poor and fallen; fasts, and prayers, and works of mercy. Doctrines and practices they are, in which Marriott died; and which, thank God, *the* Wilberforce, and Pusey, and Keble still advocate with their voices, and exemplify in their lives. That some went from them, to Rome's corrupt additions to the Faith, proves only the weakness of man, and the power of the devil. That the truths they left, have grown and spread, proves equally, the power of truth, and the blessing of God. To say that Newman went to Rome, *because* of the teaching of the Oxford Tracts; is to make cause and effect, a mere question of time. Men read the Bible, and *then* sin; men read the Fathers, and *then* become schismatics. Does the Bible tend to sin; or patristic study, to schism? The common argument runs; "Newman wrote some of the Oxford Tracts, and went to Rome; *therefore*, the Tracts are Romish." Why, will it not read as well, "Pusey wrote some of the Oxford Tracts, and did not go to Rome; *therefore*, the Oxford Tracts are not Romish."

CHAPTER VIII.

CHURCH PRINCIPLES—ADVANCED VIEWS—ESTABLISHMENT OF THEM—ENLARGED SYMPATHIES.

IN a brief sketch of my Father's Church principles, I would make only a condensation of what has been already written. Imbued with them, himself, they appear in *all his writings, so that none could ever mistake, or misplace them. And I speak of those distinctive features of the Church, which in the earlier day of his ministry were in abeyance, hidden under vague and weak acts of compromise and conciliation. Of the great fundamental spiritual doctrines of the Gospel, I need not speak of course. Swelling the fulness of the Church's ancient universal voice her faithful sons must utter them through the trumpet which they blow. The channels through which they run ; the means of their application ; the creeds in which the truths are crystallized ; the Sacraments through which the grace is conveyed ; the Apostolic ministry, in whose possession are the twelve baskets, that gathered and keep and must dispense the fragments of the Saviour's teachings and the miraculous means of feeding human souls ; the Church herself, the Ark of God's eternal and immediate presence ; these are the points without which the holding of theoretical truth is alike unprofitable and impossible ; these are the points which are as the body to the soul, externally powerless in themselves, but essential to the keeping of life and truth, as truth and life are essential to their quickening. And these my Father guarded with a jealous care, as of old they kept the ark. He was one of those who brought the ark up from its concealment in the house of Obed-edom to the hill of public, open sight, that all men might look to it.

THE GOSPEL IN THE CHURCH.

The Church of the Gospel is that which Jesus Christ established. It was not until He had died for our sins, and risen for our justifica-

* In a recent catalogue of the Church Book Society, the letter D, meaning *distinctive*, stands, before the only one of my Father's writings, they have published. And that *one*, a child's sermon. It might stand, before every thing he ever wrote, for children or for adults ; for he wrote always, distinctly and "distinctively," as a Catholic Bishop, teaching Catholic truth.

tion, that the work of our salvation was completed, and the faith of the Gospel ready to be revealed. This done, the Saviour's next transaction was the organization of the Church now purchased by His blood. The twelve, and the seventy, had before gone out, to proclaim that the Kingdom of God was nigh. The proclamation was now to be, the kingdom of God has come! The forty days, therefore, that intervened between the resurrection and the ascension, the Saviour passed with His disciples, *speaking*, St. Luke expressly says, *of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God*,—instructing them in all those duties which were soon to devolve upon them in the promulgation of His Gospel, and edification of His Church: and accordingly, of all the conversations which were recorded, as held at this most interesting period, the commission and duties of the Christian ministry, the establishment, direction, and preservation of the Christian Church, are the continual theme. When he was just about to ascend to heaven, He issued His commandment to the eleven, *All power is given unto me in Heaven and in Earth*, mark the authority on which the ministerial commission is placed by Christ Himself.—*All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and make disciples*, or Christians, of all nations, *baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost*, teaching them, being first by baptism made disciples, *to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world*. Having thus instituted the ministry of reconciliation; commanded them to call men out of all the world, by baptism, into the Church; ordained in it a principle of self-perpetuation, in the succession of the Apostolic office—as *my Father hath sent Me, so send I you*—and given assurance that the ministry in that succession should never be interrupted, always should be accompanied with the divine blessing, everywhere should enjoy the divine protection,—*lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world*—the blessed Saviour, having finished the work which His Father had given Him to do on earth, ascended up on high: and that to all the world the warrant of the Godhead might be clear and plain, and that the Church might be endued with grace and power to bear the high responsibilities, and to discharge the blessed functions, which, as the mystical body of the Lord, were to be fulfilled in her, until the end of the world, He sent from heaven the Holy and Eternal Spirit, to illuminate, to sanctify, to abide with her forever. From that time, what the Apostles did, they did according to the mind, and in the name of Christ. Peter, on the same day, preached, for the first time that it was ever heard on earth, the full and perfect Gospel.—The preaching of the full and perfect Gospel pricked the hearts even of them who had conspired to slay its Author; and when to their inquiry, *what shall we do?*—the answer of the Apostle was, *repent and be baptized, every one of you, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, then they that gladly received the word*,—they that believed in Him Whom Peter preached, Christ crucified, the Prince and Saviour of His people, and, so believing, repented of their sins,—were baptized, were made members of the Church of Christ, receiving in it, remission of

sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost. *And the same day were added to them about three thousand souls.* Thus, on the very same day that the Gospel of Christ was first preached, the Church of Christ was first established. The record of that day was the record of all that followed. Thousands believed, and all that believed were added to the Church. Admitted to it by baptism, they *continued steadfastly in the Apostle's doctrine, and in fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers; and believers were the more added to the Lord, both men and women.* Thus were the faith of the Gospel, and the Church of the Gospel, united, at the first, by Him from whom they both proceed; never, as we believe,—and, since the converse none can prove, ours is at least the safer side—never to be disjoined; the *one*, the visible body, in which the *other*, as the life-giving spirit, is to exist and operate,—the *one* as the keeper divinely authorized, the *other* as the divinely authenticated deposit, the *one* as the pillar and ground, the *other* as the truth, to be set up upon it for the light of the world; their mutual and united agency in the design of saving souls, as benevolent as it is beautiful, the perfect work of Him, who doeth all things well. The same Jesus who is declared to be “the author and finisher of our faith,” is also declared to have “purchased” the Church “with His blood.” The Apostles, who were sent to preach the Gospel to every creature, were at the same time bidden, to admit all nations into the Christian Church by baptism. Upon the declaration of our Lord, recorded by St. Mark, “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved,” the historic comment of St. Luke is, “the Lord added to the Church daily the saved.” The Gospel was nowhere preached by the Apostles, that the Church was not also planted by them. The Epistles of St. Paul are written “to the Church of God which is at Corinth,” “to the Churches in Galatia,” “to the Church of the Thessalonians which is in God the Father, and in the Lord Jesus Christ;”—and to enumerate no more, the Epistle from which the text is taken, was directed, and the exhortation of the text itself addressed by the hands of Epaphroditus, whom Paul calls the Apostle, and whom all antiquity concurs in calling the Bishop of the Philippians, “to all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi, with the Bishops,” (then the appellation of presbyters) “and deacons.” Of Philippi I know not whether a vestige now remains. Macedonia, a province then of Rome, has passed from hand to hand, and been by turns the battle ground of tyrants, and the skulking place of slaves, till the bare name alone is left. And even the Roman Empire, then shadowing over, in her high and palmy state, the subject world, has shed long since her branching honours, and bowed down her towering trunk, and perished from the root. While here, to-day, in a new world, of which no poet then had dreamed, after the lapse of seventeen ages, and at the distance of five thousand miles, the Gospel which Paul preached is proclaimed, the sacraments which Paul transmitted are administered, and a council of the Church, with their Epaphroditus at their head, is assembled, in the name of God, and in his service, in precisely the same orders, laymen, deacons, presbyters, which Paul addressed at Philippi. Let there a man rise up, now, that can give, on human

principles, a satisfactory solution of this strange exception from human change and dissolution! Let there a Christian man come forward, and, in the sight of God, declare his clear conviction, that this thing could be so, but by the special and immediate interposition of the Providence of God,—the same divine assurance that he has kept the Gospel of Christ, from extinction or corruption, also preserving the ministry and the sacraments of the Church of Christ, in their original character and form! The Gospel is but a book;—and yet, while the writings of the most distinguished authors, contemporary with its composition, have perished wholly, or remain in few and scattered fragments, its sacred contents are still held by us entire and unimpaired. The sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper are outwardly but ceremonies—and yet while all the gorgeous rites and glittering apparatus of the false religions, with the pomp, and pageantry, and splendour of kingdoms and of empires that controlled the world, have vanished like the clouds at sunset, these simple offices—the sprinkling of the new-born infant's brow with the pure water of the baptismal font, the meek, unostentatious banquet of the bread and wine, which the Lord once brake and blessed and commanded to be received—still hold their place in every land where Jesus is proclaimed; are still received by countless millions as pledges of their salvation, and emblems of the love that bought it. The distinction of the ministry in three orders, with the exclusive power of self-perpetuation in the highest, if it be not ordained of God, is but the arrangement of human skill, or the device of human ambition. And yet, while all the governments on earth have changed in form, once and again, within the Christian era; while revolution has succeeded revolution, and emperors, consuls, kings, dictators, come like shadows, so departed, the arrangement which we claim as Apostolical, the arrangement which we find in the Philippian Church, is still, under all forms of civil government, preserved; has never in the tract of ages, suffered interruption; against all adverse circumstances,—pride, prejudice, poverty, indifference, treachery,—is still maintained by more than nineteen-twentieths of all that bear the Christian name; and by none who do maintain it, into whatever other corruption they may have fallen,—I mention it as an incontestable fact, and full of matter for deep contemplation,—have the great doctrines of the Gospel, the proper divinity of Jesus Christ, and the atonement for all sin by His blood, ever been denied. Now, in the wonderful preservation of the Scriptures there is no pious man who does not recognize the express hand of God. Who shall refuse to own it, then, in the preservation of the Church? Springing from the same divine source, tending to the same gracious end, the God who joined them will preserve them, let us rest assured, together, till all his purposes on earth are accomplished, and the dim types and shadows of the Church on earth be lost in the perfect and glorious realities of the Church triumphant in heaven!

THE MINISTRY OF THE CHURCH.

God acts, in all things, by a ministry or delegated agency. He made the worlds, the Apostle tells us, by His Son. The Law was

given, He tells us, by the ministry of angels. It was by the ministration of the Spirit, that the Apostles were prepared for their great work in the construction of the Church, as is related by St. Luke. And Bishop Atterbury finely says, "He directs the affairs of this world by the ordinary ministry of Second Causes." He did not save the world but by the blood-stained ministration of the Cross. And for the knowledge and the grace, by which Salvation shall be realized in individual hearts, He makes the ministry of men available. "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation;" and again, "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God."

That the ministry, in question, is *divine* these texts sufficiently establish: "the ministers of Christ;" "Stewards of the mysteries of God;" "who hath given unto us the ministry of reconciliation." But we need not seek for it, by inference. We have it, by express historic statement. In the midst of his own brief ministry, Jesus Christ chose men, to be His ministers. At the last supper the Twelve received commandment to celebrate the Holy Eucharist for His commemoration. On the night after His resurrection, He said unto them, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." When He was just ascending into Heaven, He said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth: go ye therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." And when the Holy Ghost, which He had promised, came from heaven, it fell upon the Twelve, and gave them power to speak with tongues: and from that moment they began to preach the Gospel unto every creature; and to baptize all believers in his name.

A ministry implies *exclusiveness*. Much more a *divine* ministry. To select certain persons, for a trust, is to exclude all other persons from it. To appoint men to do an act is to limit the doing of it to them. When Korah, Dathan, and Abiram intruded on the office of the priests, they perished in their intrusion. No man lawfully or safely took that honour upon him, but he that was called of God, as was Aaron. *Only to the Twelve*, did Jesus say, on the night in which he was betrayed, "Do this in remembrance of me." *Only to the Twelve*, did Jesus say, on the night of the day on which he rose, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." *Only to the Twelve*, did Jesus say, on the morning of the Ascension, Go ye and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them." *Only the Twelve* stood up, upon that memorable Pentecost, and said, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ." *Only of the Twelve*, the sacred nucleus of the Church, about which its whole mass has gathered, is it written, "And the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." There was, and, therefore, can be, but one ministry of Jesus Christ; and that, the Apostolic.

The Apostolic ministry was meant to be, and so was made, *per-*

petual. To the Twelve, whom He sent out, to make disciples of the nations, Jesus said, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The mortal could travel with the immortal, in no way but by perpetual succession. Accordingly the precedent was set, when, for the traitor Judas, Matthias was elected; enjoined in what the Apostle wrote to Timothy, "The things that thou hast heard of me," "commit to faithful men, who may be able to teach others also;" and practised, when he left him in charge of the Ephesian Church, while he set Titus over Crete. So that Tertullian's challenge, to the hereties of the second century remains, unanswered, and unanswerable: "Let them make known the original of their Churches; let them unfold the roll of their Bishops, so coming down in succession from the beginning, that their first Bishop had, for his ordainer and predecessor, some one of the Apostles or Apostolic men, so he was one that continued steadfast with the Apostles. For, in this manner do the Apostolic Churches reckon their origin: As the Church of Smyrna recordeth that Polycarp was placed there by St. John; as that of Rome, that Clement was in like manner ordained by St. Peter; just so, can the rest also, show those—as true, to-day as then—whom, being appointed by the Apostles to the Episcopate, they have, as transmitters of the Apostolic seed."

SACRAMENTAL GRACE.

HOLY BAPTISM.

Who must be born again? Whoever would be saved. So our Lord expressly said to Nicodemus. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." These are explicit words. * * * We are thus brought to the second question, Why must he "be born again?" Because in our Lord's own words, "that which is born of the flesh is flesh." Upon the birth of flesh the Fall brought down the curse. Of every child of Adam, from his first born son to that whose cradle-slumbers shall be broken by the trump of the archangel, the words of David speak the fearful truth; "Behold I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me." To be born of the flesh is to be born in sin. To be born of the flesh is to be the prey of death. To be born of the flesh is to be the child of everlasting wrath. The only escape is, to be born again. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." "Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again."

But *how must they be born again?* This, too, our Lord has answered in His reply to the objection, raised by Nicodemus. A master in Israel, none could know better than he did, that proselytes from heathenism to his religion were said to be "new born," and called "new creatures," to imply their utter change of principles and practices and habits. And that such always were baptized. His difficulty was to see how such a change could be required in him, a Son of Abraham and an heir to all his promises. Therefore his strong expression of surprise. *Require of me an Israelite, a master in Israel, to be new born as heathen are! As well require an old man to be born again in nature's way. The things are equally impossible.*

As before, the answer of the Lord is positive and peremptory. No matter who you are. No matter what you think. No matter how it seems to you. "You must be born again." To come to me is not enough. To believe that I am "the Christ the Son of the living God," is not enough. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." For fifteen hundred years there never was a doubt that this was said of baptism. It is what our Lord elsewhere said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." And again, "Go ye and make disciples of all nations baptizing them." It is what the Apostles answered to the question of the day of Pentecost, "Men and brethren what shall we do? Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins." It is what St. Paul wrote to Titus, "According to His mercy, He saved us, by the washing of regeneration." It is what St. Peter wrote, "Baptism doth also now save us." It is what the Church teaches, in the XV. Article, where she speaks of all Christian men as "baptized and born again in Christ:" and in the XXVII. where she says, Baptism "is a sign of Regeneration or New Birth, whereby as by an instrument, they that receive Baptism rightly are passed into the Church, the promises of the forgiveness of sin and of our adoption to be the Sons of God, by the Holy Ghost, are visibly signed and sealed:" in the Catechism, where the grace of Baptism is declared to be "A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; for being by nature, born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace:" in the Baptismal Service, where it is expressly said, "Seeing, now, Dearly Beloved Brethren, that this child, or this person, is regenerate:" and in the Order of Confirmation, which contains this solemn declaration, "Almighty and everliving God, who hast vouchsafed to regenerate these thy servants by water and the Holy Ghost." To state the case in the same words which Jesus has Himself employed, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." We come into the world, the sons of sinful Adam. We are conceived and born in sin. We are corrupt and perishable flesh and blood. And "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." That is a spiritual kingdom. To inherit it, we must be spiritual. To become spiritual we must be born again. Only "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again." As St. Augustine saith, "To obtain the temporal inheritance of his human father, a man must be born of the womb of his mother. So to obtain the eternal inheritance of his heavenly Father, he must be born of the womb of the Church. And since man consists of two parts, body and soul, the mode of this latter birth is twofold: water, the visible part cleansing the body; the Spirit by His invisible co-operation, changing the invisible soul." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God."

A single question yet remains. *What is it to be born again?* And here lies all the difficulty. A system of exposition, scarcely three hundred years of age, started by Calvin, has darkened the coun-

sel of God by "words without knowledge." Confounding regeneration with renovation; interpreting the text, "Ye must be born again," to mean, *Ye must be converted*; the whole relation of men to God, as redeemed in Jesus Christ, the whole plan of salvation through Him, the whole system of Christian training and probation have been overturned; and another Gospel substituted for that which Jesus preached, and which the Church perpetuates from Him. I do not overstate the dangerous errors of this system of instruction. It makes the redemption which was purchased by the blood of Jesus, an empty form. Nothing is done for man. He must himself begin the work of grace. Until he has experienced a change in his own heart, he is "without God and without hope in the world." And to Christian people as to heathen, regeneration must be preached, and they must be "born again." The test of acceptance in this system of instruction, is not the simple faith, which comes in childlikeness to God in Jesus Christ, nor yet the works, which such a faith will always bring with it as surely as the fruit declares the tree: but a mere feeling of acceptance, and a resulting confidence of being saved, such as the Publican had not, and such as the Pharisee boasted that he had; and, yet, the one who had it not, was justified; and he who boasted that he had it, was condemned. "If ye were blind, ye should have no sin. But now ye say, We see, therefore your sin remaineth." And then it does away with, and discourages, all hope of influence, in the religious training of our children: since however they may have been baptized, however they may have been taught by precept and example, however they may have been kept by parental watchfulness, and shielded by parental prayer, from the evil that is in the world, they are not God's children until they feel and know, that they are transformed into His image, in righteousness and holiness. A system which puts asunder what God has joined together. A system which begins at the end and works backward. A system which fails to thrust men into desperation, or into wretchedness of unclean living, no less perilous than desperation, because it is felt to be an utter unreality. To answer the question, "What is it to be born again?" we have but to ask what is it to be born at all? The analogy is perfect. It is because of the perfection, that the Holy Ghost adopts it. He knows what is in man. He best knows how to teach him. What birth is to life, regeneration is to salvation. Just that. No less. No more. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh: and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again." Everybody knows that birth is not life; but only the beginning of it. Everybody knows that birth is not certain to result in life; but may be terminated in its own act. Everybody knows that birth is in order to life; and is nothing unless life succeed. Precisely so with regeneration. It is the new birth. It is, thus, the beginning of the new life. The analogy is more perfect than, at first, it seems to every one. The quickening which precedes the birth has its parallel in the repentance and faith which must precede baptism, and thus go before regeneration. But then, regeneration does but begin the new life. Renewal must continue it. It

must be renewed, day by day ; while the probation on which salvation turns, continues. As St. Paul has taught, "According to His mercy, He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." And, finally, the new birth is of no other value, in the sight of God, than as it leads to the new life ; and is consummated and crowned in it. As the same Apostle teaches, everywhere. "What shall we say, then ? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound ? God forbid ! How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein ? Know ye not, that so many of us, as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into His death ? Therefore, we are buried with Him, by baptism, into death ; that, like as Christ was raised up from the dead, by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." And, again, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service : and be ye transformed, by the renewing of your mind." And, again, "But ye have not so learned Christ ; if so be that ye have heard Him, and have been taught by Him, as the truth is in Jesus : that ye put off, concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts ; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind ; and that ye put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness."

And, now, to sum all up, in fewest words. Regeneration is baptismal. We are "born again, of water and of the Spirit." The new birth is in holy baptism. It is indifferent, whether it be an infant, or an adult, "Seeing now, dearly beloved, that this child : " "seeing now, dearly beloved, that this person is regenerate," infants, or adults, all are sinners, before God ; all are helpless in their sins ; all are to be children, that they may enter into His heavenly kingdom. The grace of childhood, or of childlikeness, is alike, from God. * * *

1. * * * * It will be said, this passes comprehension. But is generation more comprehensible than regeneration ? Is not God incomprehensible ? Is not the soul incomprehensible ? Is not the atonement incomprehensible ? Is not eternity incomprehensible ?

2. It will be said, we make too much of means. Can the farmer do without his plough ? Or the carpenter without his saw ? Or the mariner without his compass ? Can we see without light ? Or cook without fire ? Or live without water ? And do we, therefore, make too much of means ?

3. It will be said, we magnify the ministry too much. But are not all things ministerial ? Can there be learning, without teachers ? Or government, without magistrates ? Or humanity, without parents ?

4. It will be said, we favour human merit. Can there be any merit in being washed ? Or any value in a handful of water ? Or any virtue of ours, in being cleansed from our sins in the blood of his Cross ? Can it be meritorious merely to be born ?

Of two things, beloved, rest assured ; because they are God's word : "Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he can-

not enter into the kingdom of God." And, again, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven."

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

* * * * He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

Let it not be thought superfluous, and much less impious, to say of these expressions of the Saviour, that they must mean something. It is the admission, if men's practice be the expression of their feelings and convictions, of far more, than those who take the name of Christians commonly allow. The reason is, that if they allow them to mean any thing, they fear that they may mean too much. "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood." "How *can* this man give us his flesh to eat?" "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." How can these things be? "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. This is a hard saying; who can hear it?" Meanwhile, do not suppose that these and such as these objections weigh against the truth. Consider the occasion when these words were spoken. Jesus had just walked to his disciples on the sea, attesting thus his power and Godhead. Consider the solemn manner of their introduction. "Verily, verily, I say unto you;" and this not less than four times in the length of this discourse. Consider the plain and earnest declaration with which the subject is dismissed. "Doth this offend you? What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before? It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." I do not hesitate to say, that there is no passage in the sacred volume which is more clearly to be taken in its full extent than that of Jesus at Capernaum; nor any words which more explicitly declare his purpose and our duty than the passage which was taken for the text.

Nor need we make long search to find their clear and obvious meaning. He had been feeding a great multitude with a few loaves and little fishes. They followed him, he tells them, not for his miracles, far less for love of him, but for the loaves. And then he takes occasion, as he did from every incident, to exhort and instruct them. "Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you." They tell him, in their wretched self-importance, of the manna which their fathers had been fed with, and quote the Psalmist's words, He gave them bread from heaven to eat. His reply is, "Moses gave you not that bread from heaven, but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. I am that bread of life:

and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." His mighty works strove with a mightier unbelief. The miracles which he had wrought among them, the very bread so marvellously multiplied, which was even yet in their mouths, are nothing to their pride and prejudice. They strive among themselves and say, How can this man give us his flesh to eat? With a calm dignity which stands in beautiful contrast with their tumultuous passion, he replies, not disputing; for who can reason with self-will?—not explaining, for to what purpose explanations to them that have determined not to understand?—but simply re-asserting with that most solemn preface, which he never uses but in the enunciation of the most important truths, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. A year or two transpires. He intermits not for a day his blessed labours, and his holy teachings. He goes about doing good: and at every step the sick recovered, the blind restored to sight, the ears of the deaf unstopped, the dead raised up, proclaim Him what he claimed to be upon Isaiah's warrant, when the Baptist sent to ask him who he was, the Sent of God. His work is well nigh done. The time of his departure is at hand. The shadow of the painful Cross already casts its thickest gloom upon his path. He sits at his last passover. The twelve are with him, as they were by the lakeside of Gennesaret, when he pronounced those memorable words. He takes bread. He blesses it. He breaks it. He gives it to his disciples. He says, "Take, eat, this is my body, which is given for you." Did not Peter then remember, did they not all remember then, how he had said, I am the living bread which came from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die: and the bread that I will give, is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world? He takes the cup. He gives thanks. He gives it to them. He says, "Drink ye all of it: for this is my blood of the New Testament which is shed for you, for the remission of sins." Did not Peter then remember, did they not all remember then, how he had said, Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life: for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed? And if any thing was wanting to the full and perfect comprehension of this awful mystery, did they not hear it in those solemn words, when bowing on the Cross his reverend head, he exclaimed, It is finished, and gave up the ghost? Did they not read it in the blood and water that gushed, a living stream, from out his pierced side? Did they not feel it in the darkened noon, the trembling earth, the rending rocks, the opening graves, and all those fearful signs in heaven and earth, that testified of Him whom wicked hands had crucified and slain, Truly this was the Son of God? Was there a doubt from that time of his meaning or their duty, who had heard his words, and known him in his life, and witnessed first his painful death, and then his mighty resurrection and his glorious ascension? Did they not take, eat? Did they not all drink? Did they not do this in remembrance of him? Read the record of the first days of Christianity. Begin at the very beginning, on the day of Pentecost. "Then they that gladly

received the word were baptized; and the same day there were added to them about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers." Follow the company of Christians where you will, and on the first day of the week you find them coming together, as with Paul at Troas, to break bread. Hear St. Paul's own exposition of the matter, which he received, as he has told us, from the Lord—that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the New Testament in my blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me." Hear his distinct assertion, that the bread thus broken is the body, that the wine thus blessed is the blood of Christ, "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" See how distinctly he asserts for all who have been baptized into that one body, the privilege of that one bread—"for we, being many, are one bread, and one body; for we are all partakers of that one bread." See how he shows, that what was done at Corinth then, must be done always, and by all who would be saved through Christ, even till his second coming as their Judge for whom he came at first to die—"as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death until he come." Hear his impressive warning not to come to such a holy feast without the marriage garment of true penitence and faith required by God in holy Scripture; "Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord," passing upon himself the awful condemnation of not discerning in these lively emblems the body of the Lord. And then hear, how, instead of barring from this holy table even the chief of sinners, he invites whoever will to come, simply enjoining on him, that he may escape the guilt of coming unworthily, the Christian duty of searching out his heart—"let a man examine himself," and so—convinced of his own sinfulness and helplessness, and of the sole sufficiency and perfect freedom of the Cross—"so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup."

Such, holy Scripture being its own interpreter, is the clear meaning of those words of Jesus Christ, which I have taken for my text. The bread which he himself has broken for us, is his body. The cup which he himself blessed for us, is his blood. As one was pierced and the other was poured out upon the Cross to purchase the forgiveness of our sins; so are these lively emblems to the souls that come to them in penitence and faith, the means and pledge, so blessed and so assured by him, of pardon and eternal life. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day.

THE OFFERTORY.

When the plan of systematic charity was laid before you, in 1833, the Scriptural warrant for it was given to you in those words

of St. Paul, to the Corinthians, "Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the Churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." The proposition was, that the sums, thus laid by "in store," should be brought to the Church, on the Sunday of the administration of the Holy Communion, and placed on the Holy Table, with the alms, and other oblations of the people. What I have now to propose—and what I confidently believe, if faithfully carried out, will be blessed of God, to the full and constant supply of our Missionary Treasury—is, that, instead of monthly, or at rarer intervals, "THE OFFERINGS OF THE CHURCH" BE MADE EVERY LORD'S DAY, *in connection with the Offertory*, as appointed in the Communion Service.

I. This was the primitive mode.

II. This is the simplest and most direct address that can be made to the parishioners.

III. This is the Church's proper action, in her due organization, under the direction of her ministers, on the call of her divine Head.

This plan combines many advantages.

1. Its *frequency* is an advantage. The contribution can never be forgotten.

2. Its *constancy* is an advantage. The supply from it will be perpetual and sure. There is nothing to be trusted like a habit.

3. Its *simplicity* is an advantage. It is intelligible to every one, and will commend itself even to little children.

4. Its *moderation* is an advantage. Returning frequently, it, of course, calls, at each time, for comparatively little. Thus, it meets the convenience of all. "If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little."

5. Its *inexpensiveness* is an advantage. It will cost nothing for agencies, and be encumbered with no officers.

6. Its *sobriety* is an advantage. It makes no exciting appeals, and creates no heat, to be followed by a more than corresponding coldness. It is the oozing of the water from the rock that fills the springs. It is the gentle dropping of the dew that clothes the vales with verdure.

What are its disadvantages?

1. It is disagreeable to be asked so often to contribute.—As if the Lord's Prayer did not ask *every day* for "daily bread!"

2. It is disagreeable to make the collection so frequently.—As if it were not better to be "a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, than to dwell in the tents of the ungodly!"

3. It is disagreeable to connect the giving of money with the worship of the Sanctuary.—As if there were any surer test of a heart given up to God! As if the Sanctuary itself could be built, or sustained, without money! As if the offerings, by God's own appointment, were not formerly brought to his own holy Temple! As if the silver and the gold were not all his!

4. It is disagreeable to be detained so long.—As if five minutes, occupied in hearing sentences from Holy Scripture, and in prayer,

were to be esteemed a hardship, for a soul that looks to an eternity of worship !

Brethren, dearly beloved in the Lord, I have but little more to say. I need say but little more. My office compels me to acquaint myself with the destitution of the Saviour's "sheep, that are scattered abroad in the midst of this naughty world." I have only you to look to, for the means by which they may be gathered to his fold, and "saved through Christ forever." If I seem importunate to any of you, it is that you may secure that precious privilege, of which He hath said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." You will pardon me this wrong.

The Apostle Paul seems to have entertained a very poor opinion of what men call "a charitable collection." Once in a great while—he must have had a breast-plate on of triple brass who first proposed "a *quarterly* collection," in a modern city Church!—a notice, worded with the utmost skill, that none may take offence, is tremulously read, that, on a given day, their condescending bounty will be asked, for the Lord's poor, or for His Church. The newspapers, in the same column with the sale of stocks, and some new dancing-girl, diviner than the last, announce, in the tallest capitals, that that incongruous individual, the popular preacher of the day—as if the truth were ever popular, since Jesus Christ was crucified, and Stephen stoned, for speaking it—will patronize, for that night only, with his peculiar eloquence, the cause of such and such a charity. By one means and another,—the itching ear, the patronage of fashion, the dulness of the one night in a week that offers neither fashionable entertainment nor scientific lecture—what is significantly called "a full house," is secured. The utmost stretch of logic, and of rhetoric, is brought to bear upon the topic of the night; which is, by clearest demonstration, shown to be the one absorbing charity of the whole age. And they who came to hear, and to be seen, the amusement of the evening done, deposit, without a prayer, it must be feared—perhaps, without a thought—the smallest coin they happen to have with them; and go home, to scold, that charitable collections come so often, and their reckless minister will beggar all his congregation! For one whole year, at least, that subject is tabooed throughout the parish: and no other, be it what it may, must be proposed, or thought of, until the last collection shall begin to be forgotten. Nothing like this would the Apostle tolerate in the Corinthian Church. He strictly and explicitly forbids it—"that there be no *gatherings*, when I come!"

A puny faith begets a sickly charity. In nothing, is the faith of our day set in stronger contrast with the faith of the first Christians, than in this, its most immediate and essential fruit. And, if we might presume to look into the judgment scroll, we should be taught by its inevitable record, that Christian faces will at nothing "gather" darker "blackness," than at the disproportion of their alms-deeds to their duty, and their power. Oh, with what dread confusion will their hearts be filled, who sought "their own," and pleased themselves, and grasped their gold, till it oozed out between their fingers, when He who sits upon the throne shall meekly vindicate, before ad-

miring angels, and a self-doomed world, those words of His, which they derided, as romantic and unmeaning, "IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE!"

You are accustomed, my dear brethren, for the confirmation of your faith, your discipline, your worship, to go back to the first ages, and to find your pattern there. Are you as ready to go back to them, to learn the rule and practice of true charity; and follow their example, who, having first given "their ownelves to the Lord," "to their power," "not only, but beyond their power," "were willing of themselves?" It is to the beautiful picture of their habitual self-sacrifice for Christ, that I would now direct your contemplation; beseeching God to send His Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that best of gifts, "without which, whosoever liveth," does but seem to men to live, since, in God's sight, he is "accounted dead."

And now, suppose that, as the gift of God, His choicest gift in Jesus Christ, His Son, this charitable disposition is possessed; still, it will need directions for its exercise, and rules for its control. The same inspired pen, which has pourtrayed the one so well, supplies the other. *Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the Churches in Galatia, so do ye: on the first day of the week, let every one of you lay somewhat by itself, according as he may have prospered, putting it into the treasury; that when I come, there may be then no collections.* Here we have—

I. The injunction of the duty; "*let every one of you!*" Men greatly err in thinking themselves free to give, or not to give. They may refuse indeed: but, if they do, they sin. All that we have, as all that we are, is God's. We are trustees for Him. Our trial is to use our "trust, "as not abusing it;" remembering the account.

II. The due proportion of our gifts; *according as we may have prospered*: "each man according to his several ability." A reasonable rule, since our ability and prosperity proceed from God; to whom the gift is to be made, whether his Church receive it, or His poor. An easy rule, since, as St. Chrysostom hath said, "the gathering by little and little hinders all perception of the burthen and the cost." A certain rule, since He who has imposed it, sees the hand, and reads the heart, and knows if we do justly.

III. The time of giving; *on the first day of the week*: when the week's work is done, and its result is known; when the calm quiet of the sacred day disposes to self-examination and reflection; when, if there be a heart, it must be swelled, till the hand open, in the grateful sense of the rich mercies of redeeming love.

IV. The mode of giving; *laying somewhat apart*: separating God's share for Him, making it secure to His service, and putting it into His treasury; with humble prayers that He will take and bless it to His glory, and the good of men.

It was to meet this appointment of the Apostle, and on the sufficient warrant of its authority, that the Offertory was instituted. In the first ages of the Church, the commemoration of the Cross, in its appointed sacrament, was made, at least, on every Lord's day. Ancient piety could not be called too often to remember the death of the

atoning Lamb. Ancient faith could not receive too frequently that blessed blood and body, which are the "drink indeed" and "meat indeed" of the immortal soul. And ancient charity, while it felt all its unworthiness of so great mercies, and remembered to what suffering multitudes, lying in darkness and death's shadow, these mercies of redemption were unknown, would not come empty-handed to "such a heavenly feast." Hence, at the administration of the Holy Supper, on the Holy Day, the oblations of the faithful were presented. "Upon the first day of every week," each one of them laid somewhat by itself, according as he had been prospered, putting it into the treasury. The sum of all these sacred contributions was "laid at the Apostles' feet; and distribution was made to every man, according as he had need." While this was so, there was no lack in the Lord's treasury. In the midst of prejudice, against every form of opposition, in spite of utmost persecution by imperial power, the Church went conquering on, till it had filled the world, and bowed the Roman eagle to the Cross.

THE DAILY SERVICE.

It is a burning Eastern noon. Far as the eye can see, there falls no shadow, nor will, for many a weary mile. It was before the daylight, that they left the last palm-shadowed fountain. The night will gather, long before they reach the next. And many a scorching noon must yet be borne, before the holy city is in sight. But hark, the travellers sing! No mournful melody, no burden of complaint, no lay of lamentation. It is David's pilgrim hymn of praise. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces."

Again, it is the holy city. The morning breaks in beauty on its happy homes. The households are astir. The early meal is blessed and eaten. In every shop, in every field, at every hearth, the busy hum of industry is heard. "Peace" is within their "walls, and plenteousness within" their "palaces." But, hark! There is a hush on all the air. The very silence speaks. The hammer lies upon the anvil. The plough is stopped, mid furrow. The scholar leaves his book. The housewife stays her wheel. The children leave their play. It is the hour of prayer. It is nine o'clock. The glad throng hasten toward the Temple. From every house some join the gathering crowd. The merchant from his desk. The workman from his shop. The mother with her infant. "Old men and maidens; young men and children." The gates are always open. As they enter, they lift up their voices in the choral song of praise; "I was glad, when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord; our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem." The priests from within reply, in strains that fill the courts with music's manliest echoes, "Jerusalem is builded, as a city, that is compact together: whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David. Pray for the peace of Jeru-

salem ; they shall prosper that love thee." And the approaching worshippers lift up their voices, and reply, "Peace be within thy walls and plenteousness within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will wish thee prosperity, yea, because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek to do thee good."

Ages and ages pass away. Almost three thousand years. The Christ has come, to whom the Jewish worship, all referred. He has died, on the cross. He has risen from the dead. He has ascended into heaven. The Christian Church has been established. Not a trace remains of the Temple, at Jerusalem. The Jews are scattered everywhere, without a shrine, without a home. For the one altar on Mount Sion, there are ten thousand times ten thousand ; increasing every day. The Christian bell rings out the hour of prayer. There are but three or five that come to it ; but, God is with them of a truth. "Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I, in the midst of them." They kneel for the confession of their sins. They listen to the voice of him, to whom the Lord hath said, "whose-soever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven." They join in David's psalm. They hear the Word of God, from both His Testaments. They utter forth the creed for which Apostles died. They pour the fervent voice of common prayer and common praise. And in a half an hour they return to do the duty, to which God has called them, with His blessing on their heads and in their hearts.

It is a half an hour of silence. We talk far too much. We are tempted to talk nonsense. We are tempted to talk scandal. We are tempted to speak blasphemy. There is written on the portals of this house : "The Lord is in His holy Temple ; let all the earth keep silence before him." It is a great thing to be a half an hour where we say nothing but good words. To be there every day an hour is much towards the instruction of the tongue.

It is a half an hour of thoughtfulness. We think as much too little, as we speak too much. Or think of trifling, or of evil things. Here every thing is real. Here every thing is pure. Here every thing is heavenly. We are where good men are. We are where angels are. We are where God is. The cross is here. The sacred grave is here. Jesus ascends from here. The Holy Ghost comes down upon us here. It is a healthful atmosphere. It is an atmosphere of peace. It is an atmosphere of holiness. It is good for us to be here.

It is a half an hour of reverence. We are sitting among graves. We are sitting, where the altar stands. We are sitting where the roof opens into heaven. Death is nearer to us here. The judgment is nearer to us here. Eternity is nearer to us here. Must not our thoughts if anywhere be thoughts of reverence here. How dreadful is this place ! "This is none other but the house of God ; and this is the gate of heaven."

It is a half an hour of instruction. Here, God is our teacher, in His holy word. Here the Church is our teacher in her ancient creeds, her solemn litanies, her faithful prayers. What Socrates but guessed at, a child knows here. The golden dreams of Plato fall short of the first lesson of our catechism. Duty is taught. Pardon is revealed.

Heaven is opened. Lord to whom shall we go! Thou hast the words of eternal life.

It is a half an hour of charity. Who can kneel down before that cross, and hate his neighbour? Who can be here with loving John, and generous Paul, and fervent Peter and forgiving Stephen, and yet not love him? Who can look upon that altar and indulge an envious eye? Who can remember what the bread upon it is, and hurt a member of that body? Who can remember what the cup upon it represents; and make his tongue an arrow, to pierce through a brother or a sister?

It is a half an hour of devotion. We come here to pray. We are helped here to pray. It is the house of prayer. And such divine prayers as our mother has provided for us! Prayers, which have gone up to God from dungeons, where confessors pined. Prayers, which have gone up to God from scaffolds where His martyrs bled. The prayers of Chrysostom. The prayers of Gregory. The prayers of Latimer. The prayers of Ridley. And the prayers of Laud. Oh Thou, that hearest, the prayers, unto Thee shall all flesh come.

It is a half an hour of heavenly-mindedness. "The world is too much with us." I do not mean the world which God made, with its mountains, with its forests, with its rivers; the deep green sea, the deep blue sky. I mean the wicked world. The world of cruel men and scandalous women. The world of selfishness, and immorality and sin. "The world is too much with us." Here, for a season we escape from it. Here for a time, we breathe the atmosphere of heaven. Here for a time we are companions with the angels. Here for a time we are at home with God. Verily I say unto you, "wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Beloved, to the Jew the attractiveness of the Daily Prayer was irresistible. He was glad when they said unto him, Let us go into the house of the Lord. The twilight of the Jew, is now the Gospel noon. How should the daily Prayer be less attractive to the Churchman? *It is too often.* Is every day too often to live? Should not the Lord's Prayer be a part of every service? And does not that ask for *daily* bread? The Prayer Book answers for you. It is the order for *daily* morning and for *daily* evening prayer, which it sets forth. *There is no preaching except on Sunday.* If there is will you be sure to come? But in every service God *does* preach three times, at the least. Once, in the Psalter, once, from the Old Testament, once, from the New. *There are so few that come.* Come then yourself; and make one more. If every one does that, the Church will soon be full. But come if there be only two. There is a sweet serenity in such a service which no tongue can utter. The worship of the great congregation is like the multitudinous sea. The little handful, like the rivulet that glides in gentleness along the mountain side. The one the pouring rain, the other the distilling dew. It is what Jesus did. It is what the Apostles and first Christians did. It is what the best in every age have done. Try it and you will like it. You will like

its stillness. You will like its serenity. You will like its peace. It will be to you the beauty of holiness. It will realize in you the odour of sanctity. *You have not time.* It will make time for you. A day, with system, is a week, without. You will arrange your occupations. You will rise earlier. You will waste less. You will gain time by it. I am a busier man than any five of you. And I have found it so. Beloved, in heaven they rest not day and night; saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty which was and is, and is to come." What will you do when you get there? Will you get there? Could you stay there, if you did? Lord Jesus; teach us how to pray! and help our prayers with, Thine.

THE WEEKLY EUCHARIST.

"What, the Holy Communion so soon again!"—I can conceive of some one saying—"it was only on Christmas Day that it was administered! Why should it be so often?" Let me answer this question, not unreasonable in the mouth of one who has not been duly instructed in "the truth as it is in Jesus," by just asking another. Why should it not be? A far more difficult task does he engage in, brethren, who undertakes to show why, at any and at every assembling of Christian men, for public worship—at least on every Lord's day—the Holy Communion should not be administered, than he who would contend, from Scripture, ancient practice, or right reason, that it should be administered but once a year, or four times a year, or on the three great festivals, or even but once a month. Let us look first to Scripture. To the Apostle Paul the Lord himself revealed the institution of this sacrament. "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body which is broken for you, this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, this cup is the New Testament in my blood, this do ye as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me." And his own conclusion from the whole proceeding, and application of it to the case of the Corinthians is in these words, "For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death until he come." Now how was "often" understood while the apostle yet lived who thus used the term? In the Acts of the Apostles we read as follows; in the second chapter at the forty-second verse; "Then they that gladly received his word were baptized; and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls: and they (the glad receivers of the word who were baptized) "continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship and in breaking of bread and in prayers." In the same chapter, at the forty-sixth verse, "and they" (the same persons) "continuing daily, with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread at the house" (the upper chamber probably in which they assembled for Christian worship) "did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart." In the twentieth chapter at the seventh verse, we read, "upon the first day of the week," (the Lord's day) "when the disciples came together to break

bread ;” to which stated receiving of the Holy Communion, at every reception of which they were accustomed to contribute alms for the support of their poor, St. Paul evidently alludes, in the sixteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, first and second verses, “Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the Churches of Galatia, even so do ye ; upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him.” From which, and other parts of Scripture, the natural inference is that Christ enjoined frequent communion, and that in their understanding who lived with him, and heard his words, and knew his will, and were guided by the Holy Spirit, this was understood as daily, or at least on every Lord’s day.

In perfect agreement with this was the practice of Christians in the age next following the Apostles. Tertullian who lived in the century after them, speaking of the Holy Communion, says, “It was commanded by our Lord, to be celebrated in all Christian assemblies, even in them which were held before day.” Pliny the younger, who lived while the Apostle John was yet living, in giving an account to the Emperor Trajan of the habits of the Christians, says, “They are wont upon a certain day, to meet together before it is light, and to bind themselves by a sacrament not to do any evil thing.” Which “certain day,” Justin Martyr, in the next century, in a letter to the Emperor, Antoninus Pius, explains as follows: “Upon that day which is called the day of the sun (or Sunday) all Christians (I wish you would observe, dear brethren, the emphatic language “all”) that live either in the cities or in the country meet together, where they hear the writings of the prophets and Apostles read, and an exhortation made to them : and then they having all joined together in their common prayers, bread and wine is brought and consecrated by the presiding minister, and distributed ” (observe again the emphatic language) “to every one there present, and carried by deacons to such as were absent. And the distribution and participation of the consecrated elements is made to every one. And this food,” he adds, “is called by us the Eucharist.” Finally, an Apostolic canon, not later than the second, or beginning of the third century, provides, that “all believers that come to Church, and hear the Scriptures, but do not stay to join in the prayers and the Holy Communion, ought to be excommunicated, as bringing confusion into the Church.” From all which it plainly follows that the Holy Communion was celebrated during the first three centuries, at every occasion of public worship, at least on every Lord’s day.

And why should it not be so ? Let us enquire the judgment of right reason in the case. Consider the Holy Sacrament in either of the two respects in which the Catechism, following Scripture, presents it to us, and say why the emphatic words of Jesus “do this as oft as ye drink it” should not be interpreted to mean as often as the time and opportunity permit.

I. Consider the holy Institution first as to its design. “Why was the sacrament of the Lord’s supper ordained ? For the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we receive thereby ”—in other words, as Paul himself

expresses it, to shew forth the death of Christ: "as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death until he come."—The holy communion, it may be briefly stated, commemorates to us precisely what the continual burnt offering prefigured to the Jews, the death of Jesus Christ for the sins of the world. That is the one, the only real sacrifice. The Jewish sacrifices foreshadowed, the Christian sacrifice is to "shew" it after, till he comes again. By the divine appointment, the type was offered daily, "two lambs of the first year, day by day continually;" and on the sabbath day two more. Will any say that the one great sacrifice, the Lamb of God, slain for the sins of the world, is to be valued less in the remembrance than in the expectation? Can any say that the Saviour's, "do this as oft as ye drink it;" and the apostle's, "as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup" were certainly designed to enjoin less frequent celebration? Were not the apostles and the earliest Christians most likely to know what Jesus meant? And did not they daily, and at the least on every Lord's day, "shew forth his death?" And is not this, dear brethren, true to reason and to nature? Do we separate by the widest possible intervals the recurrence of acts which are intended to assist the memory? Is it not frequent inculcation that is most effectual? Was it not daily that the Egyptian King, required his servant to remind him, "O king, remember thou art mortal?" Is the token of affection that reminds us of an absent dear one, laid carefully away, to be revisited once in a year, or in a month? Where does the wedding ring repose, but on the finger which the common prejudice regards, (no matter with how little truth) as most connected with the heart? And where, the treasured ringlet, which alone the grave has left to us of our best loved, but where the faintest pulse of parting life shall feel and answer to its pressure?

II. Nor does the other aspect of the Holy Sacrament induce a different conclusion. "What are the benefits whereof we are partakers thereby?—The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the Body and Blood of Christ, as our bodies are, by the bread and wine." So the Saviour carefully explained the subject to his followers by the lake-side of Gennesaret. "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. Verily, verily I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. What food is, to the body then, this holy Sacrament is, to the soul, receiving it by faith. So Jesus Christ himself hath taught. Let the appeal be made again to reason and to nature. Must not our bodies every day be fed? Does not the Saviour teach us to ask, "day by day, our daily bread?" Is the soul less precious than the body? Or has it escaped the ruin of the fall, that it can live without its proper nourishment? Think, my beloved, of the Saviour's solemn words, who knew what was in man: "except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." Think if you should find,

even at the end of threescore years and ten, that, while the body had "fared sumptuously every day," the soul had starved through life, and must consume in everlasting misery, like that rich fool, who begged one drop of water, but to cool his tongue!

I am not ignorant of the answers which the self-delusion of the heart suggests, to overweigh the judgment of right reason, and the practice of antiquity, and the teaching of the Scriptures. I know that some of you will plead unworthiness: as if the Saviour had forgotten that, when with his dying lips he said, "Do this in remembrance of me." I know that some of you will plead the unworthiness of many who communicate: as if the Saviour had not said, "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." I know that some of you will urge the trite and trivial plea, that you can see no way in which a little bread and wine can benefit the soul, as if the same objection had not been started and put down almost three thousand years ago, "are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel; may I not wash in them and be clean?" I know that some of you will say, we fear to eat and drink unworthily, lest we incur damnation; as if to have no life, as they have not who do not eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, were not damnation to the utmost. I know that some of you—and they of whom we might well hope for better things—will say, the frequent reception of the Holy Supper will take from its solemnity, and so destroy its benefit: as if the same were not as good an argument for coming once a year to church, reading the Bible once a month, and praying once a week.

HOLY DAYS OF THE CHURCH.

We read, in the book of Genesis, (ch. i. 14,) that God made the lights of the firmament, "for signs and for seasons, and for days, and years;" and, as we measure the coming and going of spring and summer, autumn and winter, by the rise and fall of these bright signs, so the Church has marked out the calendar of her seasons, by the coming and going of festivals and holy days.

If you look at your Prayer Books, you will see by the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels that the Christian year begins with Advent Sunday, and ends with All Saints day.

Some days are set apart as FESTIVALS, or days of rejoicing; and some as FASTS, or days of sorrow, and repentance.

Also, there are three kinds or sets of days. One set brings before us the life and death of our blessed Saviour, such as Christmas, Good Friday, Easter-day, &c.

A second set brings the great truths of the faith to our minds; such as Trinity, All Saints, St. Michael and All Angels.

A third set brings before us in order the apostles and saints of Christ. And thus the Church is continually teaching us about Christ, and the faith he made known to the world; and shewing us by example, which is the readiest and best way, how we "ought to walk, and to please God."

And now, a few short reasons why every member of Christ's Church is bound to make these days, to the best of his power, days of religion, and times of worshipping God. The first reason taken alone, will be enough for every man of a right and humble mind ; and if all men were so I should give no more. But "all men have not faith."

1. First then we are bound to keep these days because the Church orders it. A wise and good Bishop of earlier times says, "he who is duly strengthened in faith does not go so far as to require reason and cause for all that is ordered, but is satisfied with the order alone." To a humble man it is enough to say that the Church, which is the mother of us all, has bid us keep these Festivals ; and if we be worthy and affectionate children we shall ask no more, being well sure that she is wiser than either you, or I. But, as there are very few men of this humble and teachable spirit, it is needful to give more reasons.

2. We are bound, then, because these days bring every year before our eyes the whole faith. By this we are continually reminded that Christ our Lord was born of a pure Virgin, that he was crucified, that he rose again, and went up into heaven ; that the Holy Ghost, instead, now dwells in the Church. Through this yearly teaching, her people are made sound in the faith ; and we know, from experience, that the most constant attendants at Church are, for the most part, the best instructed in the deep things of the Gospel.

3. Because these very days, or others of the same kind have been kept Holy in the Church from the earliest times, in affectionate memory of the Apostles and martyrs of Christ. We are thus taught, besides the benefit of their example, that we are only the living members of one great family, called the Church, or Communion of Saints, of which the Fathers and elder brethren, are gone on before us, and are waiting in the world beyond the grave, till the number of the elect shall be fulfilled : and that to us they have left the charge of holding out the word of truth boldly, and of shining as they did, like lights in the world, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation.

4. Because the Festivals are a standing witness of God, that He lays claims to the week days as well as Sundays. Men think, because one day is altogether given up to him, that therefore he does not require any part of the other six. They think also, that if they go to Church once a week, (and this is more than many among us, who come only once a fortnight, or once a month,) that they do enough : but every notice of a Festival is a publishing of God's right, and claim to the rest of the week ; and a witness against every careless, worldly man.

5. Because by the keeping of these days holy men are brought into a steadfast habit of going to Church, and above all, of keeping holy the Lord's Day. People who are often at Church on the week days, are the surest attendants on the Sundays.

6. Because the going to Church on a week day is not a matter of course and custom, as on Sunday, and so it puts a man more on the trial whether he will do it by free choice ; whether, if need be, he

will deny himself, and although it may cost him some trouble, and pain, obey the bidding of the Church. It is a poor thing to come to Church, only because others come.

7. Because these services are rare blessings. Men have very seldom the opportunity of going in the week to offer their prayers and thanksgiving to God, as the Jews always had every day, in their temple. And why should we suffer our Churches to stand all the week long silent and shut up, more like the tombs of a dead, than the temples of a living, religion.

8. Because to go to Church in the evening of these Festivals is a most blessed end to a day's labour, and the best preparation for sleep, which a wise man used to say was so like death, that he never dare give himself to it before he had sought to make sure his peace with God. And there is a calm and a stillness about the church and churchyard, in the evening, which everybody must feel most refreshing, after a weary day.

9. Because it is a time to pray, not only for ourselves, but for our parish, and brethren, and for all who either cannot or will not come to pray for themselves.

10. And, lastly, because it is high time for us to stand more watchfully on our guard. It is foretold, that in the last days a falling away shall come. We begin to see its forerunning signs even now. Men have already got as far as carelessness, coldness, and forgetfulness of God. They turn their backs on the Holy Communion, they seldom or never come to Church, and their life is after "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." The next step is open unbelief. There will come, in the end, false doctrine, setting itself up against God, and His Christ. Now, all true Christians must be aware, lest they be drawn away by the smooth under-current of the world, and so be found at the last taking part with the wicked one, and fighting against God. No man knows, at the outset, how far he may be carried away. "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." The best safeguard against this danger is a great faith in our blessed Saviour, and steadfast following of His footsteps; and the way to learn where His footsteps are to be found in the earth, is to be steadfast in the fellowship and prayers of His Church, "walking in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless." Therefore be diligent, to the best of your power, in keeping holy to God every day the Church has set apart; for in this way you shall, year by year, grow wiser in the deep knowledge of the faith, and in the holiness of our Saviour's life: you will also feel yourselves to be members of the one Church of Apostles, Prophets, Saints, Martyrs, and of every just spirit made perfect in the faith of Christ; and compassed by this cloud of witnesses, and looking for all things to Him that is above all, you will live lives of stronger faith, and brighter holiness, and like those that are gone before us, wash your robes, and make them white, in the blood of the Lamb. In this way too you shall not be conformed to the world, but transformed by the renewing of your minds. You shall not be shaped after the pattern of men without faith, and without God in the world, but moulded into the likeness of

Him, who though not seen as yet by our bodily sight, dwells in His Church, and is ever at work among us, choosing and gathering out a faithful remnant, who shall be Christ's at His coming. "The end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer."

FREE CHURCHES.

When John the Baptist sent messengers to Jesus to inquire if he were truly the promised Christ, the Saviour enumerated the several miracles wrought by him, which were the prophetic marks of the Messiah's coming. "Behold, the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised;" and he then added, as more and greater than all these, "to the poor the Gospel is preached,"—the poor, overlooked by the teachers of every other system, despised by the wise, and trampled on by the mighty of the world,—the poor are made partakers; nay, if to any, the preference is given to them, in those "glad tidings of great joy," which reveal a Saviour for lost man. My Christian brethren, if the question of the Baptist were to be repeated in our day, could we, in faith and verity, return the Saviour's answer? With very few exceptions, I fear we must say, no! In no sense worthy of our privileges, or worthy of our duty, do the poor have the Gospel preached unto them. Alas! even in the house of God, the spirit of the world has influence. "The chief seats in the synagogue," are theirs who can afford to pay for them. And the poor, God's poor, they whom the Saviour said we always should have with us, that we might return his love for us, by loving them, are crowded to the back seats, crowded into the gallery, crowded out of the sanctuary of the Lord. Yes, into the temple of Him who is "no respecter of persons," the distinctions of fashion and of wealth have been admitted, until now there is but one single spot of earth where "the rich and poor meet together" before Him who is "the maker of them all,"—even that grave, in which, in darkness and in silence, they wait for "his appearing and his kingdom!" Christian brethren, ought it to be so? Did not God, our Creator, make from the first, "of one blood," all the nations of the earth? Did not the Lord our Redeemer purchase with one blood the whole fallen family of man? Is there more than one heaven into which any of us, saved by his blood, can hope to come, that the Church which is its sole type on earth, where there should be neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, is deformed by ranks and castes?

But there is still a stronger view than this. Did not Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, taste death for every man? Was not the cross set up, was not the Church thrown open, that by the one, and through the other, the Lord Jesus, being lifted up from the earth, might draw all men unto him? And is it not in the purpose of God, to be effected, under his blessing, through human instrumentality, that in every place incense shall be offered unto his name, and that all shall know him, from the least unto the greatest? And will any reasonable man say that the utmost effort to accomplish this great end

is now put forth, that Christendom can apply to it? It cannot be pretended. If the hearts of Christian men were thoroughly warmed to the work; if what their hands found to do, they did with their whole might, provinces would then be converted unto Christ where families are now, and the triumphs of the Cross would shoot from kingdom to kingdom, as the flame in the dry grass is driven before the northern wind. Upon this subject there is a prevalent error. Well meaning, often, but mistaken men, perceiving the slowness with which the kingdom of the Saviour spreads, rashly presume that they can speed its progress by some accommodation of its terms—one lowering for that purpose the high mysteries of the Gospel, and another breaking down the towers and bulwarks of the Church. Conduct as unwise as it is wrong. Wrong, because, man has no authority to intermeddle with God's will; unwise, because he vainly will attempt to mend God's work. The true and only plan must ever be, to uphold and to proclaim the Gospel and the Church just as the Saviour left them—applying human zeal, human ingenuity, and human enterprise, not to the contrivance of a new Gospel, or of a new Church, but to the extension, establishment, and prosperity of that which God hath made, and God hath joined together.

For this end, I frankly own, the present modification of the parochial system seems to me an experiment worthy of consideration; and, as such, I earnestly commend it to the notice and the patronage of all who hear me. It, in the first place, secures, as firmly as human provisions can, the integrity and the purity of doctrine, discipline and worship; and it then seeks to conciliate for them the general favour, not by compromising principle, but by inviting all to engage in its administration, and thus enlisting for it the interest of all. To this end it throws open the instructions, ordinances and offices of the Church to all who will receive them—complying most literally with the precept, “freely ye have received, freely give,” and calling on all, whosoever will, to take of the water of life. It then offers an equal share in the management of its concerns to all who shall regularly contribute to its support, whatever may be the sum; thus recognizing the Christian citizenship of the poorest of the members of Christ, while it rightly withholds its privilege from all, not clearly helpless, who, if they have, will not open their heart to give, or if they have not, will not lay to their hand to earn. In the Christian congregation thus assembled, it provides for no distinction; all coming together before God, “high and low, rich and poor, one with another.” There is no appropriation of places, and therefore no contest for superiority. There are no pews owned, which the owner neither occupies himself, nor suffers others to occupy. There is no one compelled “with shame to take the lowest seat.” All are sinners. All desire salvation. All seek it through Him who “humbled himself, and became of no reputation.” In one general confession, they bewail the general depravity. In common prayers, they implore a common pardon. In mutual strains of gratitude and joy, they celebrate His praises, who, “when he was rich, for their sakes became poor,” and so loved them, that he washed them from their sins in his

own blood. Is not this, as it used to be, when "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul?" Is not this as it would be, if the love of God truly reigned in all our hearts? Is not this as it will be when the kingdom of the Father shall have fully come, and his will shall be done on earth, as it is done in heaven? *

The Church is built. It has been consecrated to its holy uses. God has accepted it, as His. The font is there, filled with pure water. The altar is there, with bread and wine, as Jesus Christ commanded. The Priest is there, with His commission to sprinkle one, and break and pour the other. It is the laver of regeneration that waits. It is the communion of the Body and Blood of Christ, that is prepared. And, from the holiest place a voice is heard, such as beloved John was taught of God to close the book of Revelation with, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come, and let him, that is athirst, come: and, whosoever will let him take the water of life, freely. Must there be, first, an auctioneer, with scarlet flag? Must pews be sold, or let first, at a price? Must some one stand, at the Church door, and ask the thirsty people, "What will you give?" No, God be praised! This is a *free* Mission Church. This is a house of prayer, for *all* people." This is God's house, and not man's. And, now, by me, He says, and where is he shall let or hinder God, from doing as *He* will, with *His* own: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk, without money, and without price!"

"*But such a crowd will come. It will be filled, at once. There will not be half room enough!*" God grant it! It is exactly what Isaiah said, "who are these that come, like a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" It is the very thing we want. This Church was built, to be enlarged.—But are you sure it will be so? Has it ever been so, yet? And if it should be now, will it not go to show that Churches should be free? That God knows best, for whom His house of prayer was meant? And, that the spirit of the world, which, with the help of careless and self-seeking Christians, has crowded out *His* Spirit, has done, what Jesus so indignantly denounced, making his Father's house, a house of merchandise, and shutting out His poor?

"*But how shall we sit? where shall we kneel? what shall we do?*" Sit, as you can, as people do that crowd to see a play, or hear a song: and stand, if you cannot sit. Kneel on the floor, as blessed Paul, and all his company at Tyre, "knelt down on the shore, and prayed." Or as the Son of God, three times, in all the blood and dust of dire Gethsemane! Do, as they did, of old, in the world's one temple; where, with all the limitless provision for God's glory, not a word is said of man's convenience; as if convenience were a part of penitence, or could promote salvation. Or, as they did in the ancient Churches; where, notwithstanding Romish misconstructions, sitting had no place; the earliest Christians, as learned Mr. Bingham states, not thinking it proper to sit, even after prayer, in the presence of God; while

the angel of Prayer stood by them. Or, as is done by some, whose custom is to hold their worshipping assemblies, in the woods. Or, best of all, build more *free Churches*.

3. *But families will be divided. We shall not be able, so, to keep our children with us. The natural sympathies will be repressed and thwarted.* And will there be no charity, in Church? Is civility not Christian? Will decency be disregarded? Will there be less courtesy in God's house, than in a steamboat, or on a railroad? You very seldom find annoyance, there. And here, you never would. Three weeks would settle every thing and sort out families, and secure good order, and vindicate propriety and courtesy and charity, with all of comfort that belongs to sinners, pardoned only through the Cross, on their repentant faith: so that the unbelieving and the unaccustomed, that come in, will fall with you upon their faces, and worship God, and own, that—"God is with you of a truth!"

4. *But the minister! What will become of the minister? He certainly will starve, with all his family!* Well, you know best, how that will be. And I confess it is a point on which I dare not trust myself to speak at length, yet I must say a little, or be thought to yield the question. I grant that wife and children must be fed and clothed. And even a celibate, if you enforce the Roman rule, upon us, must have more than air, to feed and clothe him. Elijah needed bread and flesh. And God will hardly send His ravens, in a land, like this, of superabundant plenty. But is it only on a bargain, that the ministry can live? Must the House of God, to be sustained, be sold out, or be rented, as the stalls are, in a market? Must the Gospel perish, but for pew rents? Will you only take salvation upon sale? Whose are your gold and silver? Whose are your stores and stocks? Whose are your shops and ships? Whose are your heads and hands? Whose are your wealth and poverty? Will you reap God's harvest, and dispose of it for gain, first-fruits and all? Will you keep sheep, that are all God's; and eat up the firstlings, with the flock? Will you rob God? Why Cain himself, "brought of the fruit of the ground, an offering to the Lord;" while blessed Abel added the further sacrifice of faith in Christ.

And for the mode, what need of further question, with the Offertory, in the Prayer Book? Just listen to its noble strain of Apostolic indignation! "Do ye not know that they who minister about holy things live of the sacrifice; and they who wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they who preach the Gospel, shall live of the Gospel! And, again, "Let him that is taught in the word minister unto him that teacheth, in all good things. Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap."

Not that I undertake to argue that all Churches shall be free. It is not mine to break the bonds with which a selfish and self-seeking world has tied and bound the Church. Nor yet, that, in this Free Church, this way or that shall be employed, to feed and clothe the Pastor and his household. The will, will always find the way. Until a better shall be found, the Offertory is at hand. Only do not sup-

pose the offerings in it limited to the small coin, which pays for newspapers. The wise men brought their gold. The first converted gave their houses. Joses, a Levite, brought his land. It matters not about the gift, if it be all you can, and take your heart with it. A flock of sheep, a barrel of flour, a piece of cloth, a mill, a ship, a farm, only let what you give, be given to God; only, let what you give be given to cost you something; only, let what you give be given, "not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."

EPISCOPAL SEES, AND CATHEDRALS.

We need to adopt more nearly the primitive provisions, in the arrangement of our dioceses. There is not in our Church, strictly regarded, one bishop's see. There is no point in any diocese, which can be fixed on as the centre of episcopacy; no Church, which is the Bishop's proper seat. It was not so at first. The law of the propagation of Christianity has always been radiation from fixed centres. From Jerusalem as the source of all, the earliest preachers of the Gospel betook themselves to Antioch, to Ephesus, to Corinth, or to Rome. Here Bishops were established. Thus they were made the centres of new circles. New circles still completed, as new centres were established. Thus were the Cathedrals, literally the seats of Bishops. Here they resided. Here their clergy collected about them. Here the daily service was performed. Here the Holy Communion was daily administered. Here schools were established. Here candidates for the ministry were trained. Hence went forth the Evangelists to preach the Gospel to every creature. And hence, as from a fountain ever full, all Christian influences still flow forth, like some perennial stream to water all the land. We need to revive, according to our ability, this ancient arrangement. Let me rather say according to our will; for where there is a will there always is a way; and they were neither rich, nor great, nor powerful, who brought their treasures and laid them at the Apostles' feet. Such an arrangement would place us in unity, as to the form of our dioceses, with the whole Catholic Church; and give us the advantage against Rome in arguing from antiquity. Such an arrangement would give strength and vigour to the Episcopacy, and greatly economize the means devoted to the service of the Church. Above all, such an arrangement, no matter how small or simple it might be at first, would be a setting up before the world, of the Church's witness for her Lord—the seat of His Apostle, the daily sacrifice of prayer, the nursery for every work of piety and charity—God's blessing would descend upon it according to his most true promise, so that there should not be room for us to receive it.

These were not recent theories, adopted late in life. He did not take them from the current of the age. He found them in his first studying of the Scriptures. He met them in his first reading of Church history. He saw them in his first using of the Prayer Book. And seizing from Bishop Hobart's dying hand, the banner of the Cross, he raised it nearer to the sun, till men saw on it, in the ancient writing, the further

development of the truths which Bishop Hobart, first in America, had fully developed and demonstrated. The principles restored and recalled by the writers of the Oxford Tracts, had caught my Father's eye, and won his heart, and claimed his voice to assert and defend them, before that movement began. And when it came, he welcomed it, and stood up for it, and defended it, from the suspicions of the timid, and the attacks of the unfriendly. And God used him largely, among the instruments, through which, these Catholic truths have been proclaimed and established in the American Church. His views of the authority and ministry of the Church are as full and plain in 1830, as in 1859. The plan of Systematic Charity is alluded to, in his primary charge. Originated and urged by him, its adoption spread throughout the Diocese with most admirable results, and widely, through the country; and the newspapers, as they proclaimed it from time to time, announced it as Bishop Doane's plan of offerings. The weekly celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and its true estimate in doctrine and in use, the daily public worship of the Church, the due observance of the Holy Days, and a full and fearless proclamation of the distinctive features of the Catholic Faith, prevail throughout the Diocese, not as he would, nor as they might, but to a degree that attests, even to a cold and careless eye, the fervour and earnestness of his faith and work, and the power of it, for influence. It is true of all these things, as one has said of his educational plans: "his noblest service to the Diocese of New Jersey is, that he has imbued it with the same spirit." This was well put by one of our laymen, not long ago, to whom the statement was made, that of late my Father's views had lowered very much, "Not at all," he said, "he took, years ago, a high stand, far beyond the time, and he has drawn us all up to him."

And the truth of this is strikingly evident, in the unvarying consistency of my Father's teaching and work; and the unity of purpose in his whole life. He died for the same things, that he had lived for, all his life. The whole of his long pilgrimage, was an undeviating progress in the road, on which he *learned* to walk. And his voice, was lifted up, in the full strength of manhood and in the weakness of approaching death, to witness to the same forgotten and neglected truths, which he had proclaimed in the fresh fearlessness of his youth.

In many points, my Father's interest was quite remarkable. Ordinarily, the mind matures and moulds itself in early life, to certain points, and looks, with indifference and caution and little interest, upon points that may arise afterward. Old men, not often, have sympathy with the views and feelings of young men. And more than all, episcopal responsibility adds to the

cautiousness and reserve of age. My Father was strangely free from it. Church Architecture was in its newest infancy, when his tastes and principles were forming. But he waked up to it, in later life; felt great interest in the English and American Ecclesiological Societies, and upheld the hands of those, who were most immediately engaged in them. And it was so, with Church music. Unmusical himself, and innocent entirely of Gregorian and monotone and services, yet, he supported the advanced movement in Church music; enjoyed it always, entered with the most intense feeling into the deep and searching devotion of the chanted litany, and with no timidity or hesitation, maintained the propriety and authority and beauty of the Choral Service. In these things, he was ever fresh and young; and real earnestness in any right direction, though upon a path he had not tried himself, awoke in him an answering enthusiasm; won ever from his lips, a cordial "God speed."

CHAPTER IX.

TRIALS, AND TRIUMPH.

It has pleased God, "in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." My Father was a soldier of the Cross, a follower in the footsteps of Him who bore it. And in the development of his character, in God's ordering of his life, the main and marked feature is suffering. There is no pen to paint the trials, or the triumphs of his life, for the one reaches down into a depth, few men enter, and the other up to a height which our eyes cannot see. That God's mercies, and His means of grace were mingled, with these orderings of affliction, is graciously and fully true. The uncarved human soul lies before His great hand, and from its mere, rough, natural strength, he carves, and moulds, and fashions, and softens it into form. And the severe instruments of suffering, the softening influences of mercy, the transforming power of divine means of grace, come all in, in various degrees. But when the block is solid, and the beauty to be complete, the shape and polish must be gained, only by the severity, that cuts and breaks, and smoothes, with the roughest things. For his soul, there was a baptism of suffering, a baptism of tears; for him, the instruments of the Passion, the bearing about in the body, the marks of the Lord Jesus.

It began in early life. It grew with his strength, into more severity. It mingled with his cup of highest human pleasure. It was the shadow, that all the sunshine of his life cast over it. And the complement, joy answering sorrow, and peace succeeding peace, made up the record of the days of the years of his pilgrimage.

In mid-life, out of the deep of his heart, he cried unto the Lord, in the secret silence of his private journal, which has such entries scattered through it, as this:

My steadfast trust is that it is but for a time, and that though by thy permission darkness may endure for a night, joy will come in the morning. Grant it to me gracious Father, for Thy mercies' sake in

Jesus Christ; or—or—prepare me for Thy will and mercifully sustain me under it.

A very rainy day, a pond by the road-side agitated like a little sea, a fit emblem of our life. The fading foliage and the rustling path were in unison with my feelings. As I observed the light of noon, breaking through the naked trees, I felt how bereavement opens the way for the divine illumination, to cheer and guide the soul.

To-day, the pond so stormy yesterday and rough, was calm and pure and peaceful as an infant's smile. So can the favour of the Lord subdue our stormy sorrows, and His grace soothe and tranquillize our rough and passionate hearts. Grant, Lord, that in me, both may be realized.

Keeping an unbroken vigil, by an anxious bedside,* he writes :

“God who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
But eternal vigil keepest,
Be about her gracious bed;
Soothe her heart and guard her head;
Drive the tempter far away,
Bid Thy Holy Spirit stay,
Every pain and grief console,
Fill with peace her contrite soul,
Let her hear Thy pard'ning voice,
Make the broken bones rejoice.
So our grateful hearts shall raise
Ceaseless songs, of fervent praise;
So supported by Thy grace,
Through the hardness of the race;
With the crown of conquest on,
May we stand before Thy throne.”

Another trial that I know not how to bear. Lord Thou knowest. May I be able to endure, as seeing Him Who is invisible.

A morning like May, all bright without, and, but for confidence in Him, all dark within. The Lord is my light, whom then ought I to fear. Yet the heart is but a heart. Come Holy Spirit with Thy renewing and consoling grace. Make it all thine and then it can neither faint nor fear.

A new year. The past, with much of joy and comfort, has had more of sorrow and sadness than my whole life. Turn our captivity, O Lord, as the rivers in the South. Send again prosperity, if it please Thee, and till it does, send patience. Thou canst make light our darkness and wipe off our tears. We bow before Thee in submission and desire to say “Father Thy will be done.” This has been a varied but not a happy day. In part *not* my fault, in part my error. I was right in principle but injudicious in asserting it. I was not kindly dealt with, but I have yielded all and made full and complete acknowledgments, and feel happy in having humbled

* My mother's; who, after a beautiful life of charity and purity; weary with many a sorrow; wearied out, with the sorrow of a second widowhood, entered into rest, on the 10th of November, of this year, at Florence, in Italy, exactly six months from the day on which she received the tidings of her bereavement. “They are in peace.”

myself to make peace, when in strictness I was right. God grant this may not be again. I am resolved with His help to avoid the like. Patience, meekness, faith. Spirit of consolation, our Comforter and Sanctifier, may these be our portion.

And the last unfinished record, as though the pencil broke, in such unutterable sorrow :

A day of wretchedness not to be described.

These are transcripts of his inner life, that may not be detailed in their minutiae. The first heating of the furnace was but to prepare him, for the sevenfold heat. To the depth of sorrow, there was a corresponding height of faith. The triumph of this trial, was in a victory over impatience ; a nerving of the shrinking soul, to bear, and brave, and be still ; and in the breaking of the sunlight, through the clouds. As he went on, God used the hearts and hands and tongues of men, to do this same refining, moulding work of his life. Before his consecration, he was exposed to a bitter and violent persecution, whose aim fell not short of destroying his character, and defeating his consecration. It failed, of course. The first men in Boston hastened to New York, with most determined interest, and fullest evidences of exculpation : and without his action, as it had gone on without his knowledge, Bishop White's firm and decided tone crushed the effort. And he forgot it, and forgave it. I pass it by, as he did, save this allusion to the next step, in the gradual perfection of his character. It had its triumph too. The friends that clustered to him, were far more numerous, and far more earnest in their love, than the fierceness and littleness of his foes. Then came a resting time. In it there were opposition and attack. But they only spurred him on, to more determined efforts. It was impossible that such a spirit, so uncompromising, so fearless, so unsparing of self in the carrying out of principles and plans, should not provoke enmity and dislike, from those, whose prejudices and principles he encountered and overthrew. But these broken, varying years, during which, twice, the burden of care and work and service, brought him to the verge of the grave, were the fitful weather that precedes a storm. And in 1849, it broke out with its first mutterings, which grew and gathered about his head, for five most suffering years. I utterly repudiate all thought of vindictiveness, all purpose to excuse or apologize, in what must be said of this. To omit it, from a review of his life, would be unfair, unwise, unjust, impossible. It comes in here, simply as a part of that providence of suffering and pain, through which it pleased God to chasten and perfect one whom He loved. With utmost tenderness, for the fair fame of one who has given me the proudest heritage of earth, to bear his

name, I am willing, nay I am proud, that all the truth should stand, and tell the motives, the manner, the spirit, with which he bore himself and bore it all. The imprudence of his too sanguine and enthusiastic confidence, which found its fullest penalty, in the keen sufferings he felt, for the losses it entailed on others, was willing to lose all, and looked for a milder judgment from God, than men would give it here.

The first movement in this tedious and complicated plan, was the moving of a resolution of inquiry, into certain rumours affecting my Father's character. The reception with which it met is thus described by Dr. King, the President of Columbia College, New York :

It was now half-past 6 o'clock, P. M., when the following resolution was offered by William Halsted, Esq., of Trenton :

Whereas, a Bishop should be blameless, and should have a good report of those that are without, lest he fall into reproach ; and, whereas, public rumour, as well as newspaper publications, have made serious charges against our Bishop, impeaching his moral character, tending to impair his usefulness, and to bring the Church of which he is Bishop into disrepute—therefore,

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed, consisting of three clergymen and three laymen, who, or a majority of them, shall make such inquiries as shall satisfy them of the innocency of the accused, or of the sufficiency of ground for presentment and trial ; and that they do make report to this Convention at its present session, or at such other time as this Convention shall designate.

Previous to presenting the resolution, Mr. H. said that, inasmuch as the proposition he was about to submit, nearly concerned the character of the presiding officer, he desired, in courtesy to that distinguished gentleman, to give him an opportunity of vacating the Chair by going into Committee of the Whole.

This being quite an unusual course in the Convention, and the Bishop indicating no wish to shrink from any duty, as presiding officer, the motion was not pressed, and the resolution was presented.

Mr. Halsted prefaced the resolution with a few remarks, in calm and measured language, disclaiming any unkind feeling towards the Bishop, or any purpose other than one of enabling him to place formally and officially before the Diocese, such explanation as he might be disposed and able to give, of the charges, which, in the shape of rumours, newspaper publications, and placards in our chief cities, were calculated so injuriously to affect his reputation.

An earnest debate ensued upon this resolution. It was opposed by Mr. A. Gifford, Judge Dayton Ogden, Charles King, the Rev. Mr. Phillips, and the Rev. J. D. Ogilby ; and supported by the mover, Mr. Halsted.

By the two first named gentlemen, it was shown, that the Convention could not lawfully pass the resolution presented to them—that it was wholly uncanonical and unconstitutional ; but those gentlemen, and all the others who spoke in opposition to the resolution, unreservedly declared, that if charges specifying with reasonable precision, the offences imputed by rumour, or any offence cognizable by the Convention, should be presented, they would oppose no obstacle to

the receiving, referring, and investigation of such charges; but that in no other way could the Convention lawfully reach or touch the subject.

Mr. King spoke with great earnestness against the injustice and enormity of putting any man on his defence—and, least of all, a man such as Bishop Doane—upon vague rumour, and what was called “newspaper publications.” Mr. K. said he felt his own personal character, and the calling to which the best years of his life had been devoted, concerned in rescuing newspapers—such as he understood what a newspaper should be, and what the obligation and duty of the editor of such a paper were—from any fellowship with, or responsibility for, such papers as that which had circulated the charges referred to in the resolution—a common receptacle for all that is vile, and pandering to the worst vices, passions, and prejudices of our nature.

Mr. K. insisted, that, whereas, upon rumour or newspaper charges, the meanest criminal could not be arraigned, it was intolerable that a man of such eminent services as Bishop Doane, of such untiring devotion to his Church, and to the cause of Education as connected with the Church, of such self-sacrificing labours, should be held up as a suspected criminal, though freely admitting that if these or any charges should be made under a responsible name, and not by anonymous slanderers—the basest at once and most cowardly of mankind—there should, and would be no hesitation in raising a committee of investigation. The gentleman, who presented the resolutions, did not profess to know any thing of the truth of these rumours, or newspaper publications, and in no manner makes himself responsible; and this should, of itself, determine the Convention to reject the resolution.

The meeting of this Convention was no sudden meeting, nor clandestine meeting. It was a stated annual meeting, known of all men who might desire, months in advance; and its place of assembling equally well known to be at this town of Burlington, where the misdeeds which rumour imputed to the Bishop had been perpetrated.

If, then, there was truth in these rumours, how comes it that—after sitting here with open doors, with the eyes of all upon us, with the ears of all open to our discussions—no word of complaint, no charge of any sort had been made in any responsible manner to this Convention, against the Bishop? The fact that none such had been made must, Mr. K. contended, under the circumstances of the case, be regarded as outweighing entirely, and discrediting, the rumours upon which Mr. H. wished to proceed.

Mr. K., after reviewing rapidly the career of Bishop Doane in New Jersey, and his eminent success there in building up seminaries of learning and the Church, called upon the Convention to stand by him, and show by their vote this day, that however oversanguine Bishop Doane may have been in some of his anticipations, however even improvident in expenditures—made not for personal purposes, but for great public ends—nothing had been presented, or was known, to the Convention which could authorize any withdrawal of confidence or support from him, or impair the trust they had—that with re-

newed health and God's blessing upon his labours, the Diocese would yet reap, in the prosperous and triumphant march of the Church and the Church schools, the most satisfactory reward for their steady and unshaken adherence to their Diocesan.

The Rev. Dr. Ogilby presented, with great force, his views of the iniquity of the proposed proceeding; and finally at about 9 o'clock, the Bishop rose to put the question on the passage of the resolution.

When, after a few brief, touching, steadily uttered sentences,* upon the extraordinary and trying position in which he stood, the Bishop, said, "All who are in favour of this resolution will say *Aye*"—a silence deep as death fell upon the assembly—the beating of each heart was audible—but not a word was spoken. No solitary *Aye* broke this awful silence! The mover of the resolution himself was voiceless. After a due pause, the Bishop again spoke—"All opposed to this resolution will say *No*." Then went up, as if with one breath and from one heart, such a negative as no one could mistake the import of. Its tone, its fervour, its sincerity, were significant, even more than its unanimity. The work was done, and after finishing some formal business, the Convention adjourned. C. K.

For two years there was rest. But in September, 1851, Mr. Halsted having found three lay and three Episcopal accusers, a letter was addressed to my Father, by the Rt. Rev. Drs. Meade, McIlvaine and Burgess, stating certain charges, urging a Diocesan investigation, repudiating the Conventional action of 1849, requiring a special Convention for the purpose, and implying, that in case of failure to do this, the inquiry would be undertaken by them. Nothing can take the place, of the deliberate and full quotation, of my Father's "Protest, Appeal, and Reply." Its solemnity, its perfect fearlessness, its conscious innocence, its clear statement of the case, speak for themselves. Its note rang out from that old trumpet, which, often blown, gave out never an uncertain sound.

To the Right Reverend William Meade, D. D., "Bishop of the P. E. C. of Va.;" the Right Reverend George Burgess, D. D., "Bishop of the Prot. Epis. Church in Maine;" and the Right Reverend Charles Petit McIlvaine, D. D., "Bishop of the Prot. Epis. Church in Ohio:"

The undersigned, the Bishop of New Jersey, replies, and says: that he received, through an unknown hand, on *this second day of Feb-*

* The Bishop's actual words were these: "The Convention will bear me witness, that, during the almost seventeen years of my Episcopate, no important question has been considered here, on which I have not expressed, to the best of my ability, the convictions of my judgment, and of my conscience. That the question, now before the Convention, is one of great importance to the diocese, directly, as well as indirectly, through me, no one can doubt. But it is a question personal to myself. And, on that account, I depart from the practice of my whole official life; I waive the claims and the obligations of duty; I almost disregard my solemn consecration vows—vows, such as lie on none of you—and, with an entire and perfect unreserve, without a word, as without a fear, submit the question to God, and to this Convention."

ruary, a document, with their signatures, addressed to him, and dated, without place, on *the twenty-second day of September, 1851*, a copy of which, with the document accompanying it, signed, "William Halsted, Caleb Perkins, Peter V. Coppuck, and Bennington Gill," is prefixed; and, that he has read the two with mingled surprise and indignation. With surprise, that three persons, bearing the responsibilities of Bishops, in the Church of God, could be found to take action, against a Bishop, on the shewing of four persons. With indignation, that three persons bearing the responsibilities of Bishops in the Church of God, and presumed to be acquainted with the principles of diocesan and episcopal relations, should venture on a proceeding, so utterly inconsistent with both. "Such is the character, and so great is the number of the charges specified in that document," the three Bishops say, "that *we do not feel ourselves at liberty to decline the call thus made upon us*; unless the object thereof can be attained in some other way, which shall satisfy the reasonable demands of *complainants in your own diocese*, and in the Church at large."—To multiply charges, and to make them odious, seem thus sufficient, in the judgment of the three, to warrant, and indeed, compel proceedings, against a Bishop. Will it be endured, that they shall speak of "complainants," in the diocese of the undersigned; and then be able to produce but four? How far the Churchmen of New Jersey will permit the four, whose names are written above, to be their representatives, the undersigned most cheerfully consents that they should say.

But, surprise is heated into indignation, when the three Bishops announce their resolution. "We have resolved to *advise and urge* you to have without delay a special Convention, for the purpose of a full investigation of all that has been, or may be laid to your charge, whether in the document we have sent to you or otherwise. It is also our duty as your brethren, and as Bishops of the Church, most earnestly to impress it on your mind, that such is the nature of the charges made against you in that document, and of the same and similar reports, which for years have been in circulation to the great grief of many, and the injury of religion, that *nothing else can satisfy others and relieve yourself from the suspicion of great guilt*, but the appointment by the Convention of an impartial and intelligent Committee in whom great confidence will be reposed, with instructions to make the fullest investigation of the evil reports which are and have been assailing your character and conduct. We feel bound to say that *no mere report of a Committee or vote of a Convention, declaring a belief of your innocency, and that an inquiry is unnecessary*, will suffice for your own reputation, or give satisfaction to the public. We are persuaded that nothing but *such an investigation as that which we have described and recommended*, can either satisfy those whom you may deem unfriendly, or relieve the minds of many anxious and distressed friends." The undersigned is a Bishop, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America. There is nothing against which our whole reformed Communion in England and America protests more strenuously, than against the right of any Bishop to interfere, within the jurisdiction of any other. And, for himself, he

must alike resist the intrusion, into the fold, which he received from Jesus Christ, of the individual papacy of Rome, and of the triumviral papacy of Virginia, Maine and Ohio. What! Three Bishops, or three hundred, or three thousand, presume to dictate to him, under the menace of a presentment, the calling of a special meeting of the Convention of his diocese! Presume to dictate the object, for which such Convention shall be called! Presume to dictate, how that object shall be sought! By a Committee! By "an impartial and intelligent Committee!" By an impartial and intelligent Committee, "in whom *great confidence* shall be placed!" By an impartial and intelligent Committee, in whom great confidence shall be placed, "with instructions," to do precisely, what the three shall order! "No mere report of a Committee, or" even "vote of a Convention," declaring their entire belief of innocence, and the needlessness of an inquiry will suffice. Not even if the Convention of New Jersey, as in 1849, should, by a vote unanimous, declare themselves contented with their Bishop, and refuse to investigate, would that content the three. And, then, the high result of this implicit submission to their mandate! "Should such a course *as we have pointed out*, be pursued by you, and either a presentment made or sufficient reasons be assigned why it is not merited, we your brethren who have been sought out for the purpose, and have most reluctantly consented to take any part in it, will rejoice"—at what?—not that innocence shall triumph, not that malice shall be discomfited, not that, one called a "brother," shall be vindicated, but—"to be relieved from the most trying duty which could possibly be laid upon us." And, then, such concluding words as these: "Finally, praying that you may be able to *disprove!* or satisfactorily explain, the things laid to your charge; or else have grace from God to acknowledge whatever has been done amiss, we remain your friends and brethren in the ministry of Christ." And all the while might not the real secret of their earnestness, to have the presentment made by the Convention, be their anxiety, to save their own three votes, for use, upon the trial?

But the three Bishops have misconceived their man. The undersigned has not asked their advice; and will not submit to their urgency. Least of all, will he listen to their advice, or endure their urgency, under the enforcement of a threat. No such special Convention will be called by him. No interference with his equal and inalienable rights, as one of the Bishops of Jesus Christ, can be suffered by him. No aggression, upon the Christian freedom and ecclesiastical independence of the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost has made him overseer, will be allowed by him. In the perfect fearlessness of truth, he stands, and will stand, in his lot; whatever his divine and gracious Father may ordain, that it shall be. And, in the name and presence of Almighty God, he now proceeds, to make, to record, and to proclaim his solemn PROTEST, and his APPEAL, as solemn, to the Bishops, everywhere, with whom he is in communion, against the uncanonical, unchristian, and inhuman procedure, of the three, whose names are overwritten.

PROTEST.

IN the name of the FATHER, and the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST, Amen. The undersigned, George Washington Doane, D. D., LL. D., by divine permission, Bishop of the diocese of New Jersey, humbly ministering before God, in the twentieth year of his Episcopate, in the name of His crucified Son, and in the power of His sanctifying Spirit; and not without tokens of the Heavenly blessing, on his unfaithful and unworthy ministrations: makes, now, as in the immediate presence of the HOLY TRINITY, adorable and ever to be blessed, his solemn Protest, as aggrieved by the Right Reverend William Meade, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Virginia; the Right Reverend George Burgess, D. D., Bishop of the diocese of Maine; and the Right Reverend Charles Petit M'Ilvaine, D. D., Bishop of the diocese of Ohio, by their *uncanonical, unchristian, and inhuman* procedure, in regard to him, as heretofore set forth, in the document, bearing their signatures.

He protests against their action as *uncanonical*. The undersigned is the Bishop of a diocese. The three signers are Bishops, in three several dioceses. The limit of the diocese, in every case, is the limit of official action. There is nothing clearer in the voice of primitive antiquity, than the prohibition of episcopal intrusion. Nothing, within our age, has been the cause of more excitement, than the aggression of the Bishop of Rome, upon the dioceses of the Bishops in England. The Council, which set forth the Nicene Creed, A. D. 325, prefixes, to the Canon of Episcopal limitations the emphatic sentence, "Let the ancient customs be maintained!" And the second Canon of the second General Council, A. D. 381, at which the Creed of Nicæa was completed, referring to the decree of the former Council, distinctly says, "the Bishops must not go beyond their dioceses, nor enter upon Churches without their borders, nor bring confusion into their churches." And, again, "Bishops may not, without being called, go beyond the bounds of their diocese, for the purpose of ordaining, or any other ecclesiastical function." The *πρωτον ψευδος* of the Papacy is the claim of the Bishop of Rome to jurisdiction beyond his diocese: and this first lie has been the fruitful source of every Romish error and corruption. By the fourth article of the "Constitution," "for the government of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America," it is ordained, that "every Bishop of the Church shall confine the exercise of his episcopal office to his proper diocese." And, when the Apostle Peter, in the first of his holy Epistles, which, by their divine inspiration, are higher than all Canons or any Constitution, enjoins on the believers, "let none of you suffer, as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil doer, or as a busybody in other men's matters;" the character last described is, in the original, *αλλοτριωεπισκοπος*, which literally means *a Bishop, out of his own diocese*. That the action now complained of is the action of these three, as Bishops, is manifest, in all the paper, which they send, as well as in the style, with which they sign it. That their sole office, as Bishops, in any case, where discipline is called for, towards a Bish-

op, is to make a presentment, the Canon, "Of the Trial of a Bishop," clearly shows. That the right of any three Bishops, to present the Bishop of a diocese, is limited to cases, where a Diocesan Convention, for some cause, disregards its duty, in the premises, is manifest, from the whole structure of the Canon; which, on any other construction, could never have permitted three Bishops, in a Church, where there are more than thirty, to stand, as the alternative, of two-thirds of each order, in a Diocesan Convention, where two-thirds of the Clergy, entitled to seats, and two-thirds of the parishes, canonically in union, were present. And yet, departing from their place, transcending all their rights, invading another diocese, and dictating to another Bishop, they prescribe, as the condition of their not presenting him, the course which he shall pursue, the course which his diocese shall pursue, the course which his Convention shall pursue, and the course which its Committee shall pursue. They reject, beforehand, the declaration of the Convention, among whom their Bishop has gone in and out, for twenty years, that they believe him innocent. They reject, beforehand, the determination of the Convention, that inquiry is unnecessary. They must have the very investigation which they "advise and urge;" which they "have described and recommended;" which they "have pointed out:" or else, the undersigned must be presented. Against this aggression on the diocese of New Jersey; against this invasion of the most sacred rights of the undersigned; against this dictation to him to pursue a course marked out by them, and to his Convention, to pursue that course, under the threat of a presentment, if such dictation shall not be obeyed; and, thus, the fear of a presentment be admitted: the undersigned most solemnly protests, as uncanonical, and utterly refuses to submit to it.

He protests against their action as *unchristian*. The blessed Paul, addressing the Galatians, writes, "Brethren, if any man be overtaken in a fault, ye, which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." He had learned this lesson of the dear and gracious Lord, who died for us: whose rule in all such cases, is, "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church." Such, upon this subject, is the law of Christ; binding on all Christians: and surely not the least so, on all Christian Bishops. Now the document which the three bishops have adopted bears date, New Jersey, August, 1851. Their own letter bears date, September 22, 1851. The reports which they complain of, they say, "have been in circulation for some years past;" and again, "for years have been, in circulation:" some of them, much longer ago, as is apparent from the larger document, than the date of the assignment of his property, made, by the undersigned, three years since. And, yet, in all that time, no one of these three Bishops ever told the undersigned his fault, alone; or came, with two or three, to tell him. No one of them ever uttered a word or addressed a line,

to him, of admonition, or expostulation, or even of inquiry. He was with them, during the Session of the General Convention, at Cincinnati; and not one of them came to him, to say a syllable upon the subject. One of them, the Bishop of Ohio, was, several days, in Burlington, in November last; before which it is known that he had been applied to for his consent to some such movement, afterwards declined by him. He called at the residence of the undersigned. The undersigned returned his visit; and spent at least a half an hour with him, in free and friendly conversation. And, yet, no hint of any distrust in his mind; of any paper in his pocket; of any movement in his heart. Nor, as the undersigned is well convinced, did he take that occasion to go to any one of those who knew the case, and were parties to it, in Burlington; to those who have charge now of the financial affairs of the two institutions, which involved the undersigned in all his trouble; or who, as friends and neighbours, knew the facts, and could have furnished authentic information and conclusive evidence. And, yet, the Bishop of Ohio, thus derelict of the first duty of a Christian, of a brother, of a man, when he had all the means for its discharge, at hand; and the Bishops of Virginia and Maine, with the pressure of three years, and more, of evil report, as they allege, upon their ears, with the favourable opportunity, which the Session of the General Convention afforded, and with the multiplied and multiform occasions which the railroad and the mail supply, without one previous word, approach the undersigned, whom they describe as "brother," in February, 1852, in an official paper, with their official signatures, having received, as unquestionable ground for the highest ecclesiastical proceeding, a document, which bears the names of but four persons, and which they have evidently adopted, without applying to it a single test, as to its truth or accuracy: and, on that sole basis, demand of him a course of action unprecedented in the history of our own Church, and unparalleled in any other; and, that, under a threat, if he refuses, of immediate presentment. Against this action, as utterly unchristian, he solemnly protests.

And he protests against it as *inhuman*. These Bishops have, for years, as they allege—for more than three years, as the document which they adopt, sets forth—heard the reports on which they ground their present action. And they have chosen, for it, such a time as this. When, as they might have known, had they inquired, before they acted, that the undersigned, by the assignment of all his property for the benefit of his creditors—having before anticipated, for at least four years, in his efforts to maintain the institutions he had founded, his only income, except his salary, as Rector of St. Mary's Church, of seven hundred dollars, which is chargeable with the maintenance of an aged mother and two sisters—had made himself dependent, altogether, for his living, and his family's, upon money loaned him, in advance of income, which expires with life. When, as they knew, his hearth is visited with the severest sorrow, not involving sin, that human house can hold. When, as they knew, his heart was bleeding, still, from the immedicable wound, which it had received, but two months since, in the bereavement of one, who was its more than

brother. Within three years, the documents allege no new offence. No reputable person, here, will say, that, for a year, or more, the old attempted calumnies have been revived. A visit, of a day, to Burlington, with the desire to know the truth, would have removed, from any of the three, all apprehension as to "the grief of many," or "the injury of religion." But they preferred to act, from Maine, from Ohio, and from Virginia; and draw their fearful bow at the crushed heart of one whom they yet call their brother. The undersigned solemnly protests against this action of these Bishops, at such a time, and in such circumstances, as inhuman.

All which, as in the fear of God, under a full sense of all his official responsibilities, and as in the immediate presence of the judgment, the undersigned, freely forgiving the Bishops who have thus aggrieved him, and humbly beseeching their forgiveness of Almighty God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, unreservedly affirms, and deliberately subscribes, at Riverside this fifth day of February, in the year of our Lord, 1852.

G. W. DOANE,

Bishop of New Jersey.

* To all, all and singular, the Bishops of the Reformed Catholic Church, in all the world; the undersigned, the Right Reverend George Washington Doane, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the diocese of New Jersey, as aggrieved by the uncanonical, unchristian and inhuman action of the Right Reverend William Meade, D. D., Bishop of the diocese of Virginia; the Right Reverend George Burgess, D. D., Bishop of the diocese of Maine, and the Right Reverend Charles Petit M'Ilvaine, D. D., Bishop of the diocese of Ohio, having made, as before recorded, and to be proclaimed, his solemn Protest, now makes, in the presence of Almighty God, and in the name of the holy undivided TRINITY, to his brethren in the Episcopate, beloved in the Lord, his solemn Appeal; as one, in whom the sacred order of Bishops has been insulted, the first principles of our diocesan Episcopacy, as handed down to us from Jesus Christ, have been disregarded; the sovereignty of dioceses invaded; and the independence of diocesan Conventions laid under dictation.

For himself, the undersigned asks nothing of his brethren, in the Episcopate above appealed to, but that which their instincts as men, their obligations as Christians, and their responsibilities as Bishops, will freely accord to him, upon the simple showing of his case.

The Appeal, which he now makes, is for "the house of God, and the offices thereof." One member cannot suffer, and all the members not suffer with it. That which is now attempted, in New Jersey, may be pursued, elsewhere. If the mere representation of four laymen, without confirmation from his diocese, and even without examination as to its value, can be regarded, as the sufficient warrant, for three Bishops, to present a Bishop, to be tried; or, what is infinitely worse, demand his obedience and submission to their will, under the penalty of a presentment, what Bishop can be safe, what diocese secure?

* First enumerating all the Bishops of the American Church.

"Proximus Ucalegon ardet." The undersigned would rouse his brethren, all, to the alarming inroad, which is now attempted on the peace, the freedom and the order of the Church. The first stride of the three Bishops, not addressed in this Appeal, is longer than the Papacy achieved, in centuries. The spirit of Popery is not confined within the Vatican. There are potential Popes, upon whom no shadow from the seven hills has ever fallen. The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States has nothing to fear from the thin shade of Leo or of Hildebrand, that lingers, yet, and trembles, along the Tiber. Our Popery is here. The Papacy of prejudice is that, from which we have to fear. The freedom, peace and order of the Church are threatened now, through a triumvirate of tyrants. And the undersigned could never rest upon his pillow, nor go in hope into his grave, nor look for mercy at that day, did he not call upon his brethren in the Episcopate, as they shall stand with him before the Judge, to give account of the holy and beautiful flocks, which they received from Him, as purchased with His blood, to see to it, upon the peril of their consecration vows, that this high-handed undertaking be indignantly frowned down; that, so, in the warning words of the third General Council, (held at Ephesus, A. D., 431,) "the canons of the Fathers be not transgressed, nor the pride of worldly power be introduced under the appearance of a sacred office, nor we, by little, lose that liberty, wherewith our Lord Jesus Christ, the Deliverer of all men, has endowed us, by His own blood."

The undersigned, simply declaring, as under the immediate eye of God, to his Right Reverend brethren, addressed above, his entire and perfect integrity and innocence, as to all and singular, the charges made against him; assuring them of the sincerity of his fraternal love and service; and humbly and affectionately soliciting from them the continual charity of their prayers, subscribes himself, in all fidelity, their brother and servant, in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

G. W. DOANE,

Bishop of New Jersey.

REPLY.

In replying to the false, calumnious and malignant charges of William Halsted, Caleb Perkins, Peter V. Coppuck, and Bennington Gill, covering, as they do, the range of many years of public service and of public sacrifice, and crawling into the inner sanctities of private life, an outline of the course of events, with which they are connected, becomes necessary. A stand-point must be given to honest people, from which they may see, in its true bearings and real complexion, the depth and darkness of that flood of falsehood, calumny and malignity, into which these four laymen have desperately plunged. It is of the first necessity to show the course of things, by which a man, who challenges the world, upon the ground of perfect honesty of purpose and unreserved and ruinous self-sacrifice, could possibly be made the subject of such charges, even from such a source. The statement, from the very nature of it, could be made by

none, but him who is its subject. It shall be so constructed, as to defy contradiction, or material correction.

The undersigned was elected Bishop of New Jersey, on the 3d day of October, 1832; being then Rector of Trinity Church, in the city of Boston. He had no knowledge that his name had been before the diocese, until the Committee brought to him the testimonials of his election. There were many reasons why he should have shrunk from the acceptance of the office, to which he was then designated. But, if the voice of God is to be heard at all, it must be through the councils of the Church. The friends, on whom he had relied the longest and the most, urged his acceptance. He was consecrated on the 31st day of October, of that year. In the summer after his consecration the Rev. Dr. Wharton died; and the undersigned was chosen his successor as the Rector of St. Mary's Church, Burlington.

At the date of his consecration, the Church in the diocese of New Jersey was in a most feeble and depressed condition. The late Reverend John Croes, the oldest son of the venerable first Bishop, deliberately expressed the conviction, that, in West Jersey, the Church could never be revived. There were but seventeen Clergymen, in the diocese. The actual communicants of St. Mary's Church, Burlington, were less than thirty. The whole amount of Missionary collections, from all the parishes, reported in 1833, was \$121.05½. The Fund for the support of the Episcopate amounted to \$2049.33; and the whole amount paid to the Bishop for the first year of his episcopate was \$206.92, being the aggregate of collections in the parishes, with interest. It was thus, literally, "the day of small things." But, there was an earnest spirit and resolved heart; and the work was entered on, in unreserving faith. At the convention of 1833, it was resolved that efforts should be made to increase the Fund to \$10,000 within five years. The addition reported in two years was but \$1657.27; of which the income relinquished by the Bishop, to aid in the accomplishment of the design, was \$546.05, about one-third. In 1840, the permanent salary to be paid to the Bishop, *as soon as practicable*, was fixed by Canon at \$2400 per annum. But the Fund has never reached \$10,000: and the annual receipts of the Bishop, including travelling expenses and postages, have never much exceeded the tenth part of the salary proposed by Canon. His only other source of income has been his salary as Rector of St. Mary's Church, Burlington; at first \$440, and then \$700, with the Parsonage. The net receipts of his official income from both sources, have not exceeded \$500 per annum, through the period of his episcopate. The private income of one, who never withheld her hand from the service of Christ's Church, or the comfort of His poor, has supplied the lack of service of the diocese, in supporting the episcopate.

But, it was ample for the purpose. And, had the undersigned confined himself to his mere work, as Bishop of the diocese, and Rector of St. Mary's Church, he never would have been compelled to reply to these atrocious charges; nor been dependent, for the poor pittance, which supplies his personal necessities, on the confidence, and

kindness of another. To revive the work of the Lord, in the field of duty where his lot was cast, something was evidently called for, beyond the slow and distant hope of mere parochial increase. A rally of Churchmen, on Church principles, was needed for the work of the Church. The natural reliance, with God's blessing, must be on Christian education. The diocese was singular, in its facilities for that purpose. The enterprise would overflow on the whole Church, and swell the rivers which make glad the city of our God. And, in the faith in which the office of a Bishop had been undertaken, the plan of a Diocesan School for boys was early the object of attention and inquiry. While this was so, the proprietor of a long-established Female Seminary, in the city of Burlington, desiring to retire from its charge, proposed the sale of his establishment, as a Church School for Girls. This was in 1836. On consultation with judicious friends, here and elsewhere, who advised the enterprise, and made offer of their aid, it was determined to embark in it. And St. Mary's Hall for Female Education on Church Principles, was opened on the first day of May, 1837. The announcement was received with favour, everywhere. But who can ever forget the storms that swept the country, in that year? Who has not walked in sorrow among the wrecks, that strewed the shore? What strongest commercial house, what best concerted financial enterprise that did not suffer, from its violence?

Its first effect upon the undersigned was to arrest the subscription to a loan of \$25,000, towards an endowment, before two-thirds of it had been obtained; and leave him, to supply the deficiency, as he best could. Its further effect was to keep down the patronage of the institution, for several years, to a point, far below the cost of maintenance. Nevertheless, it did not stop. And, at one time, when there were but twenty-six pupils, more than one quarter of them were free; being orphans, or children of poverty. To go on, at such a rate, of course involved a debt. The undersigned had faith in God: and merging in the work his whole resources and his credit, it went on. As prosperity returned to the country, patronage flowed in upon St. Mary's Hall. And, then, success became embarrassing. Buildings were to be erected, and fixtures and furniture were to be supplied: and, to do this, there was no resource but current income, or pledge of credit. Of course, the debt increased. To provide for it, paper must be used. To be procured, it must be paid for. And, then, in a majority of cases, its discount must be had, at extra cost. A perfect confidence, that continued success would ensure ultimate relief, encouraged exertion; and made trials tolerable, for the work's sake, which no personal interest would have sustained, one week.

The acceptance of a Christian School for Girls created a demand for a Christian School for Boys. In 1845, special circumstances seemed to indicate, that the time had come for such an undertaking. A movement was then made, for a school, for boys, such as St. Mary's Hall already was, for girls. The proposition met with signal favour. It was at once said, "Why not make it a College? The time is propitious. At any rate, procure a charter; and use it,

when you are ready!" A charter was procured. A site was purchased. The pressure of patronage forced on the work, beyond its time. So that, at the end of two years, the Catalogue enrolled an hundred and twenty-seven students. There was no endowment. There was no monied patronage. Every thing was to be done; and nothing to do it with. Every thing was done; and done with nothing. For what was a subscription of \$8000, towards the grounds, the buildings, the fixtures, the furniture, the apparatus—the entire provision, religious, scholastic and domestic—for an hundred and twenty-seven children, and the whole staff of teachers? Nevertheless, the provision was made, and the children were collected. And he, who, with God's blessing, had accomplished these things, after two most dangerous attacks of illness, which confined him for nearly five months, having exhausted, in his enterprise for Christian education, his means and his credit, was left with two most prosperous institutions, whose annual receipts were not less than \$70,000; and, with an unmanageable debt.

When the undersigned first owned the mercy of Almighty God, in turning back his face and feet from towards the grave, his instinctive impulse was, to provide for the reduction of this indebtedness. It was well established, that, if the two institutions were subjected to nothing more than their proper expenditure—freed, that is to say, from the disadvantages of a credit system of business, and of an extravagant outlay, for the maintenance of credit—a very large percentage of their receipts, after paying the whole cost of carrying them on, might be applied to that object. He therefore invited three of his friends to accept the transfer of his whole interest in both, numbering together, two hundred and eighty-seven pupils, in trust, to secure their most effective and economical administration; and, then, to distribute the surplus receipts, from time to time, among the Creditors of both: he himself devoting himself, as heretofore, and more, to their continuance and success; and waiving all claim for consideration or compensation, till every form of indebtedness should be extinguished. At two large meetings of the persons chiefly interested, this proposition was approved, and its prosecution earnestly recommended. Ultimately, however, it was frustrated, by the refusal of two or three, to sign the necessary agreement; not because they did not desire that it should be carried into effect, and believed that it might be done successfully; but, from expectations, unreasonably entertained, of relief, from other quarters. At a council of his friends called to consider what should be done, in this state of affairs, the undersigned was unanimously advised to make an assignment of all his property, for the benefit of all his Creditors; and to arrange for the carrying on of the institutions, under his own conduct and supervision, but on the financial responsibility and business direction of others, as before proposed. This was done. The undersigned gave up his property, of every form; to meet, so far as it might, a debt not personal to himself—his private income being much more than equal to his private expenditure—but growing out of his venture for Christian education, in the two institutions above named; and his

self-disregard, to serve the Church, to adorn and dignify his native State, and shed the light of Christian learning, on the land.

It was on the 26th day of March, 1849, before the undersigned had fully left the house, after his dangerous and distressing illness, that this assignment was made. A brief statement of the circumstances was published, with his name. It was announced, that the two institutions would open, as usual, on the first of May, ensuing, under the conduct and supervision of the undersigned; the business department, at St. Mary's Hall, to be under the charge of the Hon. E. B. D. Ogden, J. C. Garthwaite, Esq., and Joel W. Condit, Esq.; and that at the College, of Judge Ogden, Mr. Garthwaite, and R. S. Field, Esq. Mr. Aertsen to be the fiscal agent, at both institutions. These arrangements were duly approved and authorized by the Trustees of the College; who undertook also the direction of the Hall: and the one opened with 143 girls, and the other with 127 boys.

It might reasonably have been supposed, that for such an enterprise, undertaken in a spirit so disinterested, carried on at such tremendous sacrifices, and sustained through such disastrous trials, patience and charity would be permitted to have their perfect work. The Trustees of the College, twenty-four in number, dispersed throughout the State, had given the assurance of their confidence. The four gentlemen, who came in aid of the undersigned, in the immediate progress of the work, possessed universal respect and reliance. And the patronage of the parents and guardians of 270 children, intrusting, to the undersigned the physical care, the intellectual culture and the moral and religious training, of their sons and daughters, afforded such a guaranty of personal estimation, as few have ever enjoyed. One would have thought, that the whole Church, with one consent, would have united their petitions to Almighty God, to bless a work so tried and crowned; and lent their hearts, their voices, and their hands, to aid in its advancement, and to extend its influence. But William Halsted was a member of the Convention of the diocese, which, on the 30th day of May, a month from the re-opening of these sacred institutions, so tried, and yet so trusted, met, in the city of Burlington. Its first act, when the organization had followed the Prayers, the Sermon, and the Holy Communion, was the unanimous resolution, that the senior Presbyter of the diocese, the Rev. John Croes, "be requested to offer up to Almighty God, the public thanksgiving of the Church, for the happy recovery of the Right Reverend the Bishop of this diocese, from a recent and distressing illness." And, on the afternoon of the second day, William Halsted offered the Preamble and Resolution as above.

When it is considered, that the Convention sat in the city of Burlington, where the "serious charges" against the Bishop, if they had a being, must have been most current, and most vigorous; where the persons and the papers, to supply the means of their complete authentication, if they could at all be authenticated, were present; and in the very heart of whatever disappointment, disquietude, murmuring, clamour, condemnation, an event so disastrous as his failure

could occasion; and that, within but four days more than two months, after the assignment had been made, what more complete acquittal of all blame, than this result, could possibly be had? And when can it be ever claimed that a Convention has done all its will, in regard to its Bishop, suspected or accused of wrong, if not in the case, thus stated? The undersigned peremptorily demands, as his clear right, that in his case the Convention of his diocese has set forth, in the most emphatic way, its mind and will, as to his presentment, not only, for any of the offences contemplated by William Halsted, in the resolution cited above; but as to its further entertainment of them; and that thus the canonical right of any three Bishops, to make presentment on such charges, is perfectly, estopped. And he is the more tenacious of this claim, that, at neither of the subsequent Conventions of this diocese—that at Newark in May, 1850, and that at Burlington in May, 1851—the slightest intimation was expressed of any doubtfulness, as to the character or conduct of the undersigned. To claim, as the three Bishops do, that when a Convention refuses to institute inquiries, the subject being specifically proposed, deliberately discussed, and formally disposed of, any three Bishops may override its will, and make presentment of its Bishop; to say, as they have ventured to feel bound to say, “that no mere report of a Committee, or vote of a Convention, declaring a belief of innocency, and that an inquiry is unnecessary, will suffice,” is quite too much in the nature of a Star-chamber proceeding, the undersigned must hope, to find any countenance, in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America.

The undersigned might now dismiss this subject. The Convention of the diocese of New Jersey, the highest canonical resort, in a proceeding against their Bishop, refuse to proceed, and declare their confidence, in him, whose going out and coming in, they have observed, for twenty years; and regarded as utterly inconsistent, with their duty to him, to themselves, and to their God, the proposal to investigate. There is no door opened, by which three Bishops can come in, between their Bishop and themselves. Men shall not put asunder, but in the proper form, and process due, of law ecclesiastical, those whom God hath joined together.

But, the undersigned is not disposed to leave the matter, so. He positively denies, that the progress of the Church, in the diocese of New Jersey, has been impeded, by the prevalence of any rumours, of disadvantage to his character. So far from it, the diocese of New Jersey has gone on, steadily and constantly, to increase, and advance, through the whole period of his Episcopacy. The 17 clergymen, of 1833, are multiplied by four. The Missionary income, of the Church, from one hundred and twenty dollars, has been increased, ten, twelve, and fifteen times. The last list, of the parishes, and Missionary stations, furnished to the Convention, by Bishop Croes, enumerates twenty-one; the list, presented to the last Convention, fifty-nine. He has consecrated forty-two churches. The largest number of persons confirmed, in any year, was 290; reported to the Convention, of 1850. There have, already, been confirmed, since the last

Convention, 271; leaving the Vernal Visitation, yet to be added. The number of communicants, in St. Mary's Church, has more than been decupled. In no respect, in no instance, has the undersigned, seen the slightest reason to believe, that his influence, for good, within the diocese, has been impaired, by anything that has transpired, within the last three years: while, from the whole Church, not only, but from the secular community, in which he lives, he is in the constant experience, of marks and tokens of respect and confidence which overpower him, with the sense of his unworthiness.

As little does the undersigned admit the justice of the complaints, of the four laymen, that he has avoided, or has not invited, an investigation; and that he has been silent, under reproach. He never has avoided an investigation. On the day before the resolution, introduced by William Halsted, he was told, of his intention, by a friend, who had endeavoured to prevent it, (Charles King, Esq., President of Columbia College.) His answer was, "That must not be. Recall whatever you have said. By all means, let him have his way." And the whole Convention will bear witness, that he never said one word, to influence their decision. Why should he invite an investigation? He was satisfied, with his own sincerity, and honesty. His diocese was satisfied. The Trustees of the College were satisfied. The patrons of St. Mary's Hall, and Burlington College, were satisfied. His parishioners were satisfied. His friends, everywhere, were satisfied. If there were any, that were not, it was for them to move. He was always in his place. They did not come to him. Why should he go to them? He stood upon the decision, of the Convention, of 1849. If any are not satisfied with that, let them remove him from it, if they can. Why should he not keep silence, under reproach? He considered who reproached him. He considered how they did it. He was willing to let Shimei curse. For his silence, he had David's pattern: "As for me, I was like a deaf man, and heard not; and as one that is dumb, who doth not open his mouth: I became even as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs." And the pattern of the Lord of David, "Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously." Who will say, that he was ever, heretofore, so charged, that he could answer? Who will say, that, now, that three responsible persons adopt the charges, even of four, and they such charges, he has delayed to answer? To all, and singular, though false, calumnious, and malignant, he now addresses his reply. And he can truly say, with the three holy children, to the king, "We are not careful to answer thee, in this matter." To such charges, so sustained, it gives him no concern, to make reply. The Lord judge, between him and them, who have so shamefully entreated him!

* * * * *

The undersigned has done with the details of the false, calumnious, and malignant representations of William Halsted, Caleb Perkins, Peter V. Coppuck and Bennington Gill. How many of them he has shown to be entirely false, he does not stop to count. That,

falsehoods, perversions or distortions of the truth, insinuations, or whatever other form they take, they are calumnious, all, is apparent, on their face. That their *animus*, throughout, has been malignant, is just as clear and undeniable. They are all neighbours of the undersigned. They have never suffered, from him, the shadow of a wrong. They are related to him, as to a father, in Christ Jesus. And, yet, not one of them has ever come to him to seek an explanation. Not one of them has ever sought to see the books. Nay, they have not even searched the records of the County Office, which they profess to quote; or searched them, to pervert them. They have distilled, in secret, the poison of their hearts: and they now commend the chalice to his lips, with the astounding declaration, "We are actuated by no motives of personal hostility, against the Bishop."

And these are the four persons, and such the charges, upon whose authority, three Bishops in the Church of God, without acquaintance with the men, or inquiry as to their allegations, have relied, as the ground of criminal proceedings, against their peer. Fearful, indeed, the reckoning, they will have to meet! For the inroad, which has thus been made, upon the sacred sorrows of a desolated hearth; for the interruption of the daily duties of an office, which adds, to the care of a diocese, the care of a parish, and the care of two institutions, in which two hundred of the sons and daughters of the Church are nurtured; for the storm which now must burst upon the peace and quiet of the Church; for this aggression, on the diocese of New Jersey; for this invasion of the rights of its Convention; for this injustice, indignity, and cruelty towards its Bishop—for the whole amount, and all the shapes, and every incident and consequence, of this enormous wrong—the undersigned holds, as responsible, the Bishops of Virginia, Maine and Ohio; accuses them, before Christendom; and summons them, in all solemnity and sorrow, before the judgment seat of God.

GEORGE W. DOANE,

Bishop of New Jersey.

Three days after the date of this, a call was issued for the meeting of the Special Convention, in St. Mary's, Burlington, "to answer and express their judgment on the official conduct of these three Bishops, as touching the rights of the Bishop and the Diocese, in dictating a course of action to be pursued by them." The Convention assembled on the 17th of March, 1852.

"The scene witnessed in St. Mary's Church, Burlington, was one never to be forgotten by those present. Although it was one of the stormiest days of this stormy season, the church was crowded from morning till night. The order and quiet which reigned within, were in contrast with the disturbance of the elements without. From the beginning to the end, all seemed to feel, that a question of deep and solemn interest was before them; and, only once or twice did the intense feel-

ing, which pervaded that anxious assembly, find vent in manifest expression, and this was gently, but firmly, stopped at once by the Bishop."

After the opening services, my Father delivered his address, from which I quote :

In exercising, for the first time, in almost twenty years, the constitutional power of the Episcopate, to call a Special Convention, I have carefully considered my duties and my responsibilities; and acted, under their most solemn sense. To say, that it appeared, to my mind, "requisite," to call this Convention, "for the good of the Church," would fall very far below my estimate of the occasion. To me, it seems that, in the question now to be considered, the framework of the Church, not only, but its foundations, are concerned. And, were I silent, I should bring upon my head the curse of the unfaithful watchman.

I shall recite to you, as briefly as I may, the circumstances which have occurred; and show their bearings on our relations and interests, as a diocese; and leave the action, then, for you to take, with God to guide and bless you. As far as shall be possible, I shall divest myself of personal regards; and bring the case before you, as near as may be, on its abstract merits. And may we have, in this momentous matter, the promised presence of the Holy One, to guide us into all the truth; and to fill us with all spiritual blessings, in Christ Jesus!

It was on the second day of February, the Feast of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple—a day, which blends a human memory with the divine; since it took from me, in the flesh, my dearest Ogilby—that the matter came into my hands, which forms the occasion for your presence. We had commemorated, at the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, as our custom is, on all the feast days of the Church, the dying love of our dear Lord; and I was sitting with my family, one of the clergy of the diocese, and two of the candidates for holy orders, who pursue their sacred studies here, being present, when an unknown person, without asking to see me, or leaving his name for me, handed in, at the door, a sealed enclosure, to my address. It contained—besides the documents, signed by the three Bishops and the four laymen, which you all have seen, the following, of which copies will be laid upon the Secretary's table: a copy of an affidavit, purporting to be made by Michael Hays; a letter from the Bishop of Ohio to the Bishop of Virginia, dated at Cincinnati, January 15, 1852; and a letter of instruction from the Bishop of Virginia, dated at Millwood, January 26, addressed to "the Honorable Mr. Halsted," concluding with the following sentence, "I sincerely pray, that the God of truth and holiness may take your well-meant endeavour for godly discipline, into His hands, and bring it to the proper result," and signed, "your friend and servant, W. Meade." It also contained a letter addressed to me, in the handwriting of the Bishop of Virginia, the contents of which, in the same handwriting, were these words, only—"Bishop Doane is requested to communicate his determination to Bishop

Meade." There was neither date, nor signature, to this. It took but little time, to make up this "determination." The man that sees a woman threatened, by a ruffian, requires no time, for his "determination," to protect her. When the Prometheus had been fired at, the Government at Washington required no time, for their "determination," to have the wrong, done to our flag, repaired. And, when the heathen magistrates, who had beaten Paul and Silas, at Philippi, and cast them into prison, affrighted by the earthquake, sent the sergeants to the jailer, to say, "Let these men go," it took no time for Paul to send them his "determination : " "they have beaten us openly, uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison ; and, now, do they thrust us out privily ? Nay, verily ; but let them come, themselves, and fetch us out !" The determination of my mind and heart was made, as soon as I had closed the documents. And I only regretted, that I could not send it by the magnetic telegraph. I came the nearest to it, that I could, and, in two weeks, mailed to the Bishop of Virginia, with a printed copy of my "Protest, Appeal and Reply," the simple words, "Bishop Doane sends his determination, to Bishop Meade, by the mail, which bears this note." On the same day, the Circular was issued, to the several Churches ; which has brought you here : "to consider, and express" your judgment, on the official conduct of the Bishops of Virginia, Maine and Ohio, as touching the rights of the Bishop and the Diocese, in dictating a course of action to be pursued by "us ;" in their letter, addressed to "me," dated 22d September, 1851, and received, 2d February, 1852.

I could pursue no other course. I am your Bishop. You took me, a man of your coasts ; and set me, for your watchman. I saw your dearest and most sacred rights endangered. I saw your most deliberate and unanimous action disregarded. I saw the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, invaded and denied. I felt, that, in me, you were assailed ; and, in the invasion of my rights, as your Bishop, your diocesan independence was attempted to be set at nought. If I could have looked upon the action of the Bishops of Virginia, Maine and Ohio, as a wrong to me, alone, I should have prayed for grace, to bear it patiently. I take you all to witness that I have borne many wrongs, and submitted to most grievous injuries, and, my very patience has been turned against me. I remembered, who, for me, was spit upon, and buffeted, and scourged ; and I rejoiced, that, for His name, I was counted worthy of these sufferings. But, when my sacred order was invaded ; when the trust, which I received from Jesus Christ, as a Bishop and Pastor of His flock, was interfered with ; when foreign hands attempted to come rudely in, between us, who are knit together, before God, by the holiest ties, that can be formed, on earth, there was but one course open for me to take : to resist the inroad, in the name and strength of God ; and summon you, to take such counsel, and adopt such action, as the emergency demands. I have lived peaceably, with all my brethren. No one has yet complained, that I have injured or offended him. But, when Peter was come to Antioch, Paul withstood him, to the face ; because he was to be blamed. And I have now withstood, and shall withstand, as blame-

worthy, towards myself, the Bishops of Virginia, Maine and Ohio : and I call on you to withstand their action as an aggression on your rights, as a Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church ; as an encroachment on the freedom, which was vindicated and asserted at the Reformation ; and as an attempted overthrow of the whole venerable fabric of our Catholic and Apostolic Church.

The whole construction of the canon favours these conclusions. Authority, to make presentment of a Bishop, is first committed to the Convention of his diocese. The care, with which their action is restricted, shows the deepest sense of the importance of the act, and the necessity of guarding it, from probable abuse. Two-thirds of the clergy, entitled to seats, must be present. Two-thirds of the parishes, canonically in union, must be represented. At least, a day must pass, before the resolution offered to present, passes into the action of presentment. Two-thirds of each order present must concur. When it is added, after all these guards and limits, "and it may also be made, by any three Bishops of the Church"—as it is now constituted, less than one-tenth of the whole number—there can be nothing more apparent, than that the presentment, by three Bishops, is provided, as a *dernier resort* ; that the prior right and duty lie with the Convention ; that they must be presumed reliable, for its exercise ; that they are entitled to do it on their own instance, at their own time, and in their own way ; and, that, only, in the case of culpable neglect ; as for heresy, when the Convention itself is heretical ; or, if for immorality, when the Convention is overruled, or, in some other way, deprived, of its free action, is the alternative to be employed. An alternative, which, if not strictly guarded, and made fearfully responsible, will exercise an *in terrorem* influence, in all the dioceses ; tempt, on the one hand, to the pandering to power, and to grasping after it, on the other ; and create, extend, and make perpetual, a mutual distrust and jealousy, which will destroy the possibility of love. No doubt three Bishops may present. As little doubt, three Bishops never can present ; and not imply, by their presentment, the inability, or else, the indisposition, of the Convention, to discharge what they believe to be its duty. An exercise of judgment, it will, at once be seen, most delicate, most dangerous. To be shrunk from, by all Bishops ; so long as conscience suffers them to shrink ; and, then, to be performed most carefully, most tenderly, with most exact observance of the law. To be resisted by all Conventions, unless all the letter of the law, with all its spirit, can be clearly shown to authorize, not only, but require, it. To admit any other construction, in the premises, is to allow the monstrous supposition, that the Convention of a diocese, in which a thousand pastors feed a thousand flocks, may, in the matter of the presentment of its diocesan, be set aside, and superseded, by "any three," out of three hundred bishops, is to incur the fearful risk, in times of doctrinal discussion, or ecclesiastical division, of offering a premium to disaffection and sedition ; that, so, numbers may be regulated and votes controlled, for the establishment of a hierarchy, or for the attainment of a primacy. We need but look

to Rome, to see what has been. We need not look so far, to see what may be.

It cannot be denied, and never has been, until within the last few months, that this Convention, in the month of May, 1849, being in full possession of the whole case, as concerning the Bishop, or, in a position to have that full possession, did freely, fully and finally dismiss the subject; and, by that act, declare its full, perfect, and entire satisfaction, with the innocency of the accused. "The vote of the Convention in 1849," writes a man, than whom the State of Pennsylvania holds not one of higher character and influence, "had struck your chief accuser dumb: a vote given on the spot, in answer to every local complaint; and suited by its earnestness and unanimity to supersede all further investigation." "The public, generally, viewed it as a full refutation." Until new subject matter, for an accusation has been found, the action of that Convention, is insisted on as final. The action *has* taken place in diocesan Convention. The Bishops cannot take it up. To admit it, were to surrender the very outposts of all freedom, ecclesiastical and civil. Against such action, the Bishop of this Diocese has protested; and now protests, again; and ever will protest. He protests, not for himself, alone, or chiefly: but for the Diocese; for his successor; for the whole Church; for every Bishop, always, and everywhere. He may be left to protest, alone. He may be left, to suffer. He may be left, to fall. But, it never shall be said of him, that he was faithless to the trust, which he received from Jesus Christ, to be transmitted, unimpaired, to his successor. It never shall be said, of him, that, in the time of trouble, he forsook the flock, which Jesus Christ had left with him, to feed; and fled.

It is said, and that by friendly mouths, sometimes, why should the Bishop of New Jersey not desire an investigation? Is it in proof that he does not? Has he yet shunned it? Has he showed himself unready to confront it? That he has not sought it is the truth. The action of the Convention of 1849, within three months of any claimed occasion, might well be taken, as the starting point of his assurance, that investigation was not needed. And the progress of his diocese, the patronage of his Institutions, the perfect unanimity of his parish, and the unfaltering confidence of the community in which he lives, and the hundreds, everywhere, who honour him as friends, have reassured that strong assurance. As soon as he was apprised of the intended introduction of the resolutions, into that Convention, he required of all his friends, to urge their introduction. When introduced he threw no hindrance in the way of their unlimited discussion, and unhindered issue. At no succeeding moment, has he held himself other than ready, to answer any question, or further any inquiry, that any one might ask, or institute. And, when, for the first time, on the second day of February, the accusations against him, took, to his eye, the aspect of responsibility, he threw them all before the world, with a reply; which, as more than a hundred letters, through the length and breadth of all the land, from men, whose names are honour, influence, integrity, bear unsolicited, and unexpected attestation, entirely meet the case. This, surely, has no look of shrinking from publicity,

or fearing an investigation. But to invite it is another thing. Others may be accused, as he has been. Others, that have not had, from God, the gracious gift, to stand and bear, as he has stood and borne. Others, who as unquestionable, as he is, in integrity, might be more easily alarmed; and driven, by violence, against the wall. He stands, for all such persons. No precedent of his shall ever peril them. For them, more than for himself, by far, his answer is, to whosoever will, if you desire investigation, come and make it! Made, in a canonical way; made in a christian spirit; made, as humanity will sanction it, he meets it, in a moment; and leaves God to guard the right.

Dearly Beloved, the Clergy and the Laity of this Convention, your Bishop was a man before he was your Bishop; and is, yet. He has been grievously assaulted; and, in the fear and strength of God, he has protested, and resisted. On the ground which he has taken, as he believes, impregnably, with the testimony of a good conscience, and with the avalanche of attestation which has rushed in, in his behalf, he might, so far as he himself, his children, and his name, can be concerned, rest well contented. But, that he is your Bishop, is more to him, than that he is a man. Therefore the call of this Convention. Therefore your presence. Therefore this statement of the case. It has been made fearlessly, but charitably. It has been made in God's name, and for the Church of Jesus Christ. He stands by it now. He humbly hopes for grace, to stand by it, when he shall stand, before his Saviour-Judge.

And, now, the matter is with you. You have your duties and your rights as well as he. You know your duties, and you know your rights. Your rights you will maintain; your duties you will discharge. I exhort you to firmness and decision, as becomes men, entrusted with the "Ark of God's magnificent and awful cause." I exhort you to moderation, to forbearance, to forgiveness, as sinners whom the blood of Jesus has redeemed. In all humility, I ask for you, the presence and the power of the Divine and Holy Spirit. In all affection, I commend you to the guidance and protection of the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

By an overpowering vote, the Convention refused and resisted the dictation, and declared such confidence in him, as made unnecessary any such investigation, as the Bishop expressed his readiness to undergo. Notwithstanding, the Presenters proceeded, and a presentment and summons were issued upon my Father; the trial fixed for the 24th of June, in Camden. This fact unvarnished, was stated, as an event of the year, in the address to his Convention, in May A. D. 1852. With these authentic and authoritative statements before them, the Convention felt themselves authorized to redeem their pledge of investigating any charges duly made and presented. A committee of seven was accordingly appointed for this purpose, to report to an adjourned Meeting of the Convention in July, 1852. The day of trial was postponed by the Presiding

Bishop till October. The adjourned Convention met, received the Committee's report with testimony annexed, declared their renewed and strengthened confidence in the Bishop's integrity, and his entire exculpation from any of the charges, and appointed a committee to present "their action to the assembled Bishops, represent the legal and canonical rights of the Diocese, and urge them to consider whether it would be wise or just, or for the peace of God's Church, to proceed further." Without waiting for the results of this investigation, which was all they asked at first, the same three Bishops drew up, as my Father used to say, "a paper purporting to be a presentment, and styled by the Rt. Rev. the Senior Bishop a new presentment, dated on the 22d of July in the same year." "The chief object of this communication" writes my Father, (in a letter announcing his visitation, as though nothing had happened, with one week's opening left, to attend the trial :)

The chief object of this communication,* beloved, the recitals, in which, now made, are necessary to a clear and full understanding of the case, is to show you why I have not summoned instantly a special Convention ; that a Diocesan inquiry might be instituted into the truth or falsehood of the charges, now first made. You will take notice, that the paper, called a presentment, is dated without place, on the 22d day of July, 1852 ; while the Right Reverend the Senior Bishop acknowledges its receipt on the twenty-fifth day of August : an interval of thirty-three days ; the course of mail from New York, or Philadelphia, not exceeding thirteen. You will take notice that the "new presentment" is served on me, precisely thirty days before the day appointed for the trial : the very shortest limit of the Canon of the Trial of a Bishop. You will take notice that the four weeks, which are required by the Canon of this Diocese, for the Call of a Special Convention would bring the day of its assembling, were the summons issued to-morrow, to the very day but one before the meeting of the Court. I am thus precluded, by the delay of the Right Reverend the Bishops of Virginia, Ohio, and Maine, in making out their "new presentment," and in forwarding it, when made, to the Right Reverend the Senior Bishop, from the possibility of discharging my duty, to the Convention of the Diocese ; and enabling it to consider its duty, towards itself and me. And, this, when there are no allegations, of later date than November, 1851 : while the body of them ranges through a period, of from three to seven years. I make no complaint, in this place, of the re-opening of a presentment, the materials for which were mainly furnished, at least, as early as September, 1851, while the earliest movement towards it was in May, 1849, to introduce into it, as new matter, charges, which bear date so far back : nor, of the sharp proceeding, which shuts up the preparation for a new presentment, to the mere canonical minimum of time. These are not matters of appeal, to you : and are too plain and patent, not to be seen and read of all men. My single purpose, in this state-

ment, is to show, why I cannot discharge my duty, towards you, in summoning the Convention; which is charged alike with the protection of your rights and mine. A Convention, which has proved itself worthy of your confidence; while it has so amply entitled itself to my own.

And now, my beloved in Christ, it but remains that I ask the continuance of your prayers, and assure you of the fervency of my blessing. For myself, I say, in all humility, though, in unshaken confidence, with the Apostle, at Miletus, "none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." "And, now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance, among all them which are sanctified. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that are with me. I have showed you all things; how that, so labouring, ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Affectionately and faithfully, your Bishop and Servant in Christ,

GEORGE W. DOANE,

Bishop of New Jersey.

Twelve days after this, and at the request of several clergy and laity, a Special Convention was called on the 27th of October "to decide upon and pursue whatever course their judgment might think required. Meanwhile the court * met in Camden, on the 7th of October, and adjourned at my Father's instance, to Burlington. On the 9th, the Committee of the Convention sent their report. *Two days after* the Presenters replied. And on the *same day*, the Committee not being allowed to rejoin, my Father at their request, argued their case. I quote from the argument only so much as seems to bear upon the principles, Diocesan or personal, or rather official, which governed his case.

BISHOPS,—The Paper of the Presenting Bishops, in answer to the representation from the Convention of the Diocese of New Jersey, read by the Chairman of its Committee, is, mainly, in two parts:

An attempt to depreciate the moral weight of the Convention;

A legal argument, to exclude its action.

I. It was my purpose and desire to keep myself, throughout this case, distinct from the Convention of my Diocese. As I have said before, I am in no way responsible for their present action. In my original contemplation of the case, the proceeding to trial followed the canon-

* During the session of the Court, when a Bible was needed, the *only* copy was in the possession of the "accused Bishop." With his prayer-book, it lay always on his table as part of the "references to be consulted."

ical completion of the Presentment. The interposition of the Diocese was not at my instance ; and never with more than my assent. But the Convention had a right to act. They have acted. Their action has been represented here. And, now, that leave has been refused to the Committee of the Convention, to reply to the Paper of the Presenting Bishops—of which I do not make the least complaint—I am bound, by the most sacred duty, as its next friend, to stand by the Convention ; and vindicate it from the depreciating and abusive language, which the three Bishops have seen fit to employ towards it, and its Committee. I should be guilty, if I did not, of a blacker crime than I am yet accused of: *the treachery of silence*, when the absent is condemned unjustly.* The Bishops, who hear me, are all Diocesan Bishops. Each one of them has a Diocesan Convention, of which he is the honoured head ; and with which he is connected by the most sacred and endearing relations. And I put it to every one of them, to suppose himself in my case ; and say, if he would hold his peace, for worlds, when language, such as is used in that Paper, was applied to his Convention. A Convention, let it be observed—I *had* supposed it too familiar to need suggestion, here—is not a mere aggregate of individual men ; however high their intelligence, however great their influence, however unquestioned their integrity. It is no “mixed multitude ;” no mere unorganized and irresponsible assemblage. It is the sacred council of the Diocese. It sits, in its due orders. Its deliberations are under the most solemn sanctions. Its actions are controlled by the most awful responsibilities. And this it is, a Diocese of the Church, well nigh the very earliest Diocese of the Church—the Diocese of New Jersey—which is here disparaged and assailed. I might justly complain of it, as a wrong done. I might reasonably insist on it, as a wrong to be retrieved. I might honestly denounce it, as a wrong not to be endured. But I now content myself, with representing to this Court, what they cannot fail to have perceived and felt, the utter want of logical connection and conclusiveness, which attempts to detract from the weight of the Diocesan action of New Jersey, by a personal criticism—I may rather say, a scandalous attack—on the composition of its Convention, and the members of its Investigating Committee. Who would not feel that logic and decency were alike disregarded, had an attempt been made, to detract from the weight of the Presentment, by a rude discussion of the character, personal, official or theological, of the Presenting Bishops ? And why should it not hold, as well, and be as readily allowed ? The most that can be claimed for the three Bishops, in this relation—and that I never have conceded—is, that they are co-ordinate with the Convention. As presenting bodies, they would come into the Court, if both could come indifferently, with equal rights, and with the same immunities. Both decency and logic must be outraged, when either should be personally assailed.

The presenting Bishops urge the Court, as by a stern necessity to progress, in the case. It cannot be arrested. You must not stop to

* “ Qui rodit absentem, qui non defendit, amicum,
Hic niger est : hunc tu, Romane, caveto.”—*Horatius*.

hear. You must not, even, stop, to think. There is a Presentment made. The trial, therefore, must proceed, at once. Does it not say, this Canon "of the trial of a Bishop," even in the 2d section thereof, "upon a Presentment made," "the course of proceeding *shall be* as follows?" Doubtless, it does. But all it means is, if you do proceed, and when you do proceed, you shall proceed *thus*; and in no other way. It does not command you to proceed, at once; upon the instant that Presentment may be made: without inquiry, and without consideration. Was ever a court for the trial of offences heard of upon earth* that had no prerogative of interposition? That could not quash an indictment? That could not dismiss an accusation? That could, in no way, and on no consideration, stay proceedings, even for a moment? And, can a Court of CHRIST'S Church be defective, in a power, so obviously inherent in the very nature of a Court? Can a Court of Bishops, with their powers and rights, above all Canons, and beyond them, be without it? A Court of Bishops, most especially, from which, there is provided no appeal, whatever? And this most sovereign power, and, this most sacred right, be lost to such a Court, by mere omission; in a Canon, which *gives* them no authority, whatever, and claims but to direct them? An omission, merely. construed, as a limitation? And, that of a prerogative; which justice consecrates, and mercy claims? It cannot be. It cannot be.

This Court has discretion. The question is, is this a case to exercise it? And, of that, again, this Court must judge. It may decide, whether it shall proceed, at once, to trial; or, whether it shall stay proceedings, and inquire. Nay; and it *must* inquire. It may not refuse to entertain a question, so important in its bearings, on this case, and on all cases. As Diocesan Bishops, you must not refuse to consider the solemn representations of a Diocese. As Bishops of the Church of God you must not hurry on; and leave behind you a claim, so pregnant with the most disastrous issues. You cannot do it; and you dare not. I do not mean, from any fear of men; from any consideration of personal consequences. But, on your responsibilities, as Christians. But, on your oaths, as Bishops.

You have discretion, then, as Bishops, *before* the Canon, and *outside* of it: and I must add, *from above* it. That discretion, you are to exercise, in ascertaining *the spirit* of the Canon. *What is the spirit of the Canon?* The spirit of the Canon is, that the subject-matter of the charges, the whole question, of presentment, or no-presentment, is to be investigated, by one of two tribunals; the Diocesan Convention, or three Bishops. The investigation by either, according to the terms of the Canon, concludes the case; whether that investigation results in dismissing the charges, or in finding a Presentment. It is not necessary, that the Convention should present, in order to produce a bar to the action of three Bishops. If they dismiss the charges, it is as much a bar, as if they find a Presentment. Otherwise, the only object of the Canon must be, to procure present-

* I do not here take in the *lower* court of Justice Rhadamanthus: "*Castigat, auditque.*"

ment. The law is, at least, as much, for the protection of the innocent, as for the punishment of the guilty. If the Canon does not give, to the Convention, the power to dismiss charges, as well as to proceed to trial, and make the one, as final and conclusive, as the other, too much would flow from it ; and it would perish, by its own excess. It would compel Presentment, in all cases of inquiry ; even where the accused had been the subject of a former trial. This is, of course, absurd.

But, though the Canon provides two modes, for the Presentment of a Bishop, it does not therefore make them equal, or concurrent, or alternate. The Presenting Bishops, so far as they are consistent with themselves, interpret the Canon rightly, in their letter of the 22d September, 1851. They, there, expressly say, "That, action shall *first* take place in the Diocesan Convention," "*must* have been the expectation of the Church, in the Canon, for the trial of a Bishop." As much as this, and even more, the Diocesan Convention of New Jersey claims, for herself. But, this much serves her present purpose.

Now, mark the relation, as to time, of the two proceedings, under discussion. I mean, the Diocesan Investigation and the Presentment by three Bishops, *now* before this Court. Again declaring, that I separate myself from this proceeding of the Diocese, and only stand before you, now, as its next friend, in the assertion of its rights, I wish to clear myself, even in this, from any show of inconsistency. Without the slightest measure of responsibility, for the postponement, by the late Presiding Bishop, of the Court, first called, by him ; I had determined and declared, that no advantage should be taken of it. I expected, if there was a trial, to be tried, upon *the first Presentment*. All my arrangements, and all my preparation, had been made, in reference to that. But, when the Presenting Bishops without consulting me ; without enabling me to meet or to explain the additional charges, which they make ; with just the time, beyond the stated limit of the Canon, that it took the Bishop of Ohio to read their paper, here, this morning—with ninety minutes' notice—come down upon me with a new Presentment, the case is changed. If they have defeated themselves, it is their own look-out. If they have put themselves to inconvenience, I cannot help them out of it. If they had come to me, at first, I would. I would have met them frankly, and given them truthful information. But they adopted evil counsellors. They have fallen into evil hands. I pity ; but I cannot help, them. It is their affair, not mine. And, now, I say, that, while their new Presentment is not dated, until July 22d—as it afterwards appeared, on the admission of the Bishop of Ohio, it had not the *third* signature, and, so, was *no* presentment, until August 11—the action of New Jersey, beginning on the 27th of May, and consummated on the 14th of July, is prior action : and, by their own statement of "what *must* have been the expectation of the Church, in her Canon for the trial of a Bishop, viz.—That action shall first take place in Diocesan Conventions," excludes them, altogether, from this Court.

I could have wished, could I wish so much harm to any living man, that another had been, in my place ; and I had perfect freedom

to defend these principles. But, you will bear me witness, that, at the opening of this Court, I pledged myself, that I would raise every point and plant myself on every foot of ground, that could be urged or taken, to defend the Bishops, that are, and those that are to be, from any similar position. To me, no harm can, now, be done. I have been twice presented; and exposed to all the obloquy and all the odium, which can attach to such a posture. But, you are yet untouched. And, for your sakes, and for their sakes, who shall come after you, and me, until the world shall end, I am resolved, although the opposite theory prevails, with the Presenting Bishops, to do, what lies in me, to make the trial of a Bishop, hard. This Canon is but new. We have had one trial under it. And, I most solemnly believe, that greater evils have arisen, from that trial, than could have come, if the offences charged upon the Bishop of New York—which I have never for one moment believed—had all been true. And, now, you are pressed, and urged, and threatened, and almost driven, to proceed, with me. When my whole Diocese, with whom I have gone in and out, for twenty years, is with me. When there are only two of the Clergy who openly oppose me; and two or three who fall in, sometimes, on collateral or incidental questions: and all the names of all the Laity, who further this proceeding, could be written on my thumb nail. It is not mine, to press, to urge, to threaten, or to drive. But, as a free, and as an honest man, I must declare to you, you cannot go on, and try these charges. They are not lawfully, before you. The Diocese has put itself, canonically, between its Bishop and this Court. To reach him, you must trample upon it. You must disregard the rights of one Diocese; you must invalidate the rights of all; you must endanger the peace, the harmony, the unity, of the Church. It may not be for me, to give advice. I do it for your sakes; not for my own. I repeat it, you cannot go on, and try the Presentment, now before you. I know, it has been said, “No good will come of this; there will but be another Presentment, another trial: and the end will be the same!” That may be so. I cannot say. It does not touch the right. You cannot go on, now. You must go home, and leave this matter where it is. And I, for my part, have but this to say: let a Presentment come up, square; and I am, here, to meet it. * * * * *

My opinion as to the greater evils, which resulted from that trial than could have come of the offences charged in it, I freely re-assert. It has presented the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, as a divided Church. It has seemed to permit, if not to authorize, the impression, within the Church and without it, that Bishops may be brought to act, upon inferior motives, with ulterior aims. It has given tongue to the astounding thought, that, even in this Church, at this day, men may be marked, as subjects, if not victims, of a line of action, of which the end was seen, from the beginning.

The Bishop of Ohio would deem it a great hardship not to be liable, on easy terms, to trial; would never know how he might stand among his brethren, and in the Church, as to the matter of his morals; would hardly know how he should stand, with his own self. In what a sad

perplexity, upon this theory, the Bishops of the Church of England must have been, for centuries; where there is no provision for the trial of a Bishop. And yet there cannot be on earth a more exemplary set of men, or better reputed of among their brethren.

And, there is another portion of the Church, from which the very instincts of my being so revolt, that I could do any thing short of a denial of the whole substance of the Catholic faith, rather than be a Romanist. And, yet, we must own, that in her generation, the Church of Rome is wise and prudent, and stands well with men. Now, who has ever heard of the trial of a Romish Bishop? Scarcely, of a Romish Priest. When one of the Clergy of that Church falls into open and notorious sin, he is sent off, in silence and solitude and sorrow: we humbly trust, to make his peace with God. And the Church and the world are spared the scandal of his offences, and the greater scandal of his trial.

The Bishop of Ohio misunderstood me, if he thought I said the present Canon made the trial of a Bishop, hard. I said, it was my purpose to do what lay in me, to make it so. I say so, yet. He does me the great honour to remember a remark of mine, made many years ago. I do not recollect it; but I do not doubt his accuracy. I said, in reference to the proceeding of a Diocese against its Bishop, "What, children try their father!" I accept, at once his memory, and his suggestion. I adopt the figure. It does not hold, all round; but it comes near enough. The members of a Diocese *are* as the children of one father. Now, mark, how carefully the Church restrains these filial hands. She does not say, that any number of the children, gathered, anywhere, at any time, in any way, may institute proceedings, for the trial of their father. She does not trust, so much, the very love of sons and daughters. She requires a due assemblage, in Convention. She requires the presence of two-thirds, of either sex. She requires, that they shall wait one day, and sleep, one night, upon it. She requires, then, that two-thirds, of the two-thirds, of both sexes, shall unite in the proceeding. Is not this making the trial of a Bishop hard? Is a father trusted, even to the tender mercies of his children? And, will it be believed that "any three Bishops of this Church," unspecified, undefined, uninstructed, uncontrolled, unregulated, were ever meant, as an alternative?

On the 15th of October, the Court adopted the action of the Convention, in dismissing the first presentment; and relying upon the Convention soon to meet, to redeem their pledge as to any charges from a respectable source, ordered that they would proceed no further with the second. At this Special Convention, October 27th, the whole matter of the new charges was referred to the same Committee, to report at an adjourned meeting on the first of December. This report was presented; and the resolutions adopted upon it, urged in more earnest words, the futility and falsehood of the charge, their unabated confidence in their Bishop, and their appeal to the Church to ratify this result of their fulfilment of their solemn

pledge. With a determination, that has at least the merit of consistency, a third presentment followed from the same three Bishops, in March, A. D. 1853. This fact, stated to the Annual Convention of that year, led to a reference to a Committee. No very long deliberation was needed for a thing, that had been twice considered before. And at the same session, in a series of resolutions declaring the identity of the three presentments, asserting that the action of the Committee, as recognized by the Court, had proclaimed and proven these charges unsustained, and branding the attempt of the Presenters as a violation of the most common rights of their Bishop and themselves; the Convention appointed a Committee, to present a statement of their action in December, and to protest against any further action on the part of the Bishops summoned to meet, on the 1st of September, 1853. The Bishops met. They heard the earnest, loving, true words of the Diocesan Committee. Their words, unsolicited, unintimidated, unanswered, unanswerable, came from hearts, that lay so close to his, as to be wounded by the weapons aimed at him. And they spoke out at the last, when the fire of righteous indignation kindled, brave, earnest, honest words.

It has been said, that we are seeking *to avoid* a trial. Our Bishop has been tried: he has walked, in and out, of an ordeal that few men could bear: tried and found, in public estimation, guiltless of the charge: *tried*, by his diocese; *tried*, by the honourable men, *Trustees* and Proprietors of both the beneficent and religious institutions he has reared: *tried*, by *yourselves*—if trial be the ascertaining of the truth: *tried*, by that private sentiment, indigenous to every mind, by which, unshackled by the technicalities of law, actions are ever tried—and, lastly, *tried*, by the providence of God, which, has thrown into his way, more opportunities of blessings than before—has multiplied the children of his fold—has laid more corner-stones—has reared more temples to God's praise!

It is said, that we are seeking *to avoid* a trial. If it be meant, that, by a trial, he, though innocent, shall be surrendered to his enemies, *then*, we oppose it. If it mean the *scandal* of a public trial—where every enemy, for every cause, can fabricate his charges, and send them, on the pinions of the press, to every country, and to every clime, where, it may be, in many instances, the refutation will not reach—and fill the public mind with foul suspicions, and the public tongue with false assertions, and the public press with judgments, which are false—*then*, we resist it. *The truth being ascertained*, by lawful means, we hold that he is *tried*. Others hold that he has *not been tried*, because he has not been *condemned*!

Right Reverend Fathers, *why* should such special pleading, such tampering with sacred duties, and with sacred offices, and with the sacred rights of others, be allowed? Why should an unrelenting malice be permitted to so use the technicalities of language, and the

ambiguities of an imperfect law, as to endanger the fair fame, and the existence of a man, who has his enemies, because he has been great; and the fiercer enemies, because he is uninjured—and is hated, because he has been *sanguine*, and is *brave*? *Why* should the sleepless enmity of a mere handful of men, be suffered so to distract the minds, and to disturb the peace of a whole diocese, and to put in jeopardy what we hold dear.

Gathering its contributions as the stream rolled on, this opposition began in wounded *vanity*, in mortified ambition; and the waters, as they flowed, increased in bitterness, from every “root of bitterness” they touched, on either shore!

It is true, that, disappointed in his expectations of assistance, in carrying on the two great institutions which he had begun, the Bishop of New Jersey *failed*, as business men would say—*failed*, not in doing good, for, from those institutions have gone forth no small proportion of those who are to be *the jewels* of the land, and from whose influence much good may be anticipated to the Church of Christ—but *failed*, to meet the promises which he had given in good faith. And it is charged, by his opponents, that he failed *dishonestly*, and that in his transactions there were “*unworthy dealings*,” which were *proofs* of his *impiety*. And the idea which they would seek to spread, is this, that the opposition began with his misfortune; and that their effort is, to bring a *guilty man* to trial and to condemnation; and that they are, or have been until now—*yea*, that they *still* are the *friends* of Bishop Doane; and that, their pure and righteous feelings were so roused, by the mere story of his criminality, that, *most reluctantly*, in sorrow, and in tears, they have been driven to go on! And, probably, the most of what are called *the Christian world*, suppose that they who thus pursue him are honest—are pious—are sincere—and have a love of honesty, and are absorbed in pious duties, and would take a greater pleasure in the showing of his *innocence*, because he is a minister of Christ, than in the proving of his *guilt*. No doubt men look upon it so, and after ages of the Church may be *deceived*, unless we put on record our impression of its history, and give to this persecution, of a noble and laborious man, the character which it deserves.

No doubt, Right Reverend Fathers, you have been *yourselves* deceived. There may be some of you who still are thinking that this effort, of some persons of New Jersey, is all right.

Many may think this prosecution is felt to be a *painful duty* to the Church of Christ. The Church shall not be ignorant of what we think to be the truth.

The opposition, in its sources, began *before* the misfortunes of Bishop Doane. Began, we think, at least twelve years ago. Began in a fancied slight. Began in *wounded vanity*. The opponents watched, and waited, for some opportunity of injury. They heard, at length, of his embarrassments. They *prognosticated* he would fail. They may have helped, by their advice, to keep from him supplies, on which he had depended. They talked upon the corners of the street, and in the houses of parishioners. They opposed him in Convention, but could gain no friends. At length a sickness came, al-

most unto death. Our Bishop was brought low. He was stripped of the power to act, and then *the failure* came. He failed, from disappointment. He failed like any other honest, over sanguine man. But, matters could be distorted. The opportunity must not be lost. The thing was talked about. The records of the county were consulted. Several attempts were made to get the Grand Jury to indict him. Personal solicitations were tried repeatedly to get the larger creditors to act. Speeches were made in the Convention, but no charges presented, for which any one was willing to be held responsible. The Convention stood ready to investigate his conduct, whenever proper accusations should be made. It was openly acknowledged by them that nothing could be done *in the Convention* of New Jersey. *Why?* They knew him. They had heard the echoes of the tongues of scandal. They knew that like many another upright man, he was accused. They knew enough of his whole life, and of his character, to disbelieve the lie. Their manliness, their dignity, their self-respect, forbade their hearing charges which were not canonically brought. And, the confidence of a whole Diocese, ought to outweigh the interested slanders of a disappointed few.

The simple statement of the result, on the *part* of the Committee is :

MR. PRESIDENT :—The Committee appointed to represent the Convention of New Jersey, at the Court of Bishops, assembled in Camden, in October last, (1853,) desire to submit a very brief report.

The Committee prepared a statement of the case, and requested to be heard by the Court, as they had been before.

The Court proceeded to no trial. But, during the discussion, and the settlement of some preliminary matters, it was decided that the statement should be listened to ; although the Committee in person should not be admitted. The paper from New Jersey was read by the Rt. Rev., the Provisional Bishop of New York, the Secretary of the Body.

After prolonged consideration, and the utmost delicacy towards every one concerned, the Court came to the unanimous conclusion to dismiss the case. The decision has brought peace to a whole Diocese, and, we may add, peace to the Church. God grant that its effect may be, to make us altogether one ; to bind the members of the Diocese, one and all, more closely to the head, and him, to them ; and to unite us all in the best bond, the bond of charity.

And his own statement, briefer still :

From the next day, 1 September, to the 15 inclusive, I was in attendance on the Court of Bishops, assembled, in Camden, on the third presentment, made, for substantially the same charges, by the Bishops of Virginia, Ohio, and Maine : all of which had been investigated by a Committee of your Body, after testimony, taken under oath ; and declared to be not sustained by evidence. As the order of the Court, that “ the presentment be dismissed, and the respondent be

discharged, without day," was unanimous, seventeen Bishops, the whole of the Court, being present, I content myself with the single remark, that the form, which its conclusion took, was not of my seeking; and was recommended to me, as, in the highest degree, desirable, for the peace and unity of the Church. Having laboured, assiduously, for that end, during a ministry, which overruns the third part of a century, I am thankful to believe that it has still been furthered, by the decision of this vexatious controversy.

And so, after a long drawn-out, and tedious delay, ended in two years, what wore off twenty, of my Father's life. His patience, his courage,* his determination, his steadfastness gave a seeming of indifference to his whole course. But the iron entered into his soul. There was balm for the wound, in the devotion of his Diocese, the confidence of all who ever knew him, the success and prosperity of all his work, but he

* As an indication of the calm courage, with which, my Father's foresight took in the whole ground of his position, I find the following among his "memoranda and suggestions" made at the time, to his counsel:

"You will not find precedents"—no matter! All precedents were made. *We must make ours.* I must be pardoned if I suggest that we are very much in the position of 1776, and I am not without sympathy with the sentiment,—“Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.”

My impression is, that the line for me to take is one of firm resistance to every wrong, and determined maintenance of every real right (however some may think it small), all in the spirit of meekness.

I distinctly declare my purpose in advance, to stand by my order, if I stand alone. The world is wide: and I am fearless.

The lines below, part of a favourite song among the crowds of friends that gathered about him in his time of trouble, will show their loving and fearless devotion to him. It is a paraphrase of the old ballad,

“Then thirty thousand Cornish men will know the reason why.”

Rise we, with one accord
To shield Thy servant, Lord;
And down we kneel and humbly pray,
God give the right award:
For shall our Bishop die,
Shall our good Bishop die,

Then thirty thousand Jersey boys will know the reason why.

But this all over, when his innocence of crime was vindicated, and a victory of his principles achieved, he was withheld by no false shame, or boastful pride from this statement:

“The Respondent, the Bishop of New Jersey, readily admitting the purity of the motives of the Presenters in making the Presentment, and regarding the case as now terminated, by the withdrawal of the same, asks the Court to receive and put on its record, this statement under his hand, viz.:

“That in carrying on the two Institutions, St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College, as he believes for the good of the Church, he had, while they were under his sole management, been led, by pecuniary pressure, which fell unexpectedly upon him, into imprudences of word and act, which, though done with the purest intention, he now feels were unbecoming in him, as a Bishop in the Church of God, and deeply deplores: and having made an assignment of all his property for the benefit of all his creditors, he now renews the declaration of intention which he has constantly made, and thus far has acted on to his utmost ability, in the fear of God and in dependence on His blessing, to devote his means, efforts and influence to the payment, principal and interest, of all just demands upon him; and the fulfilment of all his promises, in this matter.”

felt it keenly and severely. The very sensitiveness, that made this love so welcome, opened every nerve of his soul to feel the smart of suspicion, and cruelty, and wrong.

"I say not," writes Dr. Ogilby, "that all this suffering, which made long furrows on him, had no effect upon his present peace and comfort. He tasted this bitterness in the cup of life's experience, with the keen perception of a most sensitive nature—a nature whose most delicate fibres, as they were quick to feel the touch of love, quivered beneath the rude, rough hand of hard, unfeeling violence. He whose heart and life were all a-glow with love, shrank with instinctive dread from the shafts of hatred, malice and uncharitableness which made him their favourite mark. It was hard to be wounded in the house of his friends. It was hard to be misunderstood, misrepresented, maligned by those for whose good he laboured in ceaseless toil. It was hard to find the love, on which he leaned, a broken reed piercing him through with many sorrows. Yet in all this he saw that cross which he must take up to follow Christ. "Looking unto Jesus," he ran with patience the race set before him. And the sharp thorns, which wounded him in the way, hindered him not, but were only spurs to quicken his diligence and activity."

As I recall all this, my man's blood boils again, as it did in the yet unreserved confidence, and admiration, and reverence, and love of boyhood. There is a stir in all he did and said, the very inspiration of courage, like the trumpet blast in mid battle, or the leader's shout in the thickest of the charge. But this is no record of my feelings or my convictions. I had rather it should stand in its simplicity, for the world's judgment, when all the mists of earth, prejudice and partisanship and personalities, shall have been blown away. But there are points about it, which prejudice perverts, and timidity misunderstands.

Self-interest would have dictated a very different course, from that my Father pursued. The world's applause would have been secured, years of wearing anxiety would have been spared, by an immediate yielding to the demand for an investigation. The result proves this, even to those who feared the issue, while it yet lay in the future. But the motive of his life was a disregard of self. The ever present sense of official position sunk the man, in the Bishop, and the individual Bishop, in the order. And, the two great points for which he did battle, the two principles that were on trial, far more than he was, were the rights of separate Dioceses, and the safety of the Episcopal order. Of the first, the action of the Diocese, and his own argument are record enough. The latter has its expression, in the words which are, and more and more are to

be, historic. "I AM RESOLVED TO DO WHAT LIES IN ME TO MAKE THE TRIAL OF A BISHOP HARD." Their principle was nobly appreciated and avowed, in Dr. Mahan's memorial sermon :

"Our Bishop, as everybody knows, has been the butt of accusations as gross as those which in the fourth century caused St. Athanasius to be twice condemned by synods of his peers, and drove him at least five times into exile from his home and see. Unlike the great champion of antiquity, however, Bishop Doane, though accused, has never been condemned. The charges brought against him were solemnly dismissed by his peers. This, on all acknowledged principles of equity, ought to be the end of the matter. A man who lives for the public, whether in Church or State, who is much in the public eye, whose heart and brain are continually overtasked in the public service, labours, so far as his own good fame is concerned, under a double disadvantage. He is more exposed than other men to the shafts of calumny : he is less able than other men to guard and defend himself. Every hour that he gives to self-vindication, is so much taken from the cause to which all his time is devoted. For this reason, the true public man is bound in conscience to endure in magnanimous silence, what to other men would seem simply unendurable. A sentinel cannot leave his post to chastise the insolence of the mob. A shepherd cannot leave his flock to answer the challenge of the wolf. In the same way, a public man, when he is assailed by accusations, true or false, is at liberty to meet them only in one way, and on one spot. He cannot go forth to meet them. They must come and meet him. They must come before him in a legally binding, responsible, and authoritative shape. Thus our Lord, before Caiaphas, answered never a word, till solemnly *adjured by the living God* ; and, when questioned by Pilate, declined answering, till fully assured whether Pilate *spoke of himself*—that is, magisterially—or merely uttered the idle questions of others. On the same principle St. Polycarp declined to plead his cause before the crowd, because, as he alleged, they had no lawful commission to judge him. The public man, in fact, has a public cause to sustain. To that he is wholly pledged. His own cause, therefore, except so far as the vindication of it is forced upon him by due process of legal adjuration, he leaves to God, to time, to the sure though slow instinct of justice in the human heart.

"This, my brethren, is the principle on which I believe Bishop Doane to have acted, from the beginning to the end of that storm of accusation, which has of late years raged against him. For one, I thank God that he saw the impor-

tance of this principle so clearly ; that he acted on it so firmly. At a time when irresponsible accusation is becoming more and more a great power in the land, the man who refuses to bow to it, who at his own peril holds up against it the standard of time-honoured law, is doing good service both to the Church and country. Bishop Doane saw this. And when, in the face of a wide-spread clamour, and even against the wishes of many of his friends, he declared that he would do what he could *to make the trial of a Bishop hard*, he may, indeed, have injured his own cause for a while in public opinion, but he at the same time delivered his own soul : he expressed honestly and boldly a settled and sound conviction."

The avowal of this determination under all the circumstances, was a deliberate, intended act of self immolation. There are few such on record. It was the plunge into the yawning gulf to save Rome. It was a challenge to misconception, misunderstanding, condemnation. It was the turning of the boat's head against the torrent of Niagara. It involved in his own estimate of possibility, his own condemnation. It obliged, in his knowledge of the world, the sentence of guilty at the bar of public opinion. And yet he said it, fairly, honestly, at the start. And his whole defence was not of himself : it was the speech of a counsel for a client. Its immediate effects were almost destructive. It became the rallying cry for all his enemies. And it breathed dismay and discomfiture over nine-tenths of his friends. He braved it all, on principle. Self-forgetting, he was * fearless ; conscious of right, he left *his* cause to God, that he might defend the common cause of the American Episcopate. With an easy path before him, that prudence and expediency pointed out, whose way was smoothed by concessions and compromises, he chose the steep way, the rough way, to clear for himself, to struggle up alone ; and in such heart he conquered. Judging the future from the past, his standing was the break-water, that turned the tide of violence from more than one of those who thought with him ; and he, as those who bled at Thermopylæ, to save from desolation the Eye of Greece. The heat of battle, the dust of meeting hosts, the din of clashing arms, all are passed. The quiet beauty, as of the growing harvest, blesses the battle field. The gain is theirs who survive. The warrior is entered into peace. I pray God, that the world's judgment of those who

* It was the same unflinching courage, that led my Father in the face of timidity and prejudice, to assert and reassert, before the Court of Bishops, his conviction of the entire innocence of the Bishop of New York ; to proclaim his firm belief, that, and the scandal and partisanship of that persecution, were more harmful to the Church, than would have been, the truth, of the false charges against him ; and so to invite, to himself, the revived bitterness of all that cruel storm.

drove him to resistance, and *their* judgment of him, may both be altered at the judgment seat of Christ.

Nor may I stop even here, as would to God I could, in this summary of God's use of suffering, in the moulding of his soul, in the development of his life, in the melting, from the native ore, the pure and precious gold.

In 1855, there fell a cloud upon him, which wrapped, in its deep darkness, the inmost feelings of his heart and soul. The perversion to the Church of Rome of his oldest son, touched at once, the instincts of his intense human love, and the deep, life-long devotion of his soul to the pure branch of Christ's Holy Church, at whose altars he had ministered so long. With the heart-rending memories of his sorrow, of his stern submission to his own duty, of his discharge of it before his two only counsellors, of his hopes and prayers and tears, I can only make mention here, of all in the case, that was official. And I may make it in his own words :

September, 1855.—I was again very happy. It is that which cannot any more be, while on earth. In a little more than ten days, one, who was with me, then, in such tenderness and beauty, as made me think of ministering angels, and whom peculiar circumstances and a peculiar temperament had combined, with the holiest bonds of nature and of grace, to make dearer, to me, than the apple of my eye, had gone, from his life-nest, in my heart, to take counsel, with one, with whom, until the corrupt additions to the old faith be rescinded, and the usurping claim of papal supremacy be withdrawn, evangelic truth and apostolic order can hold no communion.

On Saturday, 15 September, I was brought to know what that means, of which we read in holy Scripture, about cutting off the right hand, and plucking out the right eye. It was my dreadful duty to pronounce Sentence of Deposition, from the Ministry, on my eldest son, and first-born child ; whom I had admitted to the Diaconate, with such sacred joy, not seven months, before. The record is as follows : "To all, everywhere, who are in communion with the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church : Be it known, that George Hobart Doane, M. D., Deacon of this Diocese, having declared to me, in writing, his renunciation of the ministry, which he received, at my hands, from the Lord Jesus Christ, and his design not to officiate, in future, in any of the offices thereof, intending to submit himself to the schismatical Roman intrusion, is deposed from the Ministry, and I hereby pronounce and declare him deposed, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Given, at Riverside, this fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord, 1855, and in the twenty-third year of my Consecration.

G. W. DOANE, D. D., LL.D.,

Bishop of New Jersey.

In the presence of M. Mahan, D.D., *Presbyter* ;

M. F. Hyde, A. M., *Presbyter*.

This sentence was not executed, until the provisions of the Canon, "where the party has acted unadvisedly and hastily," which is pre-eminently the present case, had been offered, urged and refused. It only remains, for me, humbly to ask the prayers of the faithful, in Christ Jesus, that my erring child may be brought back, to the way of Truth and Peace; and for myself, that I may have grace, to bear and do the holy will of God.

G. W. DOANE.

Not, because I have any thing to gain, nor, because I have any thing more to lose—the heart-wound of this loss must go with me, into the grave; and bring me sooner, there—but, simply, because the truth alone is always true, I shall briefly recite the leading circumstances, of what, I deem, a case, peculiar, and by itself. God will, I trust, sustain me, for His Church's sake, in an anatomy, more agonizing, than the dissection of my own heart strings.

My darling child was, from his birth, impulsive and impetuous, beyond any one, whom I have ever known. He is of a candid, generous, and noble, nature. And, through the heavenly grace, vouchsafed to him, his impulses were never towards vice. He was carefully taught and trained, as a child of the Church: and brought up, in its atmosphere. I challenge contradiction, when I assert, that there is not a house, on earth, that can be less imbued with sympathy with Rome, than that, in which he lived, for five and twenty years. And, for myself, of all the falsehoods, which have ever been imagined, and alleged, a tendency towards Rome is the one, which, my deepest impressions, and clearest conclusions, not only, but the very instincts of my nature, make, impossible. It was in the air, which my poor child had always breathed, that Winslow, when, at Cambridge, he was almost lost, found health and strength; and was restored to duty and to truth. If he had a special admiration, it was for Bishop Hobart; whose name he bears. And the Churchmen, of his sympathy, were such as Dr. Ogilby, and Dr. Croswell, and Dr. Mahan.

After most thoughtful consideration, on my own part, and consultation, with those, who knew him best, and were best qualified to judge, I consented to his desire: and he became a candidate for holy orders. I never saw one more delighted with his studies, or more in earnest. He was, literally, "*totus in illis*." As a Sunday School Teacher, and as a District Visitor, he was foremost, in every good work; and, while, yet, he was a layman, was doing, as far as might be, the service of a Deacon. In his recitations, to the several instructors, in theology, he was, always, satisfactory; and, in the homiletic exercises, before me, eminently so. His examination was all that could be desired. His whole life had been passed, under the shadow of the Altar. He seemed to have found his place, at its foot. It was the happiest day of my life, when I knelt, before it; and could say, to Him, Whose sacrifice it commemorates, "behold I, and the children which Thou hast given me." After remaining a few weeks with me, perfectly happy in the exercise of his Diaconate, as he had opportunity; and, especially, in serving me, on my Visitation, he went to

Newark, at the earnest and repeated desire of the Rector of Grace Church, enforced by the wish of some of the best and dearest friends, that man has ever had, to be the Deacon of that parish. On Friday, 30 July, he came, with his Rector's consent, for a short week at home. He left home on the following Saturday, 4 August, with great reluctance. He parted from me, at six, in the evening, with my kiss and blessing. He could not have reached Newark, before 9 o'clock. And, before he slept, he had gone to the intruding representative of the Bishop of Rome; and taken his counsel, as to any further ministration in the communion of his father. And, he is, now, at Rome, his natural feelings, I am glad to say, restored, a Student, in a College, which has been founded, there, for English perverts. But, he is the child of many tears and many prayers; and there is still hope, that he may come "to himself." That it may be so, I humbly ask your fervent supplications.

And yet, even in this trial, a triumph was achieved, the triumph of overcoming love; so that in constant visits and correspondence, and always, to the last struggling utterance, the last yearning look of life, the mutual enjoyment of the deepest, truest, most expressive love, was undiminished, uninterrupted, and unbroken.

Thus was he indeed, a man of suffering, "of great joys and unutterable sorrows." How severe they were, no *one* knows. They reached over every stage of his life. They who sorrowed with him, in the first, were gone beyond the reach of sorrow, when the last came. And they, who sat in silence before the silent agony of his last griefs, saw, only in their endurance, how he had learned, in constant sufferings which they had not known, the great lesson of bearing. With him, all his life-long, his deepest sorrows, were side by side, with his best joys; and his chiefest joys were drawn up, "as out of a river," from the depth of his sufferings. The thorns, that entered most sharply into his soul, grew on the stem that bore the sweetest rose. I speak now more of his inner, than of his outer, life. Over it, is drawn the veil of home tears, that were shed for him; of the reverence of intimate love, that saw in him, one earnestly beloved of God, to be honoured with such chastenings; and visibly sustained by Him, to bear them all. As year by year of life went on, and one by one, such friends as Hobart, Winslow, Croswell, Ogilby, Wainwright * fell away

* The last of these; and among the dearest, that fell away from him, was Mrs. Warren, of Troy. To the reverent admiration with which all churchmen looked up to her, he added the close love of long and intimate acquaintance. And her death, early in February, of this year, was a severe and fearful shock to a heart full of most affectionate memories. Sending the telegraphic dispatch that brought the startling news, less than three months before his death, to his sisters, he wrote upon it, "I am sorry to send you such a note—but it is the will of God. It came to me at twelve. I go to-morrow afternoon. Alas, how few

from his side, his foes and troubles thickening all the while, one gets a glimpse into the growing loneliness, which deepened so, and darkened, the sorrows of his heart. Yet he was brave, trustful, cheerful; as ready, in the perfectness of his sympathy, to rejoice with the joyful, as to weep with the sad; as ready to enter into the sanguine enthusiasm of one entering life, as to soothe, by sharing, the calm patience of a soul, that asks only "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

It is easy for the sun to pierce the white fleece of an April sky. We own its *strength*, when it bursts the blackness of a thunder cloud, or gilds the leaden heaviness of the heavens, in March. And they are strong roots, that pierce the rocks, strong shoots, that break the ground before the spade. It is no effort to grow in a meadow; and bloom in a fallow-ground. His heart, his soul, rather, God's life in them, had such strength as this, to overmaster impossibilities.

Many and many a year, his heart lay thus in shadow.

are left to us! Who next?" And the next was himself. So soon God heard the prayer of his parting words, over her sacred and beloved dust: "Sweet spirit! be it ours to follow thee as thou hast followed Christ; to bear with thee His Cross, to wear with thee His Crown!" What they were to each other he has said most fitly, in the holy and beautiful house which she built, and where she worshipped; on the day when it was finally and really, what it ever had been to her soul, the vestibule of Heaven.

"I am not here in any official, or in any public relation. I stand here, as a mourner; as one bereaved with those who are the most bereaved, in this bereavement. I have no speech to make—no address to deliver; but can but let my heart run out—broken, indeed, if in this life, only, we had hope—on these beloved ashes. The mourners who are the most afflicted, in this affliction; and the true priest, who was for fourteen years her friend and counsellor—her own pastor and the pastor of her lambs; they will appreciate my feelings. And you, dear friends, for their sake, will permit and pardon it. I never loved so much any, that did not bear my name. And few loved me more.

"It wants but little now of five-and-thirty years, since I became the guest of Nathan Warren—a true Christian nobleman. His name will never be forgotten. His memory will be green forever. The three brothers, identified with all that is best and most precious in the interests and institutions of this city, and their venerable mother, were then alive, and active in all good works. Her excellent and venerable parents were still living, and her lovely sister. She was in the early prime of life, with her little ones about her knees. I had never seen a lovelier woman. I never have. There is none. She was exemplary in all the duties of a wife and mother. She was already widely felt in acts of courtesy and charity. A severe illness detained me for a while by that most hospitable hearth, and knit more closely a love which has never faltered, and will live on through eternity. For many years, I was a frequent visitor in Troy; always her guest. I saw, year after year, the progress of the Church from that small, plain brick building, to that which you see it now. I was of their closest and most sacred councils, in regard to all these things."

How the good work grew in her heart, and how her heart grew with the work, you all are witnesses. Active in every office of humanity, a true sister of mercy—while yet she lived among her children and administered her house, and exercised the widest, the most beautiful, the most gracious hospitality—our dear one walked by faith; and that, a faith which worked by love. It may be said of her, in David's words: "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up."

Warmed and cheered it was, with sunlight breaking through. But only slowly and gradually, as it drew on to the dawning of the perfect day, did the shadows flee away. They who look on at such a life, unwittingly side with the friends of Job, and the Apostles asking of the one born blind, "Who did sin?" But they who look into it, know, in the beginning peace and patience even here, the happiness of "them that endure;" and looking on it even from the imperfect standpoint of the grave, see, what in Paradise *they* know who have passed through the tribulation, "the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy."

CHAPTER X.

PEACE.

Felix opportunitate mortis.

“It was a good time for him to die.”

“—— to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.”

AN unfinished letter of my Father's, almost the last he wrote at home, dated within a month of his death, ends abruptly so ;

This is the time of the examination at St. Mary's Hall. The College examination is just finished. Of course, I have been and still am very busy. In two days I start on my Southern visitation. So I go. I am in perfect health. My work agrees with me, I suppose, because I agree with my work.

From such health, in such heart, to such incessant labour he went out to die. It is as when the soldier's hand is stiffened, in the firm grasp of his sword ; or the falling earth catches the miner, spade in hand ; and death perpetuates the attitude of work.

The last year of my Father's life was one of gathering and increasing peace. The great unrest of the years of strife had passed away, long before. But even the gratefulness of rest, has too much memory of fatigue, to be thought repose. Through that, as enmities were softened, and bitterness done away, and the storm of feelings calmed, he was entering into quietness. There was no relaxation of work. In some ways it increased. But there was less weight to bear about, in going to it. There were new gleams of sunlight in his home. Others grew up about him, to be hands, somewhat, to his head. And the greenness of age seemed springing up about him, the desert, partly passed. We counted it, a promise of calmness and happiness, here. God meant it, as the vestibule into the peace of a more lasting and perfect home. Many of the refreshments of life, that from year to year had passed away, were gathering about him again. The rays that all diverged, seemed to converge and concentrate. At home, though busy always, he was relieved of much of the drudgery of his

work. And he had leisure, more than ever before, to be away from home, not on official duties. Four times during the winter, he went away to marry some of his children. And in their happiness and constant love, he was glad, too. In one of these visits to New York, he had found time to be the guest of one of his most tried friends, and had spent a day in making calls, gathering up what were left, of the links that bound his heart, to those whom he had loved in earlier days.

His correspondence with Dr. Sprague, in regard to the memorial notices which he prepared for the last volume of his "Annals," was a great gratification and pleasure to him. And the task of taking off new impressions, from his heart, of the faithful images of his best beloved, and longest known, soothed him, with that best comforter, that softens smiles with tears, and brightens tears with smiles, the recalling of past joys. In Washington, his welcome on every side was most cordial. "Quite the belle of the evening;" an old friend said to him, at Lady Napier's. And he came back from each of these excursions, with a new sense of the love and admiration, whose presence, before, he had not time to find out. In the death of my Grandmother, and the care and beauty of her grave, with all its sorrow, there was a calm and quiet consolation, as though the opening door that received her into Paradise, had let out on his soul, somewhat of the spiritual peace that there abides. When the cable celebration was announced, he entered into it, at first as a sort of penalty for unbelief, and wanting to make up, for his mistrust of the success. A spark from it seemed to touch him. And he came home, freshened and strengthened, by the welcome of his presence and his words. His cable song was the result. He wrote it, the day after his return, and called me out of my class, to show it to me and to tell me his plan, and from me he went, and sent it safely to Dr. Ogilby, by telegraph, with real glee. The invitation to deliver the Mt. Vernon address, was very pleasant to him, coming from those who had known and watched him through every thing, and whom, no ties of faith and worship bound to him. It was a simple, incidental, public renewal of confidence and admiration. The enthusiastic reception of its thrilling eloquence braced him, and brightened him, extremely. And the close and constant intercourse, brought about by it, with Dr. Van Rensselaer,—an intimacy that ran over into the most graceful acts of thought, and kindness, during his illness; and then expressed itself, in the outspoken, earnest, appreciative tribute, to his blessed memory,—was most grateful and agreeable to him. His work in all its details, was prosperous beyond any previous results. It was the very time for him to live. And so, he entered into

life. The vigorous, spreading, sheltering tree of his own planting, offered its green and fragrant coolness for his rest. Its branches green his sleeping place; and he passed, to be under the greener, shadier palms of Paradise. During the winter, we had noticed now and then, a weariness of walk and look. But he was never fresher-hearted, never fuller of vigour of mind, never freer in the luxuriance of graceful thought. His cable speech, and "cable song;" his Washington oration, his last address at St. Mary's Hall, are among his greatest works. He spoke oftener, of being tired, and went earlier to bed. But no thought or fear of what it meant, ever crossed our hearts. He had conquered so many times; his strength of soul and body were so superhuman; his necessity to us, to all his work, to all God's work, was so great, that no one ever thought, he could die. And in such an atmosphere, of sacred sorrow, of unusual pleasure, of serene refreshment, of gathering, growing peace, the winter passed away, through what he called "the old and new year's isthmus," till the spring brought his visitation duties, again. Closely and constantly confined with the examinations at the two Schools, he wrote his address to the graduates, on the morning of the day it was delivered. "I had not *one* idea," he told me afterwards, "till I went out and saw your bees, this morning." And after all the weariness of that day, he set off so early the next morning, to his month of work, that our parting kiss and blessing, were over-night. The visitation, entered on, as all his notices ran, "if it please God," covered thirty-two parishes, and was to be made in twenty-one days. He visited fifteen. During the last week of incessant storm, he was in the most exposed parts of the Diocese, near the seashore, and travelling only in carriages. His last day's work, included Shrewsbury, Middletown, and Red Bank. And in Trinity Church, Red Bank, on the evening of the fifth Sunday in Lent, (Passion Sunday) April 16th, he officiated for the last time, preaching his last sermon from those great words, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord;" with these last solemn words, that close it, "Thou, who didst die for us and rise again, bid us to die to sin, help us to rise to righteousness; that bearing here Thy cross, we may hereafter share Thy Crown." We had not looked for him at home, until Wednesday. But news of the death, at Mt. Holly, of his old and beloved friend, the Senior Presbyter of the Diocese, Dr. Morehouse, hastened him back. He had made a day, among his last at home, to go to him, with sympathy and cheer, and the Church's words of comfort. And when his death was announced, he came at once, to be there for the burial. When I first saw him, in the garden with a bunch

of flowers, he seemed weary, and stiff, and lame. And at dinner, every thing was an effort, and he was subdued, and quiet, and worn. He went at once to bed. Still he counted on going to Mt. Holly, the next day, and told me how to arrange his plans. We thought but little of it. Exposure and fatigue seemed fully to account for it; and after one day's just such illness, a month before, he had left home for a visitation, at sunrise, the next morning. But in the morning, he could not leave his bed; for the painfulness and helplessness of the rheumatism. Still he would have me go, and lying there, forgot his suffering, to * write a line of sympathy, by me, to those, who wept over their Father's coffin. Until Thursday night, he was almost, just the same. We saw no alarm. He thought the most of it, but said very little. Indeed until the very last, *our* only cause of alarm seemed his unwillingness to put off, his longing for rest, and God's gracious purpose of giving it to him. On Thursday night he was more ill: and when I came in, from Evening Prayer, told me he "was very sick," and begged me to pray with him. Again he was better, giving various directions, postponing, most reluctantly, and only one by one, his appointments; but subduing, by silence or by contradiction, our hopeful and confident assurance that he was less ill than he thought, and already somewhat better. But on Wednesday, for the first time we were alarmed, and from that he grew gradually worse. On Maundy Thursday morning, his thoughts wandered to his visitation, but came back to us when we spoke; and that night, the end began. Towards midnight, his mind was more thoroughly, and for a longer time, unhinged. And all through Good Friday, our hearts were darkened by the veil that hid us from his mind. He was communing with God, and his own soul. Step by step, in his "sublime delirium," with burning words of eloquence, he talked to his Parishioners, of their duty in obeying the Church, of the need of more frequent and better attended services; and of the duty to support the services in all their details. His speech was clear, and forcible, and full of strength, all set to his loving tones of earnest, anxious pleading, and in perfect unison with the teaching of his life. As the night waned, he was in his Convention, with all the majesty and power of his eloquence, stirring them, to a maintenance of the great Catholic principles of the Church, against the insidious approaches of the enemy, on grounds of compromise and popular favour. And through that long and bitter day of the Passion, utterly uncontrolled by reason, and yet so perfectly himself, he was on his visitation, and wanting to get home. But when exhausting struggles stretched

* It was his last note; a type of his life-long love, and sympathy.

his weakness on the bed, he was with his class in Theology, dividing those blessed texts, of unity, and God's love, and Jesu's prayers and promises, in the last chapters of St. John's Gospel, often with a directness and force of argument, that sanity could not have improved. That delirium was a most amazing thing. It was God's own witness to the single-mindedness, the absorption in duty, the devotion to holy works, of his long life. There was no reason to control, there was no thought of approbation, there was no room for any motive whatsoever; but the burning, glowing, glorious, God-like thoughts, that had been born, and grown, and lived ever, in his brain, let loose, with no directing hand, poured out a torrent of earnest, kindling eloquence, and his soul uttered itself, before God. In it, all concealments of policy, or propriety, or hesitation, were removed: and his soul, and heart, and mind lay open, and there was nothing there, but love of God, devotion to the Church, anxiety for souls. * "Delirium ensued; a noble, generous delirium, in which the mind was not so much unhinged, as unveiled; in which the great pastoral heart, that had throbbed so long for the Diocese of New Jersey, and the Parish of St. Mary's, for St. Mary's Hall, and for Burlington College, poured itself out, without measure and without restraint: in which the Christian warrior fought his battles over again, in appeals, in remonstrances, in prayers, in words of burning eloquence and sententious pith. It looked as if reason had resigned the chair for a season, merely that it might be seen how noble and well ordered those faculties were, over which it ordinarily presided." There could not be higher testimony to the power of his mind, the unselfishness of his heart, the purity of his soul. And with the blessed Easter Even, rest came to him; the calm, still, quiet, childlike sleep that brought, on Easter day, such dreams of hope to all our hearts. † As the night drew on he said to his most faithful, loving servant, "This is Easter-Eve, I should have been at St. Barnabas, to-night." And so the Easter light grew brighter, hopefully to the watchers, peacefully for him. But he was not a sharer in our hope. From the beginning, God seemed to have revealed to him the promise of rest. And he lay down content, thankful, as though he would not break the peace that gathered on his soul, by any effort to be well. Our selfish entreaties were in vain. "I cannot create a will," he said to his physician, only not his son in all love and devoted tenderness, "if I had one, I would use it, but I cannot create a will." When one of his physicians asked him what was his prevailing feeling, he

* The Rev. Dr. Mahan.

† His visitation appointment, for Easter Eve was at Barnabas Chapel, Burlington.

said "stillness." "You mean a sense of wretchedness," the doctor said. But my Father corrected him most earnestly, "no, not wretchedness, doctor, but just stillness." He was waiting so, to see the salvation of God. No pain wrung any murmur from his lips. His gentle "thank you" which eyes and lips both said, followed each dose of medicine. "God be praised for that," he said, when we gave him iced water. And so with a halo of patient joy, that went out from him, through his sick-room, he waited and waited for the end. On Easter Tuesday night, (April 26,) the last change came, but it did not touch his mind. He was self-possessed and undisturbed. And when at four o'clock, on Wednesday morning, I waked him for his medicine, and saw the change, and asked him if he would receive the Blessed Communion, he said, in his old, life-long, quiet, gentle, loving way, "Yes, darling boy, it had better be at once." And so we gathered round his bed. It was Croswell's Communion Service. There was the triumph of the Easter Preface, with the Angels' Hymn. His eye on mine, his low voice taking all its part, his deep look of love, as he took the sacred elements from his *child's hand; his faltering voice, in the benediction of peace, which he pronounced himself, giving to us in part, what fully, God so soon should give to him; his calm self-possession, confidence without presumption, quietness without insensibility, and then, one by one, to the many of his beloved, that were near at hand, the kiss, and word of love and blessing: these are the memories of that morning, fadeless while life lasts. And then he was alone, with the nearest and dearest of his own name, and his own doctor, and his faithful † servant. There were such wise and anxious words about the work, he loved so, and was leaving; such messages of love to his heart's darling that was away; such utterances of love for those who were near him; such divine faith; such perfect human love; such a precious blessing for us all. As each approached, one by one, he left off the silent communion of his contemplation; and all love's memories came fresh before him; "My dear sweet Archdeacon, are you here, too; God bless you" to one, his tried and true friend, who always bore that name; and to his darling grand-child, "My little pleasant angel, God bless you." Hour by hour, the day passed on; that

* And when my days are numbered all,
And all my labours done,
My death-bed, with the Church's prayers,
Console and cheer, my son.

G. W. D. to W. C. D., 1844.

† "Michael," who was a part of Riverside, has a warm place in the hearts of all my Father's friends; in life, the most faithful servant, with no interest, but his master's; in sickness, and death, the untiring, devoted nurse; the loving, dearly-loved friend.

our love longed to lengthen into years. "How long is it?" he said so often, and "now I must go home," and then would come more words of love, of gratitude to the faithful and devoted skill that tried, and would have died, to save his life; "God bless you, dearest Doctor, you have done all that man's skill and devotion could do." And then his soul went back to catch the ever nearing glimpse of rest and peace. Twice more, he turned from it, to us, for words of faith and love. "I die in the Faith of the Son of God, and in the confidence of His One Catholic and Apostolic Church. I have no merits; no man has, but my trust is in the mercy of Jesus." And from the clear, calm utterance of these Nicean words, his voice lowered, and his hands were lifted, "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection, I commit you. The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace both now and for evermore." And as he gave us peace, God gave it fully to him. There was only quiet after this; the pressure of the hand, the eye that took in each of us, in turn, into its depth of love, his grateful acceptance, and his earnest Amen, to the prayer for his departing soul. And * at ten minutes before one, God let his servant depart *in* peace, and enter into peace:

No labour there, no wearying employment,
No creed, confession, litany, to raise
But all fulfilled in the complete enjoyment
Of knowledge, adoration, love and praise.

Devotion there, a pleasure, not a duty;
No anxious hopes, no over-mastering fears;
But the near vision, of the King in beauty,
To eyes, whose seeing is not dimmed with tears.

That joy we know not, to more glory leadeth,
There, hope assured, in perfect patience waits,
And scarcely feels the only thing it needeth,
That God should open Heaven's jewelled gates.

The white robed souls, the palms, palm branches bearing,
The tongues, attuned to sing the Angels' song,
Reach out for crowns, that seem for ever nearing,
And only cry "How long, O Lord, how long?"

O home of peace, to our homes drawing nearer,
As one by one, our darlings enter in,
How art thou fairer, surer, better, dearer,
Than these abodes of sorrow and of sin.

Thy pastures green, thy rivers of God's pleasures
Bid us, stray sheep and tired lambs, to come,
Restored to all our human hopes and treasures
And finding first, our one, "continuing" home.

* "Born the 27th of May, 1799, he died the 27th of April, 1859, in the 27th year of his episcopate."

* “In the midst of his toils, his battles, his temptations, and his triumphs ; in the midst of works pregnant with new works, of labours leading to fresh labours, of struggles which became ever a deeper labyrinth of struggles, suddenly the word of the Master came ; the shades of evening fell ; the faithful servant heard the word, when to all others it was inaudible ; he saw the descending shadow, ere any others saw it ; and quietly, patiently, submissively he dropped the implements of labour, folded around him the garments of his rest, and full of peace, full of hope, full of faith, departed from the field of toil to the divinely appointed haven of repose !

Could a true son of the Church venture to choose a time for the last conflict with the Adversary’s power, and a time, for the decisive moment of release and victory, he would prefer the week of the Lord’s suffering for the one, the Holy Easter week for the other. At this holy season deep crieth unto deep. Nature and grace are responsive to one another. In nature, winter relaxes his iron hold, and as Spring comes in, the whole world breaks into a jubilee of bloom and fragrance and sunshine and song. In grace, the Church reminds us of the spiritual meaning of all this. The pathway from labour to rest, from suffering to consolation, from agony to victory, from the cross to the crown, is traced out for us, through the vale of Gethsemane, up the steep of Calvary, down the low archway of the grave, up again through the open portals of the Resurrection and Ascension, and every step is marked by the bleeding feet of the Son of God Himself. What a time for the last conflict of the Churchman, the Bishop, the laborious man of God.”

† “As Easter-tide came in, the clouds passed away, and the Bishop, though weakened by the struggle, was so calm, so patient, so much himself, with momentary gleams of his old playfulness of manner, that every one began to hope the worst was over ; and each hour’s intelligence from Burlington was of a more cheering character. He was not deceived himself, however. To the encouraging prophecies of others, he answered only by a word, or a look of incredulous acquiescence. His physician entreated him to exert a will in favour of the efforts of nature. He knew how to exert a will—was his answer—but he could not *create* a will. Though faint, and feeble, during this serene sunset of his life, he had strength to utter many living words of comfort to those about him. He left messages also for the absent. In this way, having received the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper for the last time, and having lingered long enough to show how full of sweetness, were the springs, from which his manly energy

* Rev. Dr. Mahan.

† Rev. Dr. Mahan.

had derived its vigour, he quietly, and to the great body of his friends quite unexpectedly, departed to his rest."

* "The hour for the funeral was fixed at one o'clock on Saturday, April 30th; at which time from every part of the Diocese, clergy and laity came up to render this last homage of reverence and love to their departed Bishop; while Philadelphia and New York, and even more distant parts of the Church were largely represented; and Burlington itself—all classes, ages, denominations, and colours,—was out *en masse*.

The body lay in an apartment of his late residence at Riverside, where it was viewed by thousands of persons. The clergy assembled and robed in the South room, the Bishop of Vermont, Bishop Potter of New York, and Bishop Southgate, being in attendance, together with more than an hundred clergymen in surplices, besides many others. The Bishop was buried in his official robes, his hands being crossed over his breast. The coffin was covered with purple cloth, having on the lid a plain cross, of full length, with a calvary at the base. At the appointed hour for moving, the coffin was covered with a beautiful pall of purple silk, with a large white cross dividing it into four equal parts. Over this was laid his pastoral staff, bound with mourning; and on that again a wreath of violets. The body was borne, all the way to the Church, on a bier, by the hands of the faithful, preceded by the Bishops and the other officiating clergy; accompanied by the eight clerical and eight lay pall-bearers, (members of the Standing Committee and of the delegation to the General Convention); and followed by the mourners first, then the Clergy of New Jersey and other dioceses, then by the pupils of Burlington College and St. Mary's Hall, in deep mourning; and lastly by the long line of friends and citizens generally, among whom were the Governor, and others of the most distinguished persons in the State. No person, who saw, will ever forget, the solemn beauty of the sight, as that surpliced procession moved along the margin of Riverside, already clad in its spring livery of green, bathed in the cloudless glory of afternoon sunshine; with that dense yet slow-moving crowd of all classes clustering round; and on the left, the broad flashing surface of the Delaware, with its moving sails, seen through the trunks of the new-leaved trees, among the branches of which, the birds were making music as merrily, as if there were no grief below. On reaching the gate of St. Mary's churchyard, the opening sentences of the Burial Service were said by the venerable Rector of Trinity Church, New York, and the procession moved on through a dense crowd to the Church door, which was then first

opened, no one having been previously admitted into the building. The Bishops, and several of the elder clergy, occupied the sanctuary. The bier with its burden was placed in the centre of the choir, the pall-bearers being on either side, and the whole chancel being completely filled with the large number of surpliced clergy. The East wall of the sanctuary, the altar, and the Bishop's throne were draped with mourning, the altar being marked by a plain white cross on the frontal, and having over it on the reredos the legend, "*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: for they rest from their labours.*" The front of the galleries was draped with purple cloth. After time had been given for the vast congregation to fill the building to its utmost capacity—only a small portion being able to enter at all—the anthem was chanted with great solemnity of effect, owing to the great number of men's voices. The Lesson was read by Bishop Southgate. The body was then borne out by the hands of the priestly pall-bearers, through the South transept door, the procession forming once more in the order of entrance. Slowly the long line wound its way round the outside of the Chancel wall, near which the grave was made: and, the coffin being lowered to its resting place, the Bishop of Vermont began the concluding service. At the words, *Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust*, the earth was cast upon the coffin lid by the hands of Mr. Garthwaite—one of the oldest, and firmest, and dearest friends of the Bishop among his laity. The sentence, *I heard a voice from heaven*, was sung by three priests—the Rev. E. M. Pecke, Acting Rector of Burlington College, the Rev. Mr. Shackelford of Newark, and the Rev. Mr. Tucker of Troy, the music being a trio, adapted from Mozart. The voices harmonized and blended admirably, and the sounds, swelling and dying away in the open air, were more exquisite than any thing of the sort we ever heard before on a similar occasion. The concluding prayers and benediction were said by Bishop Potter: and then, slowly, and with many sobs and tears, those who loved the departed in life,* approached, one after another, and looked for the last

* From one of these, who saw, in a long backward glance, from the just opened grave, memories of life-long love and intimate acquaintance; this comes to me, in "The Banner of the Cross."

"It seems as yesterday, when but a boy, I saw four men pass up a quiet street of old, old Burlington. Three of these men were strangers. The other was a meek old man bent down with years, but known by every one, as he passed along, bowing with a smile and nod to all, both old and young. One of the three strangers was of a tall, commanding form and countenance;—not soon forgotten this first visit to my native town, of the new Bishop of New Jersey. They pass up to the hallowed courts of old St. Mary's. Out of idle curiosity, boy-like, I follow, and there, for the first time, I beheld the ordination of a Deacon in the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. A few short months pass by, and the

time into the grave, that was then about to close on him in this world forever : and then turned silently and sadly away.

The beauty of the scene was even more remarkable in the graveyard, than by the river side. The noble outline of St. Mary's Church, with its cruciform plan and central tower and spire, having the Southern Sun behind it, was an unbroken

old Rector slept. For more than forty years he fed his flock, and the whole burden of his song in all that time, had been (St. John-like) 'Little children, love one another, Little children, love one another.' But he is gone into a better country to rest with all the redeemed ones of his flock, beside still waters and ever-verdant pastures, where 'neither can die any more.' And now St. Mary's saw another rector, and I have never known nor ever wished to know another, as I told him not long since : 'Let my wanderings and my home be where they may, as long as you live and remain Rector of St. Mary's, there I remain a member.' It seems as yesterday that in my earliest manhood I knelt before the altar, and felt the Baptismal waters of Regeneration trickling down my brow, poured there by his kind hands. It seems as yesterday, I knelt before the altar and felt upon my head, the pressure of those kind, warm hands in the Apostolic rite of Confirmation. It seems as yesterday I knelt before the altar and received, the first time, from those same kind hands, the emblems of His broken body and poured-out Blood. It seems as yesterday, we stood together in old St. Mary's last resting-place. The strong man was bowed down, convulsed with grief. He came there to select the grave for him who had been to him all of a son, save blood alone, (the Rev. Mr. Winslow.) He said to me—'This is the spot I have selected for my burial-place, by the side of this dear boy ; now, I want you to remember this : I shall be gone long before you.' (I never thought that Bishop Doane could die ; I sometimes thought that in a ripe old age he might some time fall into the grave, like a shock of full corn.) Again I see him standing before the altar of old St. Mary's. The solemn service for Good Friday morn is ended. The last notes of the organ, with that touching hymn, ('Tis finished ; so the Saviour cried, and meekly bowed his head and died,') has died away, when from his lips there fall these words : "Beloved, if the sad and touching story which day after day, through all this solemn week, the Church has so faithfully and lovingly rehearsed before you—if all this fails to move and melt you, naught will avail that I can say." Again I see him standing at the entrance of the 'Chapel,' while matron, teachers, pupils, all pass out before him. One by one they go, and each and all feel the warm pressure of those hands, with the kind, kind Good-night. Again I see him sitting in the chancel of the same, but now crowded, chapel. Around him stand a band of white-robed maidens ; they are listening to his last, loving, parting words, and tears are falling ; for, though homeward bound, they feel sad on leaving those venerable Halls, and him who has been to them so kind and gentle—their spiritual father, counsellor, and guide. Can any of those graduating classes, that from year to year went forth from Burlington College, as they stood around him, both in Old and New St. Mary's,—can they forget those words of fine and thrilling eloquence as he bids them go forth like men—like Christian men, amidst a wicked world ; so run, so strive, and always battle for the right ? Who can forget his sermons, all his own peculiar style, which none can ape or even imitate ? Who of St. Mary's can ever forget his Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Lenten, Good Friday, and his Easter sermons ? Is there one of us who heard it, that ever can forget a sermon preached on glorious Epiphany, not yet two years, from the short text of three words only, 'Who is this ?' It was a glorious sermon, such as only he could preach ; and, I will say, with all due reverence, his last, dying master-speech might read—'One World, One Washington, One Bishop Doane.' His house was always open to me, with the invitation, 'Come always,' 'Come whenever you can ;' and I was always welcome. Methinks I hear his well-known step upon the stairs, for though worn out with all his many cares and duties, his feet were ever swift to hasten to the sick-bed, or to the house of mourning. The door opens and he comes in to my sick-bed with words of comfort and of consolation, and words of love and prayer. It was a

mass of dark brown shadow; and clustering thick around its base, was the crowd of all sorts and conditions of men—from the personal friends and relatives, the veterans of the Laity who had stood by their beloved Bishop through all the labours and storms of his long Episcopate, down to the hundreds of poor and needy whom he had befriended, and the

memorable 17th of March. The storm of rain and snow, and wind, raged furiously without the walls of old St. Mary's, and within, brethren of the same household were not all of one mind. In the midst of it, he stands undaunted, contending for what he believes to be the right. I had been absent from my native town; he sees me standing in that crowded aisle; he quickly crosses the chancel, takes me with both hands, and says, 'Why, here is one of my boys, come all the way from —— to stand by me on such a day as this!' It was but yesterday, once more, we stand among the sleeping dead of Old St. Mary's. Year after year hath fled since we both stood by Winslow's grave. Many of them had been years of trouble and great sorrows to both of us, and both were changed. But what has bowed and bent that once erect, tall form, and silvered o'er that head?—'tis not age, for he should just be in his prime. (There are some that may answer this; I speak not of it.) Who does not remember his last sweet song, 'My first Christmas without my mother;' prophetic, 'twas the last? It was the last act he could pay that mother, that he then stood there to do (the planting of some trees around her grave.) 'I leave it all to you,' he said. 'You can select and have it better done than any one. I have no choice, save one must be a weeping-willow.' Little thought I then so soon to droop and moan o'er that new grave, daily covered with sweet flowers—memorials of a stricken flock's undying love. Well must we all remember last Good Friday. It was a dark and stormy day. The wind swept round the church in fitful blasts, and the rain poured down in torrents, beating upon the roof with deafening noise, drowning the wailing, dirge-like notes of the organ, drowning the broken voice of the officiating Priest, drowning the voices of those who tried to sing but could not; and why? They missed their Bishop. They missed their Pastor. They missed him who was always with them on this solemn day, and he was lying at his own quiet home writhing and struggling with our Last Enemy, Death, who was slowly but surely creeping all along the arteries and veins of that strong frame, until he entered into the very life-blood of that great heart. Who of us will ever forget that day, the most beautiful of all April days? From morn till noon, carriages drive through the quiet streets. Train after train arrives; boat after boat stops at the wharf, and the great throng all take the worn and well-known path that leads to beautiful Riverside, and there they gaze upon their Bishop for the last time. They see him cofined in his robes, (so meet,) for as he fell, so he did lie. They look with blinded eyes, and then they go, and then turn back to look again, and so keep on until the coffin, closed forever, shuts him from their sight. And now that great and solemn train begins to move along 'Green Bank,' the well-known path he trod so often. The tolling of the Chapel bell first startles us, and then the weeping inmates of St. Mary's Hall come forth and join the sad procession. It slowly moves along, and at its head are Bishops in their robes, with a great company of surpliced Priests and Deacons. The old Church bell that has tolled for generation after generation, and was once the only bell, to-day finds sympathy, for all the bells in town are tolling; and so at last that great and crowded throng arrive at new St. Mary's, and he is carried in and placed before the altar, that altar which he has served so long and faithfully. The organ-dirge is floating all around, when now, the voices of the priests join in and chant alone (we could not join) those solemn words of Israel's King: 'Lord, let me know my end and the number of my days.' Then we try to listen to wrapt and inspired St. Paul's 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and then slowly, slowly he is borne to his last resting-place, close to that noble monument, his own. We gather round that open new-made grave a stricken band, a flock without a shepherd, and strive to listen to the remainder of that sublime ritual of the Catholic Church, which buries kings, bishops, priests and paupers all the same—'Earth

coloured people of the neighbourhood, who came with their little ones in their arms, to look upon the burial of their benefactor,—all these were gathered under the Church wall, or scattered about under the evergreen trees near by. The long train of white-robed clergy,—moving partly in the dazzling sunshine, and partly in the cool shadow of the chancel—formed the most striking feature of the whole: heightened greatly by the fresh tint of the churchyard turf, and the darker foliage of the cedars and pines, with frequent graves and pale head-stones on every side;—a scene more lovely, with all its solemnity, it were hard to find. And, deep as was the grief of all those who mourned that day, as they had not mourned before, it seemed to breathe a calmness and peace, which silently, yet resistlessly sank into the hearts of all.”

* “The day following the funeral, being the first of May, and the octave of the Easter-Feast—was a beautiful and fit sequel to so solemn an occasion. There was the same glorious sunshine, the same fragrance and bloom pervading the leafy atmosphere of the good old city of Burlington, the same ringing song of birds, the same sparkling of the crisp waves of the Delaware, the same vernal jubilee, in short, which had thrown such a halo of gladness, round the otherwise sad proceedings of the day before.

All day long the Bishop’s grave was visited by a succession of silent and tearful groups. All that glorious May-day it lay under the soft sunshine, a mound of fresh and fragrant flowers, which loving hands continued to heap upon it from morning to night. In St. Mary’s and St. Barnabas’, the sermons of course breathed of the occasion, and the Holy Communion shed its healing unction upon the grief of the great family of mourners. He who has ever participated in this

to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,’ while a dull, heavy falling sound now strikes our ears; a sound that always pierces into the very marrow of the nerves, and causes the blood to tingle and our very flesh to creep. But hark to that exulting song which now breaks forth and upward rises like incense unto the very heavens. Hark! as it hovers over that still open new-made grave; hark! as it floats along o’er all the Sainted Dead of sweet St. Mary’s. I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest. They rest from their labours—they rest.

“So rest thou from thy many, many cares, and great and arduous labours. So rest thou from thy great trials and many griefs and sorrows. So rest thou till

‘At the last trumpet’s sounding,
The dead shall rise,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.’

“Requiescat in Pace, my Bishop, my Pastor, and my Friend.

“*A Member of St. Mary’s.*”

* Rev. Dr. Mahan.

most comfortable sacrament by the death-bed of some dear friend, the idol of a stricken family, has witnessed on a small scale, what was on this memorable Lord's day, exhibited at large among the Church people of Burlington."

"The souls of the righteous are in the Hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, but they are in PEACE; their hope is full of immortality."

This record of the life that gave me mine, and made it, all it is, has been a work of tears and prayers. Not without both did I begin or end it. Not without both does it go out from my hands, into hands less loving; from his serene and sacred home, into the stir and differences of the world. I have had no fear of over-drawing; nor have I, now that it is done. It was only, lest, looking from so far below, I should not see in their real size, all the points of that greatness to which I looked up. If it be said that it goes out, with the partiality of love; may it not be set against that, that it goes out from the close, and jealous, and intimate observance of his home.

I have said little about faults. One son was cursed, who discovered the nakedness of his Father. God knows, rude hands enough, have stripped his garments off, without mine. But not anxious to discover, I have not been careful to conceal. The only covering, they need, from men, is that of unprejudiced observation, of merciful judgment, of the vindication of future ages; from God, of the wedding garment, the imputed righteousness of the One Righteous. They were in him, to make him human. They were in him, to shade and set forth his virtues. They were in him, to prove the power of God's grace. Mostly it was the bright sunshine of his glory, that cast these shadows; the clear light, in which his high position put him, that brought them into view. One thing I know; his faults were not what men thought they were. The vanity, and overweening arrogance, and self-indulgence, and self-seeking, which men saw in him, were not there. He was proud enough for self-respect, and self-reliance. His authority, with all its positiveness, was of influence, and not of compulsion. He had less comfort in the comforts of his life, than most men, who have none. He sought not his own. Still he was human, with faults of character, of circumstance; "perilously human," one has said, in his neglect to guard himself. He has fallen "now into the Hand of the Lord." "And His mercies are great."

If I have seemed to praise my Father, God forgive it, for

I meant it not. I could not praise him. Men cannot. He was always above it here. How far is he beyond it now. * "To mere praise" he was "constitutionally indifferent, but the love of love" was "ever a leading passion with" him. And now, what praise, what love are his! The praise and the love of God; and both in the peace, which passeth understanding, and which man taketh not away.

* Coleridge.

RIVERSIDE, *August* 16, 1859.

APPENDIX.

A.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

* IN the great work of Christian Education, our aim attempts the highest standard. What can it be, less than this, and yet be Christian Education? No height or depth of learning makes it up. No reach or range of accomplishment fulfils it. It is not, merely, to seek pardon for all sin; or to obtain, somehow, a hope of happiness, in heaven. It must go down deeper, and spread out wider, and reach up higher, than all that. It must restore, in man, the image, which the fall defaced; God's image; and it must fit him for reunion with the Fountain, whence his being sprung; the Godhead. Can it be stated more sublimely, or more justly, than in Milton's words: "the end of learning, is to repair the ruins of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love Him, to imitate Him, to be like Him; as we may, the nearest, by possessing our souls of the true virtue; which, being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection?"

Need it still be added, that, of such a work, the power and the glory must be God's. It begins in holy Baptism, which is God's ordinance; when the child of sin is new-born, and becomes the child of God. It receives its full supply of grace, in Confirmation, which is God's ordinance; when the Holy Ghost, so the young heart be meek and gentle, like the dove, which is its emblem, descends upon the brow, on which the cross was traced, to be its Guardian and its Guide, its Teacher, Comforter and Sanctifier. It is admitted to the stores of heaven in spiritual nurture and salvation, at the Holy Supper, which is God's ordinance; when He, who gave himself, upon the cross, to ransom souls from everlasting death, again bestows himself, in Bread and Wine, which He hath blessed, and called His Body, and His Blood, to feed their souls for everlasting life. It is directed and instructed by the Holy Bible, which is God's ordinance; and which is made the rule of faith, and plan of life, and mirror of all godliness.

* Religious Training, The Hope and Blessing of the State.

And it is carried on, advanced, and perfected, in the Holy Church, which is God's ordinance ; a home for nurture, a school for training, and a fold for shelter, to the dear lambs, for which the shepherd gave His life. These are the outlines, and the great way-marks, of Christian Education. To fill them up, would be beyond our purpose, and your time. You, that have children, begin with them, at the beginning, the Sacred Font, in which the wave of life, from the pierced side of Jesus, ever springs ; and go, from that, to follow out, by your own constant care and pains, and by the constant care and pains of those, whom you shall call in aid of such a work, the teachings of the Prayer Book : and, you shall win, from God, in answer to your prayers, and realize, in those sweet pledges of your love, dearer to you than your heart's blood, the prayer, which David offered, for the children of his care : " your sons shall grow up as the young plants, and your daughters shall be as the polished corners of the temple." Leave them to themselves, unbaptized, unconfirmed, unfed, at the dear Board, which Jesus set, to do the way of their wild will ; and ripen, in their souls, the seed of that old curse, which fell upon our nature, in the Fall : and briars and brambles, bound in bundles for the burning, and ruins, in which owls hoot, and bats whirl, and snakes crawl, and toads squat, will be transcendent beauties, and ineffable delights in the comparison.

" That our sons may grow up as the young plants, and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple." There is a beauty in these images of the enraptured Poet-King, far beyond that which merely meets the eye. There is a moral, there is a spiritual, there is an immortal beauty. These are not plants of earth ; to fade in autumn, and to die in winter. They are " trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord." " Planted together with Him, in the likeness of His death," they " shall be, also, in the likeness of His resurrection." Transplanted, for a time, to the green pastures, and still waters of His Paradise, their everlasting place shall be by that " pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, which proceedeth out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb." Nor, are these " corner stones," however " polished," of " temples, made with hands," that wicked men may overthrow, and desecrate, and leave no stone upon another, and sow their very place with salt. But they are " living stones," hewn from a living rock, the Rock of everlasting ages. They are built by spiritual hands, a spiritual house. They stand on Him who is the precious corner stone. They live, and grow in Him, and shall forever live and grow in Him : a temple of the Lord, an habitation, through the Spirit, of the only and immortal God.

* It is not in view of learning or accomplishments, beloved ones, that I speak thus. Were you ten times as learned, and a hundred times as well accomplished, I should feel no certainty, that your attainments here, were for your happiness ; or, for the happiness of others. The highest human graces, that a woman ever won, have but ensnared her soul, in vanity and sin ; and wrought destruction, through their attractions, for the souls of others. And intellectual powers, and intellectual gifts, not subordinated to the providential

orderings of God, not chastened and controlled by His renewing grace, are, at this time unsexing women ; and, thrusting on the astonished world, a race of monsters, in that Amazonian crew, who clamour, now, for "Woman's Rights" such as no mythology has ever dreamed of.

What has been aimed at chiefly, here, and what alone can be relied on, to secure your personal happiness, to make you comforts to your homes, and ornaments and blessings to your race, is your religious training ; the impression of your hearts, while they are new and plastic, yet, with the principles and precepts of God's holy word ; and the subjection of your lives, in youthful piety, to its divine, renewing, influences.

There is nothing more observable in Holy Scripture, than the way in which it treats the young. The fact of their inherited depravity, it everywhere admits. That without holiness no one can see the Lord, it every where proclaims. It never loses sight of the great plan of God, in their redemption and salvation, through Him, who died, for them, and rose again. Yet, it addresses them, in no harsh words. It lays upon them no hard yokes. It never overloads, it never worries, them. It approaches them, with the arguments of affection. It addresses them in the language of love. It asks of them, indeed, their all. And, yet, in words of tenderest, most engaging, love : "My child, give me thy heart !" Or, with a still, small voice of fond expostulation ; serene as summer dew, and searching, like it, into every turn and tendril of their nature, "Remember, now, thy Creator in the days of thy youth ; while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Again on the day when the College took "the water-level ;" in his first Baccalaureate Address in A. D. 1858*, he said :

This is a religious College. It owes its being to the clear, and strong, conviction, that Education is a divine thing. It is from God. It is of God. It is for God. Whence can the authority, to educate a human soul proceed, if not, from God ? How can the means, to educate a human soul be obtained, if not of God ? What can be the motive, to educate a human soul, if not for God ? Is not the soul of man the in-breathing of the God-head ? Can less than God discern it ? Can less than God control it ? Can less than God provide for it ? As the water is, forever, struggling, towards its source, must not the healthful tendency of the human soul be, ever, upward, towards its God ? Must not the play of all its pulses be, in sympathy with him ? And, can it rest, until it mingles with its source ?

* I cannot forbear to quote the closing words of this address, for their beauty as a prayer, and for their bearing on the instinctively devotional character of my Father's life : "God of the spirits of all flesh, by whom Thy servant has been honoured to suffer, for Thy name, accept the cheerful sacrifice ; and, for the dear sake of Thy beloved, suffering, Son, return it, in the gracious dew of countless and eternal blessings, upon these dear children : upon all who shall succeed them here ; upon this Christian College ; and upon Thy Holy Church, the Spouse and purchase of His perfect and perpetual love ; and, unto Thee, with Him, and the divine and Holy Spirit, shall be given, through everlasting ages, the honour, and the glory, and the praise."

This is a Christian College. It has to deal with an immortal nature, fallen. It contemplates its redemption, first. Then, its renewal, in the divine image. Then, its reunion with God. Its stand-point is the cross. The channel of its influences is the Church. Its agent is the Holy Spirit. Its rule is God's most holy word. Its fountains, for the spiritual life, are the holy Sacraments. Its atmosphere is holy prayer.

This College aims to be a bulwark of the Church. It knows no other way to Jesus Christ. It knows that there is no salvation, but in Him. It proposes no controversy. It engages in no rivalry. It is a Church College. It teaches the faith of the Church. It submits to the ministry of the Church. It rejoices in the worship of the Church. It asks no questions, of the children, that are brought to it. It, simply, takes them ; and teaches them, as it has, itself, been taught, the truth, as it is in Jesus : and, devoutly, seeks to fit them for the Church, in heaven, by the divine nurture, and holy admonition, of the Church, on earth.

In the fifth Baccalaureate in A. D. 1854, to whose whole argument, as the most eloquent and irresistible assertion of the rights and reasons of Christian education, I refer most proudly in the edition of his works, he writes :

The authority, to educate a human soul, must come from God. On this subject, men reason very loosely ; if, at all. They take, for granted, a dominion over human thought, human desire, and human will, which, in no other realm of the Creation, is assumed. For, mark the careful wisdom of the great Creator. When He had "made the beast of the earth, after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing, that creepeth, on the earth, after his kind," He left not man, though made in his own image, after his likeness, to assert the sovereignty, for which he was created ; but, granted it, in terms express : "let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing, that creepeth on the earth." Nay, the mere lordship of creation did not give inherent right to use, even, the vegetable kingdom. But, God expressly said : "Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree, yielding seed ; to you, it shall be, for meat." And, yet, the human soul, an emanation from the Lord, His likeness, photographed, in the spiritual light, which beams, forever, from His face, is unprovided for, and undisposed of ! Whoever will, may, educate a child. And, a control is, thus, asserted, over human thought, human desire, and human will—since, education comprehends them, all—as the inherent right of any, who assert it, which is not claimed, over sheep or oxen ; or, even in the vineyard, or the cornfield. Man shows his deed of gift, from God, to yoke the patient ox, or shear the harmless sheep. He takes no ear, from off the standing corn, no round and bursting berry, from the full and purple cluster, but, as God's gift, to him, for meat. While, the mere will, to attempt it, is claimed, as his ample and sufficient charter,

for the training of a child : a soul on which the blood of Jesus has been shed ; a germ of immortality ; a candidate for heaven !

One glance will show, that this cannot be right. God does not care for moral creatures, least. When the dire ruin of the Fall occurred, no price was paid, to ransom, from its curse, the physical Creation. It "groaneth and travaileth, in pain, together, until now." And, when God's purposes are served, with it, its "end is, to be burned." But, for the human soul, the Son of God came down, from heaven. He took its place, and underwent its death. And, now, there lies upon it, as the mark of that new ownership, which its redemption consummated, the signet of the cross ; by which, God seals it, as His own, and consecrates it, to His service. He never has let go His hold upon the heart ; nor, for a moment, intermitted His prerogative, to mould and train it, at His will. Through faithful Abraham, He set his mark, in blood, on all the children of the race. And, when the elder covenant was merged, in that, of which it was the shadow, cast before ; and baptism took the place of circumcision, His cross, who shed *His* blood, that man's might cease to flow, traced, on the brow of his redeemed ones, the Sign of their Salvation ; and marked them, as the Lord's. And, now, observe the perfect parallelism. Of Abraham, in whom the sacrament of circumcision was instituted, God declared, "I know him, that he will command his children and his household, after him ; and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." To the Twelve, through whom, the sacrament of Baptism was ordained, for all the nations, the commission was, also, given to "teach," them, "all things." And, when, St. Paul, to the Ephesians, enumerates the gifts of the Ascension, the list, which opens with "Apostles" ends with "Teachers ;" "and He gave some," to be "apostles ; and some" to be "prophets ; and some," to be "evangelists ; and some," to be "pastors and teachers." I know the apt and ready answer : these were spiritual teachers. But, I ask, if man is not a unit ? If there can be any teaching, which does not influence the spirit ? And, if, since the greater must include the less, the spiritual teacher is not the true agent, in the education of the man ? Again, I know the apt and ready answer : the things, which apostles were to teach, were those, which Jesus had commanded them. Again, I ask, if man is not a unit ? Again, I ask, if they who are entrusted with the greatest, are not held for all the rest ? Where is the skill, or where the power, that shall resolve the unit, man, as pedants teach, and as empirics try to practise, into the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual ? Does he come, so, into the world ? Can he be born, in three instalments ? Can he die, in three ? Can he stand up, before the Judge, in three ? So, neither, can he live, in three. And, therefore, never can be trained, in three. It is the heart, that is the man. And, anyhow, the heart is one. It comes, as one, into the world. It is regenerate, as one, in holy baptism. It stands, as one, at that eventful point, where good and evil part, to lead toward heaven, or hell. As one, it makes its choice, between the two. As one, it yields itself to the corruption of the devil, or the renewal of the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier. As one, it takes its leave of mortal

life. As one, it is to stand, before the awful throne. As one, it is to go careering on, for ever, in an immortality of happiness, or misery. And, therefore, education is but one. And, therefore to the agents, whom the Saviour designated, to make lost man, the child of God, in holy baptism, his training all, has been entrusted. And the school for sinners, is the Church; whose office is to make them saints. And EDUCATION IS A DIVINE THING; because the authority, to educate a human soul can only come from Him, who made it, first: and, then, redeemed it. And, see, how nature countersigns, in this, the law of grace. Who moulds the pliant muscles of that new-born babe? Who shapes his stammering accents, into words? Who frames his words, unconscious, yet, of meaning, into prayers? She, to whom God conveyed the authority, together with the name, of Mother. And, when the father curbs the wayward child; and chastens him, in love; and makes him kiss the rod, that smites him, for his good, it is God, in him, that does it. And there is no power, inherent, in one human being, to control another: to deny him the indulgence of a natural desire; to compel him to exertion, which he does not choose to make; to punish him, for that, which he has not done, which he should, or done, which he should not. The only master of a moral creature is his Maker. And parents, teachers, governors, spiritual pastors, are usurpers, one and all, and tyrants, but as God deputes, to them, His power. And, as the most complete control that can be claimed, or exercised, in moral creatures, is that, which is to make them what they are not, and choose not to be, which is the work of education; and, which, that it may win and wield its will, takes it, at disadvantage, in its helplessness, and never lets its hold go, till its life goes: the claim, to educate could never be allowed, but in the basest treachery to our immortal moral nature, to any who has not received authority, from God. I can but throw this thought, before you, to be thought out, by you. But, it is elementary, essential, truth. And the claim to educate a child, which stands on any lower ground, is the claim of the Czar, to consign an exile to Siberia; or of the Inquisition, to imprison Galileo. Power may enforce submission, but, it cannot win consent. And, in ten thousand thousand voices, nature's instinctive, universal, protest, still, will rise to Heaven: "E pur si muove:" and, after all, it moves!

And, now, *the means, to educate a human soul must come, through God.* EDUCATION IS A DIVINE THING; not only, as it is *from* God; but, as it must be *through* God. I do not mean, by this, the simple truth, that, even, to count, is proof of a divine Creator. I speak of *education*, in its true and noble sense; as the development—literally the *bringing out*—of an immortal, God-like, nature. In this sense, it must comprehend the whole; not limit itself to any part, or parts. I suppose the germ, that nestles in an acorn, to be developed, only, in the bark, or in the leaves, of the primeval oak! It would be more than most men mean, by education; or most children get, by it: to write their names; to keep accounts; to reckon interest; to make a bow; to sing a song, which has no sense, in words, which are not understood; to whirl the wanton waltz, or the lascivious polka.

These are not, even, the bark, or leaves, of education. Then, how much less the tree; its roots, its boughs, its sheltering shadow, its sky-piercing aspirations. Proportion, to its end, perfection, in its kind, are the great principles of excellence, in every thing. In man, then, most of all. Only, in him, has God proposed, to reproduce Himself. And, when the aim was marred, through malice of the Devil, then, to restore, was harder than to make. In every work, the means are measured by the end. To pile the Andes; to make a line of sand, the limit of the sea; to poise the solar system, in mid-space; to "guide Areturus, with his sons," are trophies of Omnipotence. It takes no less—it would take more if there were measures, in Almightyness—to lift the grovelling sense, from earth to heaven; to win the reckless and rebellious will, to rule itself; and, from the ruins of the Fall, to bring, again, the order, the beauty, the harmony, the purity, the loveliness, the perfectness, of the original creation. "And God saw every thing, that He had made; and, behold, it was very good." To say, that this is the design of education, is to say, that the means to educate a human soul must come through God. And he has bountifully provided them. If we may say it, He has laid Himself out, on that provision: and brought all agencies to bear, divine and human, on the training of the soul, which Jesus suffered, to redeem. His holy word, His holy Church, His holy Spirit, are all enlisted, in that work. And holy angels ply their constant ministrations, in behalf of human souls: and, when a single one has turned, from sin to holiness, merge all their ministry, in the high harpings, which fill heaven, with hallelujahs. But, means are to be used. They cannot use themselves. Nor, can the God, who made the heart, compel their use: because, He made it free: in vain, the swellings of the Jordan, if the leper would not wash. In vain the floods of day, to eyes, that close their lids. And, worse than that, if worse can be, the seduction of the Devil has so won, with human hearts, as to divorce the soul, from God; and leave Him out of that most gracious work, for which He gave His blessed Son, and sends His Holy Spirit. Education, without the Church; education, without the ministry; education, without the sacraments; education, without prayer; education, without the Bible; in one word, godless education, is the order of the day. And the physical powers of men are educated, and their intellectual faculties, and their social nature, just as a monkey or a parrot might be trained; and all, that God cares most for, and all that is immortal, in its essence, left, to run its own wild way, and do its own wild will. Against all this, we set ourselves, immoveably. We have been taught of Holy Paul, as he had learned, from Jesus Christ, our Lord: "beware lest any man spoil you, through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ: for, in Him, dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead, bodily; and ye are complete in Him." The education, which we undertake, is Christian education. In no disparagement of physical development. In no disparagement of intellectual training. In no disparagement of social cultivation. But, for the fullest, most effectual, furtherance of them all, in that, which God designed, should com-

prehend them all, and give them value, beauty, glory, power, and immortality, the nurture and the culture of the heart ; that, so, the child of God, redeemed, regenerated, and renewed, in Jesus Christ, may be complete in Him."

And in the ninth, and last, (how little we thought and feared it then) with what great, earnest eloquence, does he refer all, to the Rule and Power of God.

But, to be ruled, implies a rule. The rule must be straight, that makes straight lines. And straight is the same, always ; always, one. It is as true, in morals. There is only one straight line ; God's will. *In ruling yourselves, dear children, you must do it, after the Word of God.* "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way ? Even, by ruling himself, after Thy Word.

Men rule themselves, by self. It is the meanest of all rules. It dwarfs the mind. It petrifies the heart. It kills the soul. *They rule themselves, by fashion.* It is an *ignis fatuus*. It leads, you know not where. Never, in the same direction, twice. *They rule themselves, by expediency.* It is a shifting sand-bar. It is the glimmer of the moon, upon the dancing waves. It is the play of sunlight, through the quivering vine leaves. It is "a piece of chalk." In size, just what one thinks it. *They rule themselves, by public opinion.* Then, how many masters ! Then, what tyrants ; all of them ! Then, what uncertainty ! Then, what double-mindedness ! Then, what degradation ! Then, what slavery ! *They rule themselves, by human precedents and patterns.* And there are, thank God, noble examples, upon record ; and some, still, spared, to us. St. Paul. Athanasius. Andrews. Wilson. Herbert. Boyle. Hooker. Howard. Hobart. Keble. Florence Nightingale. Mrs. Hill. Miss Dix. But, they are human, all. And, fallible. And, frail. And we must only follow them, as they were followers of Christ.

One rule there is, unerring. Only, one. One fixed star. One perfect mirror. One ray of light. It is the Word of God. To gaze upon it, is to have the eye on heaven. To look into it, is to see the very soul. To walk by it, is to be free from error. To conform the life, to its precepts, and to set the heart, on its promises, is to anticipate the peace of heaven ; and to secure its bliss.

"Thy Word is, to my feet, a lamp,
The way of truth, to show :
A watch-light, to point out the path,
In which, I ought to go."

Dear children, the providential ordering of your lives has been replete with blessings. You were made children of God, in holy Baptism. You have received "the laying on of hands," for the gift of the Holy Ghost. You have been fed, as children, with "the children's bread." At home, the sanctities of a religious hearth have been your constant atmosphere. And, here, the pastoral eye has watched, the pastoral hand has guided, and the pastoral heart has blessed, you. You will not disappoint these blessed auspices. You will not turn away, from this plain path of pleasantness and peace.

You will not jeopardize "that good part;" which you have chosen, with beloved Mary. Keep, ever, in your eye, the Cross, Which purchased your redemption. Be followers of the Lamb, wherever He may lead you. Never trust yourselves, beyond the brooding of the Dove; Whose wings have been your shelter and your solace. It is the manliest thing to be religious. It is more than that. It is the Godliest. Which means, the Godlikest; the most like God. Be men, in manliness. Be men, for religion. Be men of God. My sons, God bless you!

B.

ST. MARY'S HALL, AND BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

Beside the "Counsels for Teachers," the Registers of the schools contain many a valuable bit of experience, whose use is permanent and lasting.

A WORD, OR TWO, WITH PARENTS.

The care and nurture of more than two thousand children, through the course of more than half a life, would, of course, have much to do with parents; and throw much light upon their ways. The conclusion is, that, in most cases, they themselves need to be educated, in order to the education of their children. The fact is, that the difficulties in the education of children, lie, commonly, with their parents. Not, from want of intention. Not, from want of generosity. Not, from any wilfulness, or waywardness, of purpose. But, for the most part, from the mere want of consideration. It is but kind to tell them of their faults. And, for their sake, whom they love better than themselves, they will be sure to take it kindly. A word or two, in plainness and in candour, but in perfect kindness, for their children's good, will be devoted to their case.

And, first, by way of preliminary. Let it be conceded, that, for parents to put their children, from them, for their education, is a very painful trial. It never should be done, but upon the clearest conviction of duty, for their good. When it is done, it should be done with utmost carefulness, not without prayer, in the selection of the place. But, when the selection has been made, and the determination fixed, it should be acted on, with an entire and perfect confidence. Where this cannot be done, the child should not be placed. Unless the school, you send your child to, is to be another home, the teachers in the place of parents, there can be no real service done. The teachers must feel, the child must know, that the delegation, while it lasts, is unreserving. Many things will occur, which seem not quite, as you would wish. When lessons press, or discipline restrains, or playmates vex, or the dinner does not well digest, complaints, of this, or that, will go. Distance itself will raise its doubts. The mother's heart will yearn. Weak people will suggest objections. A rival interest will draw comparisons. A thousand things will tend to doubtfulness. You must fall back upon the confidence, with which you started. If that will not sustain you, you have started prematurely. The attempt to repair the error, so, and now, would but increase and multiply it.

You must wait. And, ten to one, the event will prove, that you were right, at first; and time, the wonder-worker, bring round all things, well. Of one thing, be assured. Whatever else be, or be not, an evil, change *is*. In education, scarcely any greater evil.

With such parents as these, there is no difficulty. They wisely judge, that those whose mind and heart are given to this one thing, know best; and they have confidence in them, as Christian people, that, what they know, is best, they will not fail to do. Parents do not know how great a difference, in children, the change of atmosphere produces. They do not consider, that such an influence must operate gradually and slowly. For a year, for two years, a child makes but little apparent progress. An occasional or careless eye would say, not any. But, all the while, the work was going on, within. *Crevit in occulto arbor*. The coral insects were, an age, in working, to the water level. And, in the next year, the mind leaps forward, with a vigour and an energy, which makes it do, in one, the work of three. A year, in most cases, can do but very little, for a child. Half of it is taken up in self-adjustment to the locality, and self-adaptation to the circumstances. The other half, in getting well at work. Meanwhile, the moral process has been going on. The home feeling is well established. Places and faces are familiar. The daily intercourse of mutual kindnesses has bred and nurtured love. And, the next year, what was shrunk from as a duty, is embraced, with delight. This is spoken, of places, where the heart is not left out. This is said, of Christian training. This is meant, of Church Schools. We know no other. Our way, to the head, is through the heart, by grace; the answer to our prayers. Our *Primum Mobile** is PRAYER.

The *credulous ear of parents* is a fruitful source of evil on all sides. When children are away, their faults of temper, and, the like, are forgotten. Absence gives weight to every word, from them; and helps its entrance, to the heart. A thousand difficulties will arise. At home, there would have been ten thousand. The lessons are too many, or, a teacher is severe, or partial; or, there are not pies, enough; or, the bed is over-hard. If such things get attention, they are likely to make trouble. Before the hasty answer of the parents has been received, the trouble is forgotten, by the child. But the way is open, for the next uneasiness; and the quieting influence of discipline, in the meantime, disturbed and weakened. Not, that complaints may not be just; or should not be attended to. But, that the presumption should be against their justice; that time should be allowed, for them to die away; and, that, when pursued, it should be directly, with the Teacher, and without the knowledge of the child. Let every parent call to mind the daily trials of his children; and he will see, at once, that there is room for great allowance: and, that the only safe way is, to fix a confidence, upon sufficient evidence, and, then, abide by it.

The *credulous ear of parents* is frequently invoked, in the matter

* *Primum Mobile*, in the Ptolemaic astronomy, the ninth or highest sphere of the heavens: the centre of which is but a point. This is supposed to contain within it all the other spheres, and to give them motion; turning them quite round, as well as revolving itself, in twenty-four hours.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

of the studies, which a child should take. One would take too many. Another would take too few. A third would take those first, which should come second. A fourth would omit those which are most essential, to take some which are unimportant, or should be deferred. Who is to judge, in all these cases? Every child? Or, what is a little worse, every parent? The absurdity is obvious. It must be left to the sole discretion of the Teacher. Put him in possession of the case. Let him know the child's age, health, temper, talents, previous opportunities, habits of body and of mind, the time that can be given. Then, leave the rest to him. If he cannot be trusted, so much, he ought not to have the child. He must know what is best. He can have no other motive than the child's good, if he be fit to be a Teacher. At St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College, the fixing of one price, for every thing taught, be it less or more, and leaving the less or more to the sole discretion of the Head, puts the matter just where it should be.

The credulous ear of parents is abused, unconsciously, in many ways. To that, we owe it, that children come loitering in, through the first month of every term; when all should be there, on the opening day. Excuses for delay are listened to, and the suggestion is credited, that scarcely any one will be there, yet: and Teachers are incommoded, and the class kept back, and the laggards discouraged, by the lee-way, which must be made up.

To that, we owe the frequent applications for permission, for a child to go home, for a day or two; or to visit a friend; or to repair, on Saturday, to the city. All, positive evils. All, destructive of good order. All, weakeners of discipline. All, derangers of study. Why should it be so? The child goes to school, to study, and be trained. The training is by atmospheric pressure, moral and religious. To let it up is to lose its influence. It should never be, but on the sternest necessity. What would a parent say, if, every now and then, schools were disbanded for a day or two? Yet, on each individual child, the effect is just the same. It is common to suppose, that absence, on Sunday, is unimportant. Quite the reverse. The soothing calmness of that sacred day does much, to harmonize and subdue the heart. And the order of religious training is a great part of the whole plan of education. Would that all this might be avoided!

To that, we owe the unnecessary indulgence, in spending money; for the most part, to do nothing, but evil. To that, we owe the boxes and baskets of indigestion, and the like, that come, in the shape of sweetmeats, and cakes, and pies, and sugar plums, and nuts; to nourish selfishness, or to distribute headache. To that, we owe fine clothes; which are entirely out of place, in every school, for children. To that, we owe a train of inconveniences and disadvantages, which it were long to enumerate; but, which these honest words may serve to exemplify. To the wise, a word is sufficient.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Nothing could be easier, than to break up, for the Christmas week, at St. Mary's Hall, and Burlington College. Supposing that not more

than two out of three, in these great families, were to take advantage of it, we should be relieved, for the whole period, of the care and nurture of nearly two hundred persons. With many, the week would be ten days; with some, fourteen. The butcher and the baker would be very sure to feel it. But, what would be the influence on the great work, *for which we are?* What with the marring of December, in the anticipation, and, of January, in the recovery, it would cost, well nigh two months. Nothing is mentioned, here, of the cost, to parents and children, in coming and going: or of the dull heads, sick stomachs, and sad hearts; mumps, and measles, and whooping-cough, which are sure to come back, upon us.

But, the stand, we have heretofore taken, has had its effect. "Breaking up" will scarcely find an advocate. The claim is individual. One begs, for a son; another, for a daughter. It is an immemorial usage. It is an old promise. It is this, or it is that. We are parents, and respect their feelings; and, what is more, we *feel* them. But, we are honest, and bent on being faithful, men; and we are engaged in a great work, and charged with a momentous trust. And we must, therefore, say, to our dear friends, whoever they may be, your claim, to take your children home, at Christmas, though it be but for one day, and that, by one in ten, is a destructive claim, and cannot be conceded. It inevitably unsettles your own children, who go. It, as inevitably, unsettles the other children, who do not. It brings in grudgings and repinings, and feelings of hardship, and suspicions of partiality. It puts us in a false position; and adds the half ounce, to our burden, which we cannot carry. We have no right, where, at the most, a feeling can be urged, to make a sacrifice of principle, and to be derelicts of duty. *Therefore, the notice, that the duties of St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College will be intermitted, only, on Christmas Day, and on New Year's Day; and, that no leave of absence, for either, can possibly be granted.* And, therefore, the statement, that children, so withdrawn, terminate their connection, here.

We, too, might urge, and, with as much of earnestness, as truth, the plea of feeling. We take your children, to our hearths, and to our hearts. We have prepared, for them, a Christian home. They come to us, as to a father and a mother. We know, and make no difference, between yours and ours. A Christian Bishop, with his Christian Priests, and Christian People, we have *our* CHRISTMAS, too; and we must have our children, keep it, with us. We have no notion to be theirs, for work, and not for play; for fasts, and not for feasts; for Lent, and not for Christmas. They, that come to us, must winter it, as well as summer it. They must be ours for indulgence, as well as for restraint; for diversion, as for discipline; for holidays, and for holy days. Otherwise, we are of little use to them. We cannot serve them. We had rather be without them. The edict is "vermillion."

"SPENDING-MONEY."

This is a bad name, for a worse thing. It is extravagance, in embryo. The rule, at St. Mary's Hall, and at Burlington College, is

express, that all money for the use of children, be left with the residing Heads. The uniform advice is, leave the least possible amount; except for clothing and other actual expenses. The practice is, that many parents disregard it. This makes wastefulness in their own children, and discontent in others: and, ten to one, these same people will turn round, and complain of our expensiveness. Follow our rules, in the spirit, and the letter; and there will be none. Children have, daily, all that they need, for health and reasonable enjoyment. There is but one table, for Heads, assistants, and pupils. It is sufficient, in quantity, and in quality. The trick of buying cakes and candy, and the like, is, in the first place, vulgar, and, in the second, vicious. It costs more in headache, in one term, (to speak of no other aches,) than all things, besides. It subordinates the intellectual to the animal. It keeps children, babies; that should be men and women. It deranges the house. It breeds discontent. It leads to selfish ways, and sensual feelings, and gluttonous propensities. It is all wrong. We must insist upon it, that all money, for the use of children, be left with the residing Heads; and, that their judgment be relied on, mainly, as to the amount. We should be glad to have done with *spending-money* so called: being, as we hold, the poorest possible mode of spending money. We invite the appropriation of the sums, that will thus be saved, to objects, which subserve the cause of Christian Education. Let the child devote, what would, otherwise, be worse than wasted, to the good of men, and the glory of God. How many poor children are without instruction! To how many souls, for which Christ died, is His Gospel, in His Church, unknown! What moral darkness, to be lighted! What hunger of the soul, to be fed! What spiritual thirst, that might be quenched! "Whosoever shall give to drink, unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple: verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

DRESS.

The question is often asked, whether an uniform dress is adopted, at St. Mary's Hall, and Burlington College. In the latter, to a certain extent. The members of the Junior, Middle, and Senior Classes, wear the Academic gown and cap. Those of the Sixth Form, the cap. Beyond this, there is no regulation. At St. Mary's Hall, there is no specific requirement, on the subject. In both, as Christian institutions, simplicity and moderation are expected to prevail. The law of female dress, is beautifully set forth, by the Apostle Peter. "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning, of plaiting the hair, and wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel: but, let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; which is, in the sight of God, of great price." We must admit, with much regret, that the Apostle's precept is not sufficiently regarded, among us. Parents indulge their daughters too much, in the love of dress. And daughters are but too well disposed to use the indulgence. We desire attention, to this subject. We wish to see, among our daughters, no expensive dresses,

no fantastic finery, no tricks of the ball room, or of the theatre. Let them be clothed simply and neatly. Let jewellery be left at home. There is, here, neither time nor opportunity, for the display of trinkets. All come, to study, and to pray. In the School-room, and in the Chapel, these things are out of place. For the rest, freedom, comfort, and a simple taste, should rule. All, beyond, is a temptation to vanity, in them that have; and, to envy, in them that have not. "I will, therefore," says the Apostle Paul, "that the women adorn themselves, in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array: but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works." How eminently becoming, in young women and in children! Especially, in a household of the Church! That there be nothing to distinguish between the temporal condition of them, who kneel, at the same altar, as sisters of the Cross! That, what might, else, be wasted, in mere vanity and pomp, be laid upon that altar, for the service of the Cross! Like that fair penitent, who broke the box of alabaster, and poured out the costly spikenard, on the feet of Jesus; till "the house was filled with the odour of the ointment."

ADVANTAGES OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

Burlington College has peculiar advantages, in its plan, in its relations, and in its position.

Among the advantages of its *plan*, the first and foremost to be stated, is, that it is an actual family. It furnishes, to every boy, a home. The domestic feelings are fed and cherished. He is, as it were, with parents and brethren. He has a father and a mother. He has elder brothers and younger brothers. They live together, as one household. One roof. One hearth. One board. One holy altar. Their studies are together. Their meals are together. Their sports are together. Their devotions are together. In health, they have the sympathy of enjoyment. In sickness, the sympathy of interest. They are partners, at their work. They are partners, at their play. It comes, from this, that there is neither occasion, nor inclination to interfere with that fundamental rule of discipline: "No student ever leaves the College grounds, without a Teacher." Why should he? He has every thing at home. In this way, discipline becomes domestic, rather than scholastic. The law of love has play, and sways the heart. Habits of order are established. Habits of courtesy prevail. There is a mutual respect, mutual consideration, mutual confidence, and mutual affection. This is not what might be; but what is, and will be. The strength of the conviction lies in this, that the domestic interest is imbued and identified with the religious. It is a house of prayer. God's word is daily read in it, according to the order of His Church. Every child takes an interest in the service, because there is a part of it for every child. And, what visitors continually observe, describes the case, while it accounts for it, "they seem so hearty in their worship!" Making every thing, in House and School, a matter of principle, and enforcing all with words and ways of love, there are no small things, whose disregard induces, first, disorder,

then, disobedience, then, misrule. The religious influence, which pervades the house, is like the atmospheric pressure, to keep all things in their places; and all, without being felt. It is the habit of the house, to work, and to do right. The novice, or the ill-disposed, goes, as the current sets; and finds the best, the easiest, way. From morning to night, all works along upon a plan, which no one hears of, or can see, but in its issues. In the hours of work, there is a hum as of a bee-hive. And the merry laugh, that wakes the echoes, in the hours of recreation, is vocal with delight.

It is a great advantage, resulting from the *relations* of Burlington College, that it is a portion of a whole. It is not an isolated thing. It is a part and parcel of the Church. It opens its doors to receive children, from the Nursery, from the Sunday School, from the Primary School; and it proposes to retain them till their course of instruction, at School and College, is completed, and they are prepared to enter on the business of life: or, if their hearts are touched, to give themselves to God, in the work of the Ministry, to prepare them, with His grace, for holy orders, and set them at their sacred work. There will thus be here a large and various community: the Bishop and his family; the resident Head, and Teachers of the College, and their families; Priests and Deacons, in residence, and at work, in various ways; Candidates for Orders; the College Classes; the Preparatory forms, embracing every age and circumstance of boyhood: and while each maintains his several place, and does his several work, all will be kept together, at a common hearth, and by a common board, with common prayers. It is so, that God has set men, in the Church. It is so, that children can best be kept, and trained, and fitted, for their several places, in the world. It is the way of nature, sanctified by grace. It will avoid, as far as may be, the disruption of natural relations. It will maintain, while it shall purify, the social principle. It will preserve the feelings and interests of home. It will keep the children of its sacred trust—so far as human efforts can secure this end—“by grace, through faith, unto salvation.”

In the *position* of Burlington College, there are many singular advantages. *Nothing can be more beautiful.* In addition to the unrivalled charms of nature, which it combines, it is surrounded by the highest cultivation. The mind drinks beauty, through the eye, at every turn. *Nothing can be more healthful.* In three families, containing two hundred and fifty persons, there was actually no sickness, through the summer. And this is the habit of the locality. *Nothing can be more accessible.* Many times, in every day, there is access, by river and by railroad, to New York, and to Philadelphia; and, through them, to all the world. At the same time, *nothing can be more secluded.* It is the very picture of serene seclusion; and the atmosphere itself invites to thoughtfulness, and is instinct with peace. Plato might have chosen it for his Academy; and Milton would have borrowed something from it, for *Il Penseroso*.

COURSE OF STUDY AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

The Course of study, at Burlington College, is of a marked character, and deserves a careful consideration. It has been drawn up ad-

visedly, and well and duly weighed. It aims to furnish, to those who follow it throughout, a solid and complete foundation, for the pursuits of after-life. A College course, for the most part, runs its round, in four years. Considering how few boys enter the Freshman year, it may be set down at three. Then, consider, in how many cases it is found necessary to revive, if not to obtain, the very elements of Greek, within that period; not to speak of deficiencies in English, in Latin, and in Mathematics, and you reduce the circuit to two years. How small a circle, for a liberal education! How short a time, to form the habits of the scholar, and the man! Nothing has here been deducted for time lost, through diversities of elementary training, and in being acclimated. To secure to ourselves, for these great uses, "ample room, and verge enough," we sweep a circle of nine years. We would that every boy, that comes to us, might begin at the beginning. We trust that it will gradually come to that. We must do what we can, to meet the cases, where it is not so, by a rigid determination, to admit no boy, upon a step, on which he cannot stand, with firmness, and with confidence. It would be long, and hard, to say, what serious trouble this determination has already cost us. The deficiencies, in nearly all the boys that come to us, are most deplorable. To have been reading Homer, without the ability to conjugate one verb, throughout, is but the simpleton's sample—a brick, for the house. By taking in nine years, we get abundant sea-room. We can begin at the beginning; and go on, stage after stage, layer upon layer, until the whole is consummated. This is not all. Greek and Latin do not make up an education. Greek and Latin, with Mathematics, do not make up an education. It is a large word, that education. It is akin, as near as may be, with development. What would be thought of legs developed, with no arms? Or arms developed, and no legs? All ear? All eye? All nose? It is so with partial education. It makes one-sided minds. Or, no sided. When God meant they should be many-sided. Or, rather, that completest thing, a rounded orb. We hold, that the critical study of the Latin and Greek languages is indispensable to high intellectual discipline. We hold, not only, that the noblest models of the mind are in those languages: but that the fullest, the most thorough, the most accurate and polished, training of the taste, and judgment, of the reasoning faculties, and of the imagination, can only thus be had. We therefore make them leaders, in our course.

We do this, at no expense of the exactest sciences. We hold, that Mathematical studies, apart from the infinite varieties in their practical application, are indispensable to the true balance of the mind; the just and constant equipoise and equilibrium of its faculties. We require the strictest course of training in Arithmetic, in Algebra, in Geometry; with their innumerable adaptations to Trigonometry, as applied to Surveying, to Navigation, to Engineering, to Conics, and to Spherics.

In these two departments, the body of our course consists. Without them, nothing is done for education. But education is far from being complete, when they are done. The whole exhaustless

world, of what are called the Natural Sciences, remains untasted and untouched. There is still the taste for beauty, to be drawn out, and quickened. The adaptation of the great Christian law of love, to all the social and civil relations of the race must be regarded. The science of Government, and the deductions of experience, must be considered, in their application to national interests and national progress. And, as the world is wide; its living tongue, various in dialects; and every day draws more together the nations of the earth, in commerce, in letters, in science, in art—in one word, in whatever is, and makes, humanity—we give the leading languages of Europe, the French, the Italian, the German, the Spanish, their due place, side by side, with our own English. This will appear, to those who have not seen its working, as it did to learned and excellent Mr. Macculloch, too much of a good thing. But, when they take the course in hand, and see how it begins at the beginning; and how it goes on, by degrees; and how one thing falls in, after another; and how the snowball grows, in rolling; especially, when they have seen its admirable working, as, in the Junior Class, who—besides diligent attention to their Mathematical and English studies, including Elocution, Composition, and Criticism—are, at this time, reading, and reading thoroughly, the *Orestes* of Euripides; the *Letters* of Cicero; the *Jerusalem Delivered* of Tasso; *L'Etourdi* of Moliere; and the *Araucana*, of Ercilla—they will admit, with him, that the thing is possible, not only; but is done, and well done.

Much of the secret of success, thus far, has been in the faithful application of the “*Fundamental Rules of Study*,” which are appended to the Course. *Subjects are studied, rather than authors.* Thus, the boy gets a practical hold of every branch; and feels that it belongs to a tree, with roots, as with a top. He gets the relations of every thing; and can locate it, as we say, (and have a right to say,) here, in America. *Entire works are read, and not fragments.* Thus, an author is domesticated, as it were, in a boy’s mind. He is at home with him. He learns his ways. He drinks his spirit in. Knowing Cicero well, and Homer, he is sure to have much Latin, and more Greek. The Mosaic economy of Greek Readers, and Græca Minora, and Græca Majora, is but a poor economy. It makes smatterers, not scholars. We reject it altogether. *None of the studies are optional, except those of “the Extraordinary Course.”* We do not believe that boys or girls know how to educate themselves. If they did, there would be no need of parents or of teachers; and, so, great saving of trouble and expense. For the children, who come to us, we must choose. They must study what we set down for them. With a single exception. Those who fill up the measure of the Regular Course, to the full, are permitted, as “the reward of merit,” to pursue, at their desire, the whole, or any part, of “the Extraordinary Course;” the contents of which are as attractive as they are important. *No Student is advanced to a higher Form or Class, until he has completed the studies of those below it.* This is as fair and honest, as it is expedient and wise. Without it, all professions, to educate, are a deception. The neglect of it is the burden of Teachers, the discouragement of Scholars, the destruction of Scholar-

ship. It requires some firmness, to maintain it, at the first. But it soon commends itself to children, as *the truth* ; and, to the truth, they always yield. Of course, it follows, that when a Student ceases to keep up with his Class or Form, he drops into the next below it ; and so, down ! *At the end of every division of a work or subject, the whole portion finished is rapidly revised, before proceeding further. The previous lesson is always briefly revised, before taking up that of the day.* This is of great importance. It keeps all fresh. And, if a portion has been left imperfect, in the advance, it is brought fully up, in the revise. What is called, “going over” a book, is crowded out by this good habit ; and going *through* is substituted. These last two are GOLDEN RULES. *Lessons in the languages, in the revise, are translated, and not construed.* The new lesson is construed. Word, by word, is analyzed. The relations of all, and the reason for every thing, clearly made out. It is a literal, and thoroughly grammatical, exercise. In the revise, on the following day, the lesson is translated freely, and with as much of elegance as the boy can furnish. Idiomatic phrases are always rendered by the corresponding idioms. The construing ensures accuracy. The *translation* allows of ease and grace. The fair result of both is real, manageable, scholarship. Finally—among our fundamental rules of study ; but though last, far from being least—the *Editions of the Classics employed are without notes, ordo, or translations.* This speaks for itself. The student grasps the naked author ; and must master him, or fall. Our swimmers use no corks. The editions of the classics are those of Tauchnitz, at Leipsic.

A mere mention, of a few points, in the Course of Study, which are eminently practical, must close this notice. English is kept ever foremost. We hold, that to write and speak English fluently, and well, is the highest aim of all instruction. Hence, in the Third Form, “English,” begins ; from “Writing from Dictation,” at first : and goes on, from that point, to the end. In the Sixth form, they go to the President ; and are thoroughly drilled and examined by him, during the remaining four years of the Course, in a weekly exercise, in Elocution, Composition, and Criticism, and Extemporaneous Discussion. The shrewd observer will not fail to notice the bearing, on this great end, of items, in the Course, like those which follow : “English Grammar, and elements of Anglo-Saxon ;” “Sources of the English Language ;” “Comparative Grammar ;” “Principles of English Verse ;” “Analysis of Shakspeare.” The Histories of Ancient and Modern Literature, and of Philosophy ; Comparative History ; the Philosophy of History ; Constitutional Law ; Physiology and Architecture, are provisions in the Course, which will, on different accounts, strike different minds. They are essential, in our judgment, to the completeness of the circle. While provision, for beginning, at the very beginning, with small boys, in Reading and Writing, has been made, the Course provides for Drawing, in all its branches ; and, in “the Extraordinary Course,” there is provision for Painting. Sacred Vocal Music, as the habit of the house, is taught to all ; while, in the Extraordinary Course,” for those who win it, (and whom it, therefore,

will not hinder in the more essential things,) there is a place for "Instrumental Music," also.

But, the crown of all our work, is, in the large infusion, into our whole Course, of Christian Instruction. It begins, with the First Form, in "the Catechism, and Collects, and Scriptural Lessons," and it runs through every year; until, in the Senior Class, it attains to the reading of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and the Apostolic Fathers, with a fair knowledge of Church History, and of Christian Doctrine, as set forth in Bishop Pearson's great work, on the Creed. It is our purpose, as our prayer, that every graduate of Burlington College, who does not take a portion of the sacred ministry, shall go out, a well instructed Layman; "ready to give, to every one that asketh, a reason of the hope" that is in him: and qualified for that place in the Councils of the Church, to which, in due time, he may be called. The highest aim of Burlington College is, that it be for Laymen, and, for Clergymen, A NURSERY OF THE CHURCH.

THE DISCIPLINE AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

What has been said of the Course of Study at Burlington College, is not less true of the Discipline: it "is of a marked character, and deserves a careful consideration." It has been well weighed; and most deliberately and advisedly, adopted. It is the development of one idea. *Burlington College is a Christian Family.* From this, all springs. To this, all is referred. It is a simple, obvious, natural, test. It is what God himself has taught. It is what God himself will bless. It is so, that He has provided for the perpetuation of the race. It is so, that He has constituted civil government. It is so, that He has given order for the care of souls. What is good, as the model for the State; what is adopted, as the frame and order of the Church; cannot fail to be good, in that which partakes of both, and is to subserve both, the Christian School. What analogy suggests, experience most abundantly confirms. The trial has been made, for fifteen years, in a kindred institution, and with entire success. And, thus far, its working, at the College, equals every expectation. Adhering firmly to it, and acting constantly upon it, it keeps all in their several places. It appeals, in all, to the instincts of nature, and the charities of home. It approves itself to all, as natural and real; as of God, and for humanity. *In this way, artificial distinctions are done away with.* Some are older than others; some have made greater progress: but the difference between them, is but that of brothers, in the same house. A community of interest and feeling is kept up. It is a brotherhood, and all is brotherly. *It gets rid of dangerous immunities.* Places and things are common. The parental supervision can go everywhere. Evils are, so, prevented, which no skill could remedy, no force restrain. *It gives no place for the traditionary conflict between the teachers and the taught.* A common home, a common board, common prayers, mutual interests, mutual trials, mutual enjoyments, break up the tendencies to separation; and blend all hearts, in cordial coalescence. And it is beautiful to see, now that the habit has been formed, how soon a new boy falls into the ways, and gets

in time and tune. *The family feeling being established, the appeals, and agencies, and influences, of which a family admits, become available.* The boy feels, that he lives in the parental eye, and has a place in the parental heart. A word in season can be dropped. A playful hint has place. A look will tell. Thus, evils are forestalled. Prevention takes the place of punishment. An unanimous acquiescence has been yielded, and harmony becomes habitual. *A discipline, in this way, is secured, which would otherwise be quite impossible.* The constant presence of a Teacher becomes a thing of course, and is not felt: or is felt, as a protection and security. The conflict, between "town and gown," is thus avoided. The natural disposition, to charge all mischief and disorder, upon students, is so thwarted. The stream of College life flows out, and on; but never mingles, and is so preserved in its integrity. And street brawls, and nightly irregularities, and drunkenness, and debauchery, in every form, become simple impossibilities. The nuisance of tobacco is abated. The peril of gunpowder is exploded. The use of books is regulated. The abuse of newspapers is prevented. The evils of promiscuous correspondence are avoided. The disaster of debt may be defied. And extravagant expenditure, if parents would only be frank and faithful, might become impracticable. What an exclusion of disturbing forces! What a seclusion from corrupting influences! What a concentration, upon a single point! What unity! What security! What opportunity!

It will be said, that it cannot be maintained. Then, the enterprise will certainly be abandoned. But, why not? Suppose that one in ten be found, after fair trial, and long patience, quite impracticable. The doors all open, to go out, as well as to come in. The parent is informed, that his child will not fall into our ways; and so cannot remain with us. There need be no fear, that a good School will want Scholars. Only let parents know, and children feel, that things are settled, and will yield to no one; and the point is gained. The only difficulty will be, to take all, that shall offer. The fear of man, in these respects, has become the snare of many a school. The great rule is, **BE BOLD!** When the practicability of the enterprise has been proved, *the objection will be, that boys, so treated, never will be manly.* The true word would be, *ruffianly.* And this is granted. But, it needs no argument, to show, that manliness is at no odds with gentleness. That bullies are never brave. That polish takes nothing from power. That the weapon, to be trusted most, for keenness, or for strength, is the Damascus blade.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING, AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

The Course of Study, at Burlington College, and the Discipline, have successively been treated. It remains, to speak of that, without which, all the rest were vain; its Religious influences and instructions: in one word, its Religious Training. When one taught, in fewest words, "Knowledge is Power;" he taught the truth, but not "the whole truth." There remains the question, to be asked, and answered, *power, to do what?* A wiser than Bacon has reminded us, that "knowledge puffeth up; it is love that edifieth."

It never was intended, that any should mistake the complexion of Burlington College. The trumpet, there, gives no uncertain sound. By the terms of the Charter, the Trustees, forever, are to be members of the Church. The Bishop is, by his office, the Head of the Institution. The Seal presents that loveliest action of the Saviour's life, His blessing upon little children. The Motto is, in His own gracious words: "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The Morning and Evening Prayer is daily said; and when the Chapel of the Child Jesus is completed, the Holy Communion, as in the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, at St. Mary's Hall, will be administered, on all Holy Days. In the fullest sense, in which the words can be employed, Burlington College is a Religious institution. It is so, as, in its original conception and devotion, to the glory of God, in the salvation of souls; so, in the course of Religious Instruction, and in the provisions for Religious Influence. Of these, in their order.

The Course of Study, at Burlington College, is framed, on the conviction, that man has a religious nature. Christianity comes into it, as a part and parcel of it: an essence, not an accident; a constant, not an occasional, quantity; the leaven, by which all the lump is to be leavened. Hence, the first column, in the Course of Study, is headed, "RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION." And, from the day, the boy, of seven, or eight, or nine, or of whatsoever age, is admitted to the First Form, beginning with the "Catechism and Collects," and "Scriptural Lessons, adapted" to his capacity, he goes steadily on, instructed every week, as stately and constantly, as in the other portions of the Course, until he has compared the Catechism with Scripture, and proved it by it; compared the Collects and the Daily Service, and the Baptismal and Communion Services, and the Creeds, and the Articles, with Scripture, and proved them by it; been made familiar with the Old Testament History, and the New Testament History, and the History of the Church, from the Apostles' days, to these: made a study of Sacred Antiquities, both Jewish and Christian; traced up the Prayer Book, to its sources; become familiar with the Old Scriptures, as well as the New, in their original languages, together with the Septuagint version of the former; read the Apostolic Fathers, with Cyprian, and others, of the first four ages of the Church; and weighed, and thoroughly digested, in the last two years of his Collegiate Course, those greatest trophies of the consecrated intellect of the Church of England, Bishop Butler's Analogy, and Bishop Pearson on the Creed. The Theory, on which Burlington College is established, is, that Laymen are to be instructed, in the faith, and know its grounds and reasons, as well as Clergymen; and, that every one, that calls himself a Christian, should be able "to give, to every one that asketh, a reason of the hope that is in him." Auxiliary to this, the higher Classes (the four highest, under the weekly supervision of the President,) are exercised, in making abstracts of the Morning Sermon, on the Lord's Day; in Sacred Narratives and Biographies, derived from Holy Scripture; and, in statements of the origin, the progress, and the bearing, of the more ancient portions of the Prayer Book. It may be said, without a question, that the graduates of Burlington

College will all be well instructed lay divines. A result, which the Church has always contemplated from the time that St. Luke addressed his Gospel, and his Apostolic History, to the "most excellent Theophilus." A result which has been the glory of our mother Church of England, and her bulwark, under God, against the arts of Papal Rome, in men like Hale, and Farrar, and Evelyn, and Stevens, and Thornton, and Inglis, and Southey, and Wordsworth, and the Coleridges. A result, essential to the integrity of this Church where the Laity come into all its councils, even the highest, to consult with Bishops, and with Priests, about the Faith, the Worship, and the Discipline.

Nor is our sole, or chief, reliance on instruction, merely. Religious influences are constantly applied, with humble trust in God, to guide and bless them. The day begins with prayer, the Morning Service of the Church. The School is opened with the Word for the Day—a sentence, selected for daily meditation, in the house, throughout the day—the Lord's Prayer, and an appropriate Collect. The day is closed with Prayer, the Evening Service of the Church. At rising, and at retiring, there is a special time for private devotions; when there is perfect silence in all the dormitories. The resident Head of the Institution, a Priest of the Church, has constant intercourse with every boy, as the occasion serves. The boys are all instructed by him, in the Catechism; and are all considered as in training for Confirmation, or the Holy Communion, until admitted to that Sacrament. On Sunday, all attend the Parish Church, of which the President is Rector; and, on Sunday evenings, he himself delivers, in the Chapel, a course of Lectures on the Christian Morals, as the rule of daily life, being a development and application of the Church Catechism. In a word, Burlington College, and St. Mary's Hall, are Christian Homes: the Bishop is the father; the Rector, as residing head, *in loco parentis*; the Matron is a mother; the Teachers, all, as elder brothers; the boys, as sons. The simple rules, that govern all, these texts of Holy Scripture: "Train up a child, in the way he should go; and, when he is old, he will not depart from it;" and, again, "Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and, again, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and, again, "Feed My Lambs."

C.

"THE MISSIONARY."

NO PARTICULAR RELIGION.

The anxiety which some instructors of youth display in their advertisements, to have it understood that there is no "sectarian bias," as they call it, in their influence with their pupils, reminds us of an anecdote of the clown Delphini. At the time of the riots in London, in 1780, many people thought it necessary to chalk "no popery" on the walls of their houses in order to protect them from violence. Delphini, the clown, particularly anxious to win golden opinions from all sorts of men, since his benefit was close at hand, scrawled on his house in large letters—"no religion!"

THE MUNIFICENCE OF THE ENGLISH CLERGY.

The Clergy of the Church of England are often represented as living for themselves, fleecing the flocks which they are sent to feed. There may be some such; and, like the dead fly in the rich unguent, they give to many minds an evil savour to the whole. But the truth should be known and owned and told. Justice should be done. We collect some statistics from the *British Magazine* which will redeem the sacred order from the censure of niggardliness, if the bounty of the laity be at all a standard. In 1832, the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts numbered among its subscribers 3351 laity, 3809 clergy; the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 5835 laity, 7674 clergy; the Church Building Society, 1910 laity, 1942 clergy. The total amount of lay subscriptions and donations to these Societies was £7,130. 16. 2; of clerical £60,750. 17. 7. In 1836, the laity subscribed to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, £10,433. 4.; the clergy £10,282. 18. We might fill a page with statements to the same purport. But with the reasonable, these will suffice. Upon the unreasonable, reasoning of every kind is lost.

HEARING THE WORD.

It is to be feared that but few Christians take heed how they hear. If they did, we should not be so often annoyed by petty criticisms upon the manner and style of the messengers of God. Whoever may be the *man* in the pulpit, the people should remember that he who addresses them is the ambassador for Christ, and that God is beseeching them by him. With this thought in the mind, who would *dare* to conceive, much less to express, the exceptions so often and so sinfully taken and uttered against various, we might say, all, the preachers of the cross? What a blessed disposition of soul he has received who is enabled to hear *meekly* the word of God.

An article on Loneliness gives sound and bold advice, that priests are often afraid to give, or people, to follow;

It is one of the most difficult things in the world for a man to hold fast truth—and especially religious truth, when the multitude are either opposed or indifferent to his principles—more particularly when the opposition is of a moral nature, unaccompanied by physical violence, which in most cases has a tendency to confirm rather than to weaken. There is in most men such a strong yearning for human sympathy, such a confiding in the reception of the truth, by the many, as a ground of our own persuasion, that but few can keep their integrity, when suddenly removed from the multitude of those who act, think, and feel with them, and compelled to depend wholly upon their own convictions, to breast a strong tide of opposition, or to be daily conversant with those whose habits and phraseology constantly remind us that their religious opinions are in direct variance with our own. It is indeed a hard thing to be faithful among the faithless.

Into some such train of thought we are often led when thinking of the numbers of American Churchmen, who after having been nurtured

in the Church to early manhood, are obliged to leave the paternal roof, and the house of God known and revered from infancy, and to go forth into parts of the country, where the Gospel is never proclaimed, or if presented at all, is presented in a partial manner and under sectarian forms—and where the habits and manners of the people are entirely averse to those practices and modes of thinking which he has been taught, have obtained in the Church from the Apostles' times. In such a state of things the young Churchman often finds himself—alone in his opinions—his practices and feelings—and he asks himself whether he shall dare to say that he is right, and that his friends, neighbours, and companions are all wrong. On the one hand, the tender associations of his early, and the convictions of his riper years bind him to the Church of his fathers: on the other a sense of loneliness, a desire for pious sympathy and the ordinances of religion have a tendency to draw him from his first love, and to lead him to attach himself to some one of the numerous sects into which separatists from the Church are divided. For the strengthening in such an one of the things that remain, and especially for obviating the danger of apostasy arising from a sense of loneliness in the holding and maintaining of certain truths, the following considerations may not be without their power.

And in the first place, the Churchman must remember that the religious opinions and practices which prevail in our own country are *peculiar* to our country; and that among nineteen-twentieths of those who call themselves Christians, Episcopacy—forms of prayer—his own views of the sacraments, more or less modified—the observance of Festival and Fast, and his other distinctive principles and practices obtain. Besides, the Churchman can never with truth be said to be alone. As he looks back along the tract of ages, he can trace the luminous pathway trodden by a glorious host of the Defenders of the Faith which he professes, to the Reformation, and thence upwards through the dark wastes of Papal corruption to the very times of the holy Apostles, and of our Lord: and as he recalls the names of the wise and good who in all times and lands have believed from the heart the creed which he now holds, he realizes that “the mind of ages fills his breast.” He remembers, too, that in the calm Paradise of God, there are thousands of white-robed saints resting for a season, who have professed and defended, and died professing, the same form of sound words for which he now contends, to human eyes, alone. Thus feeling and knowing, he will rest in faith on that most comfortable article of the creed “the Communion of Saints,” and will realize and rejoice that he is not alone, for “the glorious company of the Apostles,” “the goodly fellowship of the prophets,” “the noble army of martyrs,” and “the holy Church throughout all the world” are with him.

But even supposing that he is a lonely member separated from a little flock, the isolated Churchman must remember that through the perversity of man, truth has always been found with the few rather than with the many. The histories of Noah, Lot, and Abraham will illustrate this remark. The Church of God, through a long series of ages, was confined to a single nation. At one time, but seven thou-

sand of God's own people had not bowed the knee to the popular idol. The voice of the Baptist was as of one crying in the wilderness. The risen Saviour was not showed openly "to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God." And if there be (fearful truth!) but few who enter in at the strait gate, is it strange that there are but few who endure sound doctrine? Let not then the heart of any be fearful, because

"Still is the might of Truth, as it has been :
 Lodged in the few, obeyed, and yet unseen.
 Reared on lone heights, and rare,
 His saints their watch-flame bear,
 And the mad world sees the wide circling blaze,
 Vain-searching whence it streams, and how to quench its rays."

The Churchman must also remember, for his consolation, that the present state of things will not last for ever. The knowledge of the Lord is yet to cover the whole earth, and Christians must be one before the world will believe in the divinity of the mission of the Lord Jesus Christ. "God," as St. Chrysostom has beautifully said, "is patient, because eternal," and the Christian, confident in the eternity of truth, must patiently await for its final triumph, assured that unlike the things of earth, it cannot perish in its delay. The Churchman then must calmly and patiently adhere to his profession of the Catholic verities, and his practice of Apostolic order. If he does not reap the earthly rewards of his labour—and it is but seldom that righteous consistency goes unrewarded even here—he may be assured that posterity will call him blessed. And it may be that the God who for wise reasons refused the father the privilege of building His sanctuary, will reward his fidelity by giving the work to the son; and that the children of him who worshipped the God of his fathers, in the good old way, under the roof of the solitary log-hut in the wilderness, will be permitted to behold and enjoy the diffusion of the truths and institutions of the Gospel in the Church, and the increase of the ministrations and fruits of the Spirit. Let it never be forgotten that God's strength is made perfect in weakness, and that the Lord of Hosts, in a single day, and by a single volition, can regain and retrieve the apparent delay and loss of a thousand years.

From an introductory letter to Dr. Hooker's edition of Blunt's Sketch of the English Reformation, I extract the following :

Were I to designate, the branch of study which has fallen into the most unreasonable neglect, and which yet would overpay, with most abundant, and with richest fruits, the utmost cost of prosecution, it should be without a doubt the study of *Church History*. "It is not St. Augustine's nor St. Ambrose's works," Lord Bacon well remarks, "that will make so wise a divine"—he might as well have said, *so wise a man*—"as ecclesiastical history, thoroughly read and observed." "There is, in good truth,"—we justify, while we illustrate the words of the great Philosopher, by the language of one who is himself their living illustration, the present Principal of King's College, London,

“there is, in good truth, no way so certain to lead us to truth, no way so certain to lead us to *fixed, calm, and Christian views in Divinity* as the study of it, *by the way of History*. If we take up a ‘system of divinity,’ whether in the shape of a body of Articles, or a regular treatise, comprising a discussion of all the great points of the Christian covenant, useful and necessary as such things are, each in its own way, yet it cannot be but that they present all these great points to us in a controversial view and with a controversial air. This surely cannot be desirable. Our concern with the great doctrines of the Gospel covenant is to govern our hearts, lives, thoughts and words by them, to bring the whole man into subjection to those awful truths which God himself revealed to us in order to teach us how we are to live here, and how to live with him hereafter.” Now it is precisely these “fixed, calm, and Christian views in divinity” which, in this age, and especially in this country, are most wanted—which are sought for in vain in the din of religious controversy and the stir of religious excitement—and for the want of which, to the joy of the infidel, and to the shame and grief of the meek searcher after truth, who would walk humbly with his God, Christianity, at times, appears almost unchristianized. And the inquiries which would lead men to them—which securing to us, upon the certain warrant of “Holy Scripture and ancient authors,” a sound rule of faith, should establish for us a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion, and as it were, domesticate among us that serene and dove-like Christianity, which the sweetest spirit of our age illustrates well, when he speaks of the “*soothing tendency*” of the Prayer Book—am I not right when I say, that, as Christians, not only, but as patriots and philosophers, there are no investigations more worthy of us—and do I greatly err in the belief, that already, among the thoughtful and the good, there is a preparation to receive them favourably, and to bestow on those who lead the way that best reward and most distinguished honour, their confidence and acquiescence?

Chiefly, however, to two portions of the ever-flowing stream of history would I, if the permission were but given me, direct the public mind—the history of *the Church in the first ages*, and the history of *the English Reformation*. THE CHURCH OF THE FIRST AGES were God’s “eye-witnesses and ministers of the word.” It is a maxim of the courts, “*expositio contemporanea est fortissima*.” The first reception is the best. As we owe the integrity of the text to them, so we are their debtors for the certainty of the interpretation. “The contradiction of tongues,” saith Lord Bacon, “doth every where meet us, out of the tabernacle of God, therefore, whithersoever thou shalt turn thyself, thou shalt find no end of controversies except thou withdraw thyself into that tabernacle.” “The fathers of the Church,” says Townsend, “are unanimous on all those points which peculiarly characterize true Christianity. They assert the divinity, the incarnation, and the atonement of Christ; and thus bear their decisive testimony against the modern reasoners on these points. They are unanimous in asserting that the primitive Churches were governed by an order of men, who possessed authority over others who had been set apart for

preaching and administering the Sacraments : and certain privileges and powers were committed to that higher order which were withheld from the second and third. The reception of the canon of Scripture, the proofs of its authenticity and genuineness, rest upon the authority of the fathers ; and there are customs of universal observance, which are not in express terms commanded in Scripture, and which rest upon the same foundation. We are justified, therefore, on these and on many other accounts, in maintaining the utmost veneration for their unanimous authority, which has never in any one instance clashed with Scripture, which will preserve in its purity every Church which is directed by them, and check, or extinguish every innovation which encourages error in doctrine, or licentiousness in discipline." "He that hath willingly subscribed to the word of God," says Bishop Hall, "attested in the everlasting Scriptures ; to all the primitive creeds ; to the four general councils ; to the common judgment of the fathers, for six hundred years after Christ (*which we, of our reformation, religiously profess to do ;*) this man may possibly err in trifles, but he cannot be an heretic." This is the doctrine of common sense not less than of the Church. It was the departure from it which constituted the necessity of the English Reformation. It is the departure from it which constitutes the danger of our day. It is in the return to it, in standing in the ways, and asking for "the old paths," that our safety, and our hope are to be found. It is a blessed omen for our times, that, through the zealous devotion of Pusey and Keble and Newman, the ancient documents will soon be brought, in their translations of the Fathers, within the common reach.

Of kindred interest, and of scarcely inferior importance, is the study of THE ENGLISH REFORMATION. For a time, the Church, drunk with too much prosperity, had wandered and grown wanton. For a time, God left her to eat of the fruit of her own ways, and be filled with her own devices. But

" His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake."

The wrath of man he makes to praise him. The remainder of it he restrains. When the time came that he would have mercy upon Sion, men were not wanting to the work, with holy hearts, and giant hands, and tongues of fire. They took their stand upon the pure word of God. They appealed to the consenting voice of all Christian antiquity. They toiled. They prayed. They bled. They burned. They persevered. They triumphed. The Church, deformed before, was now reformed. She returned to her old principles, and to her "first love." "We look," says Joseph Mede, "after the form, rites, and discipline of antiquity ; and endeavour to bring our own as near as we can to that pattern." "If I mistake not greatly," says Casaubon, writing to Salmasius, "the soundest part of all the reformation is in England ; for there with the study of the scripture, there is the most regard to the study of antiquity."

But I must check myself. I may not enter now upon this rich and tempting field. The time would fail me to tell of Wicliffe, and

Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer, and Taylor, and Rogers, and the glorious host of witnesses for God, that "loved not their life unto the death." Let us hope that to this most fruitful field of truth, and purity, and piety, and charity, Mr. Blunt's delightful "Sketch" may turn many an eager eye, and many a vigorous foot. And for ourselves, when the cares and disappointments and disquietudes of life disturb or weary us, and we are tempted to fall back, or turn aside, or falter, on the high, "right onward" course of duty, next to the Author of our faith, and the bright cloud of prophets and apostles who stand nearest to His throne, let us direct our eyes to the illustrious fathers of the English Reformation. "We shall find there," I cite again, the eloquent and admirable Rose, "a bright example of saints and martyrs—of men of whom the world was not worthy—who have done all and suffered all, that men could do and could suffer, for that one blessed cause, and in so doing and so suffering have found an elevation, a peace and a joy which nothing could give but the sense of God's presence, and the influence of God's Spirit, blessing his own servants in doing His own work. So warned, and so cheered, by the voice of Scripture and the comment of history, we shall betake us each to our humble path with a clearer conviction of duty, a stronger sense of the danger and the guilt of neglecting it, a firmer hope of a blessing, a more cheerful and animating view of the prospect before us."

"ADVENT."

"The last red leaf, the last of its clan," is swept down by the autumnal winds, and the desolation of winter is even at the door: and yet "the eventide of the year" is the spring-time of the Church: for now she prepares to hail again the rising of her bright and Morning Star, the true light that lighteth every man coming into the world. It is indeed a beautiful coincidence that the most joyous Christian Festival should be celebrated when all without is decay and gloom; that by the altar, and by the dear domestic fireside, the holiest hymn, and the happiest note should be heard, when the wintry blast is howling, and the storm pelting against our dwelling. So at first came the Son of Man, in great humility, in the time of the world's deepest moral darkness and saddest spiritual desolation.

Standing as we are at the commencement of another Christian year, called once again to follow the Son of Man, whithersoever he goeth, it well becomes us to pause and enquire how we have passed through the golden circle of the last year's Festivals. Have we indeed, kept them as days which the Lord has made? Have we been glad and rejoiced in them? As we look back upon the calendar, do we see them gleaming, each with its white mark—tokens of days happily spent in the service of the Lord? Or does the remembrance of prayers unsaid, and holy lessons unimproved, weigh heavily upon our consciences and hearts? Alas, how few there are, who come to our solemn festivals! How few who keep them in spirit and truth! If there is any one duty which Churchmen have neglected more than others, it is the due observance of the several seasons of the Christian year. There are many who complain of the decay of piety among

us, and who would fain go without the pale of the Church to find expedients for its renewal. There are many who desire the introduction of extraordinary religious services, who suffer the bell that summons the people to Church on holy-days, to fall unheeded on their ears; pleading, meanwhile, the farm and the merchandise as reasons why they cannot come. These things ought not to be. If we would stem the tide of worldliness that has set in against the Church, we must do it as Churchmen, or not at all. If we would recall our own hearts from the cares and pleasures of this vain world, we must suffer ourselves to be gathered in about the altar, as the successive days of the Sacred year dawn and roll away; bearing away and storing up their holy lessons as amulets against the charms of our malignant foes. But the Lord is at hand. By solemn vigil and fervent prayer, by songs in the night when holy solemnities are kept, and by the sweet pastoral story of the beginning of the Gospel, the Church prepares herself and her children to go out to meet Him. Let us all go with her and follow the Lord. Giving ourselves up to the holy services and associations of the season, we shall be duly prepared to celebrate that most glorious morning of the year, in which a Saviour was born, in the City of David, which is Christ the Lord. Making every year a Christian year, by associating each portion with the life and death, the humiliation and the glory of the Redeemer and His Saints, we shall be at last ready to go forth, with loins girded and lamps trimmed and burning, to meet the Lord at His second Advent, and to go away with Him into the New Jerusalem, to keep an eternal Festival, "with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads."

D.

"MISSIONS."

MISSIONARY REPORT, A. D. 1835.

The Committee appointed by the Board of Directors of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, at their late special meeting, to consider and report "Whether any, and what, measures should be adopted for the more efficient organization of this Society, and the future conduct of its concerns," unanimously present the following Report as the result of their most serious consideration. They do not profess to give the reasons for the several measures which they propose, believing that these will be fully and most forcibly suggested in the discussions of the Board. They do not attempt the full detail of necessary arrangements, inasmuch as these must be dependent on the ultimate course which the Board may adopt. All that they now propose is to present fundamental principles; the immediate adoption of which, they respectfully, yet most earnestly, recommend.

In the first place, then, after the most mature deliberation, and much conference with the friends of the Society from various parts of the Church, they are decidedly of the opinion, that the best interests of religion and of man, require an immediate and extensive change

in the mode in which the Church has hitherto discharged the great Missionary trust, committed to her by the Divine Saviour, to "preach the Gospel unto every creature."

As the mode of operations which they propose to substitute for that which has hitherto prevailed, the Committee unanimously recommend that the Church herself, in dependence on her Divine Head, and for the promotion of his glory, undertake and carry on, in her character as the Church, and as "the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America," the work of Christian Missions; for the accomplishment of which purpose they recommend the following alterations in the Constitution:

That all the Bishops shall be *ex officio* members.

That the presiding Bishop shall be the President, and that at all its meetings, in the absence of the presiding Bishop, the senior Bishop present shall preside. In the absence of the Bishops, the Board shall elect a President *pro tempore*.

That such persons as, by the payment of money, are now members of the Board of Directors of the Society, shall be members of the Board of Missions; it being understood that this privilege is not to be extended, but to cease with those who now enjoy it.

The Board, as soon as may be after it has been constituted, shall proceed to appoint seven persons as a Committee for Domestic Missions, and seven other persons as a Committee for Foreign Missions. The Bishops shall be *ex officio* members of both Committees. When vacancies occur in either of the Committees, during the recess of the Board, they may be filled by the Committees respectively, subject to the approval of the Board at its next meeting.

To the Committee of the Board thus constituted, shall be referred, in their respective fields, the whole executive administration of the General Missionary department of the Church, subject to the provisions of the Board; the Committees to make reports of all their proceedings to the Board of Missions at its annual meeting.

In connection with this outline of fundamental provisions, the Committee unanimously recommend the following as general principles for the direction of the Board.

I. The Missionary field is always to be regarded, as *one*, THE WORLD—the terms Domestic and Foreign being understood as terms of locality, adopted for convenience. *Domestic* Missions are those which are exercised *within*, and *Foreign* Missions are those which are exercised *without*, the territory of the United States.

II. The appeal of the Church through the Board for the support of Missions, is made expressly to all baptized persons, as such, and on the ground of their baptismal vows.

III. The reliance of the Church, for carrying on its Missionary plans beyond the direct operation of the Board, and its Committees, and their officers, is mainly on the parochial organization; each parish being regarded as a Missionary Association, and its Pastor as Agent of the Board for Jesus' sake. It is not designed by any thing which is here said, to discourage existing Missionary Associations.

IV. It is especially recommended that the contributions of the members of the Church to the support of Missions be made, so far as may be convenient, upon some plan of systematic charity, that their permanent continuance may be the more relied on. There is of course, no discouragement of any other acts of benevolence to which the Lord may move the hearts of his people in this most holy cause.

V. In addition to the general agencies constituted by the Board, local agents may from time to time be appointed by either of the Committees; who shall consider themselves especially instructed to avoid all appearance of competition between the Domestic and Foreign operations of the Board, and also to encourage the support of Missions upon Christian principles, by the conviction of the judgment and engagement of the affections, rather than by special appeals to local interests or transient excitements.

The Committee desire to call attention in an especial manner to the subject of a Missionary paper in the Church. Should the proposed organization be adopted, they would recommend that its establishment and direction be committed to the Board of Missions, and that it be edited under their direction, for the promotion of the whole object contemplated by their constitution, and committed respectively to the two Committees for Domestic and Foreign Missions. Such a periodical, conducted with discretion and ability, and imbued with the true and abiding fervour of the Missionary spirit, would be received with avidity, would attain at once to a large circulation, would yield a handsome profit to the Board, and, with the blessing of the Divine and Holy Spirit, would do incalculable good.

The Committee are anxious to be understood that they do not present this as a full report, but rather as an outline of the plan which they propose. Should its principles be adopted by the Board, they are capable of being recommended to the Church, the Committee confidently believe, by arguments which cannot be set aside. In conclusion, they invoke for the Directors and for the Society, in the consideration of this great subject, and in the prosecution of their whole momentous work, the guidance and protection of Him, who has promised to be with his own Missionary Society, the Apostolical Church, "always, even unto the end of the world."

All which is respectfully submitted by the Committee,

GEORGE W. DOANE,
CHARLES P. M'ILVAINE,
JAMES MILNOR,
J. P. K. HENSHAW,
JACKSON KEMPER,
FREDERICK BEASLEY,
A. C. MAGRUDER.

To the same Committee somewhat enlarged, was referred the duty of drawing up the Constitution, which contains the following truly Catholic principles :

Art. II. The Society shall be considered as comprehending all persons who are members of the Church.

Art. IV. To the board of Missions shall be intrusted the supervision of the general Missionary operations of the Church, with power to establish Missionary stations; appoint Missionaries, make appropriations of money, regulate the conducting of Missions, fill any vacancies in their number which may occur, and also, to enact all by-laws which they may deem necessary for their own government and the government of their Committees.*

Art. V. The Presiding Bishop of the Church shall be President of the Board: and in his absence the Senior Bishop present shall preside; in the absence of all the Bishops the Board shall elect a President *pro tempore*.

Art. X. For the guidance of the Committees, it is declared, that the Missionary field is always to be regarded as *one*, THE WORLD—the terms “Domestic and Foreign” being understood as terms of locality adopted for convenience. *Domestic* Missions are those which are established *within*, and *Foreign* Missions are those which are established *without*, the territory of the United States.

Art. XI. No clergyman shall be appointed a Missionary by the Board, or by either of the Committees, without the recommendation of the ecclesiastical authority to whose diocese he belongs; nor shall any Missionary be sent to officiate in any diocese, without the consent of the ecclesiastical authority of the same.

Art. XIII. It is recommended to every member of the Society to pray to ALMIGHTY GOD for His blessing upon its designs, under the full conviction that unless He direct us in all our doings with His most gracious favour, and further us with His continual help, we cannot reasonably hope to procure suitable persons to act as Missionaries, or expect that their endeavours will be successful.

MISSIONS.

We give place to two articles this week—the one a communication, for which we are indebted to the “Churchman,” the other an Editorial from the “Southern Churchman”—which may seem to take opposite sides on this great subject. The “Voice from the South West,” the most eloquent strain that has been lifted up within our hearing in many a day, pleads trumpet-tongued for the vast region whence it comes. The editor of the Southern Churchman expostulates with excellent judgment and in a most Christian spirit with all who have care of souls in the older sections of the country, to consider well their responsibilities to their flocks, to the Church and to God, before they leave them for the brighter prospects which the West affords. Both are right. The glowing eloquence of *Λιβωροτος*, were it answered to the letter, in its advocacy for Christian aid, could not obtain too much, and yet, not a word is to be abated from the calm

* In 1838, this was added: Provided always, that in relation to organized divisions having Bishops, the Board shall regulate the number of Missionary Stations, but the Bishop of the Diocese may select the Stations, and may, at any time, discontinue a Station, and, in lieu of it, establish one elsewhere.

and sound suggestions of the Virginian editor. We cannot but hope from the combination of such forces as these a wise and beneficial direction. We earnestly desire that Churchmen may be led to weigh their duties, and to measure their capacity, by the true standard of the Sanctuary. The time is come when we should "awake out of sleep." The miserable business of transferring some twenty or some thirty ministers from the East to the West, is unworthy of the Church. Nor is that all. It is utterly inadequate to the necessities of the case. The East needs all it has, and needs them all decupled. The West requires one hundred where it can find one. Nor is it a want that brooks denial or delay. It is imperious, it is increasing, it is insatiable. It is the cry of perishing souls. It is the very agony of spirit which brought down Jesus Christ from heaven. To reject it is cruelty. It is treachery to defer its supplication. Are we asked, where is the remedy? We answer, with the Lord! Are we asked, what shall be done? We answer, pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he may send forth labourers into his harvest! Are we asked, is that all? We answer, it is enough! Prayer comes from the heart. The heart that truly prays first feels. The feeling heart will prompt the working hand. We must begin at once. We must begin at the beginning. It is in vain to hope for effectual relief from the generation of which we are a part. We must sow the seed. We must prepare the ground. Our children are the Church's hope. Schools for Christian education are the nurseries which will prepare them for the Lord. To every Clergyman, to every Layman in the land we say, look to the schools. Trust not to the parochial relation alone. Be not contented with the influence which the Sunday School exerts. Seek for the instructors of your children, religious men, religious women, who love their souls, who love the Church. Let the strength of every parish be exerted to establish and sustain a school conducted by a pious Churchman, or Churchwoman. Let the energies of every diocese be put in requisition for the establishment and maintenance of a high school, an Academy or College, to be administered under Episcopal authority. Let the strength of the Church be concentrated on our Theological Seminaries. For Zion's sake let us not hold our peace, and for Jerusalem's sake let us not rest, "until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation as a lamp that burneth."

In one respect we dissent totally from our Southwestern friend—his strange rejection of the claims of foreign Missions. It seems incredible to us that such a sentiment should find a place in a heart so large and warm, or that so right a mind can entertain a theory so wrong. The Missionary Spirit is homogeneous, as the field of Missions is but one. He who would repress its operations in any part of the world, must do it by chilling the heart from which its impulses proceed. How great a pity that the designations, *foreign and domestic*, ever were introduced! How much more expansive the charity of the heathen poet,

"Homo sum, humani nihil alienum a me puto."

I am a man ; how can I regard that as *foreign* which appertains to man ! Nay, why go farther, when the noble strain of Paul's divine philosophy is in our ears—"there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek ; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him,"—"where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free ; but Christ is all and in all !"

REPORT ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Bishop of New Jersey, as Chairman of the Committee, (Drs. Mead, Dorr, and Whitehouse, and the Hon. E. A. Newton,) to whom was referred the report of the Foreign Committee, presented the following Report to the Board of Missions :

The Special Committee to whom was referred the Annual Report of the Foreign Committee, have carefully considered the same. They are of opinion that the work intrusted to this Committee never gave such evidence of God's favour, in its present success, and future promise, as at this time. When they review, from field to field, the progress of the Gospel, in this portion of the heavenly vineyard, they instinctively exclaim, with grateful and adoring love, "What hath God wrought !" They add, in the undoubting confidence of faith, what will He not work, even by us, if we are true to Him, and to our trust !

They turn to Athens, the darkened eye of Greece. They find, in that first fruits of Missionary zeal, beyond the borders of our land, the clearest tokens of increasing influence for good. The Mission there is well established in the confidence alike of the government and people ; and has won, for our Western branch of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, the admiration and respect of the great multitudes, from every nation, who are attracted to the land of Plato and of Socrates. To have gained a hearing, and secured a lodgment for the Gospel in the Church where the Apostle first proclaimed it, in the ears of scoffing Stoics and self-indulgent Epicureans, is much to have accomplished, in a period much longer than the Mission has existed. The strength of Missions greatly depends upon the moral power with which they speak to human hearts. The enterprise to plan, the skill to construct, the perseverance to maintain, a Mission, such as this, in Athens, in circumstances so peculiar, against difficulties so trying, is an argument that cannot be resisted, to prove that there is life, and warmth, and energy, in our Communion, and that God is with us, of a truth. It should react upon ourselves. It should re-invigorate our enterprise. It should re-animate our skill. It should re-double our perseverance. What if the fruits, so called, were fewer far, and far less precious, than they have been ! Our business is to plant, and water ; and to leave the increase to God. We know that every plant of His will live, and grow, and bear its fruit. It is only children that expect to see the oak, the next day after they have planted in the acorn. "Wait, I say, on the Lord !"

The reports from Western Africa are cheering, to our highest expectations. Disease and death, indeed, have done their work. One

and another have gone up to heaven, as men judge, prematurely, from the shores of that dark land of slavery and superstition; and the curious and the carnal, as of old, exclaim, "To what purpose is this waste!" But, when we hear of Christian schools, and Christian Churches, and Christian homes, that spring up, in the Gospel's cheerful light, and make a sunshine in the shadiest place of all the earth; when we see the arts of life, with all their comforts and refinements, reclaiming those wild wastes to usefulness and happiness, and naked savages, now clothed, and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus, to be taught of Him; when we hear of native teachers, and begin to cherish our heart's fondest hope for Africa, the promise of a native ministry, we feel that from the bones of these, our brethren, as from the Prophet's, of old time, a virtue has come forth, which God will make more glorious than the longest life could be, and more effectual for the cause, for which they lived, and were content to die. One want there is, for which this Mission sadly pines, a Bishop at its head. Let us unite our prayers, that God may give even this to us, at our next General Convention. Let us unite our praises to the glory of His grace, that even now it is fulfilled, as David spake, and Ethiopia does stretch forth her hands unto God.

The Mission at Constantinople is, beyond any other that we can attempt, the least to be looked to, for rapid and direct results. It is a Mission for influence. It is a Mission for the interchange of offices of love with ancient sister Churches, long estranged from Western Christendom. It is a Mission for restoration, and renovation, and revival. There is nothing so delicate; there is nothing so difficult; there is nothing that requires such time and care; there is nothing so trying to impatient sight; there is nothing that so much demands the exercise of faith. A mistake may mar the work of ages. A hasty word undo the hope of years. We must pray and trust. Surely we can afford to do so. The object for which we work and pray, is the reunion of national Churches, the return of myriads and millions to the confidence and communion of the saints. In other fields we labour worthily, to win a single soul to Jesus Christ. In this, the prize of faith and patience is no less than the whole Eastern Church; and, through it, the widest and most effectual door that can be opened to the vast world of Eastern heathendom; thus placing the mission to Constantinople and the mission to China, as fellow labourers, hand in hand, and heart to heart, in the great work of bringing all the Gentiles home to God.

The China Mission is full of encouraging promise. The cheerful tone of the active Bishop there deserves a cordial response from all our hearts. He is working zealously and well; and his fellow helpers are evidently of an excellent spirit. Nothing could be more commendable than the self-devotion manifested by the ladies connected with the Mission. The people among whom they labour, are of a character to be won and moulded by female gentleness and grace. A nobler spectacle is nowhere to be found, than that which they present, who have given themselves to it for Christ. The subject of providing a Liturgy for the native worship, which is occupying now the

attention of Bishop Boone, is of the first importance. We need to pray for the choicest gifts for one who lays the foundations of the Church in such an empire as that of China. He needs the seven-fold graces of the Spirit in their fullest measure; the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel, and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness, the spirit of God's holy fear: and these will God bestow in answer to our prayers.

The Committee have not lost sight of the financial aspects of the Report committed to them. They do not, however, share in the views taken of them by the Foreign Committee. They deeply regret that Churchmen do not rise to the true estimate of their great privileges, to spend, and to be spent for Christ. They earnestly pray, that they may learn, by rich experience, the truth of those most gracious words of His, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." They confidently trust that a better state of things, in this respect, will wait on the bold leading of the Board of Missions, for Christ and His Church. They are sure that what is called for, under God, in this great cause, is a firm front and steady foot. They would have the Board adopt and follow the language, in which God addresses them, as once the Leader of His chosen, "Speak unto the people that they go forward!" The whole history of Missions is a record of encouragement and animation. It is but to work and wait, to make the blessing sure. Look at the work of grace in India. See, where, half a century ago, the venerable Schwartz and his associates laboured, and wept, and prayed, with but an ear or two, to cheer their hearts, whole fields now white unto the harvest. "More than eighteen thousand souls," writes the Bishop of Madras, in 1845, "have renounced idolatry, and placed themselves under Christian instruction, since January, 1841, when I last visited these Missions. Thus, in four years and a half, the Christian community in Tinnevely has doubled itself: the increase during that period being equal to the total increase of the fifty-four years which have preceded it." The thing that hath been is the thing that shall be. "In Him there is no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning." Only let us go on, in faith, and hope, and love. What are we, that we should be God's fellow-helpers, to bear forward the precious Cross of His dear Son, and set it up among the Heathen, for whom He died? What are we, that we should not wait God's time, and take His way, and rejoice, if need be, to lay our lives down, even before the promised land is seen; that so an entrance into it may surely be effected, for the happier souls that shall come after us?

To the people of our communion, the Committee must address a single "word in season." The present year has been a year of unparalleled scarcity and suffering to other portions of the Lord's family; to us, a year of unexampled plenty and prosperity. And yet, the gifts into the treasury of God fall off, on every hand! What is this, but to tempt the Lord our God, to visit us with scourges? What is it, but that which is written, "He gave them their desire, but sent leanness withal into their souls?" What may it be, unless we turn, and repent, and give ourselves to Him, and all we are and

have, but that which is also written, "When He slew them, then they sought Him?"

* But we must turn our eyes and thoughts to our own portion of the vineyard of the Lord; to see, God knows, much to perplex and humble us, in want of faith, and want of love, and want of holiness, and want of piety. But I dwell not this day on the clouds that overcast the scene; but upward, through them, I seek out the gleams that fall upon us, from the face of Jesus Christ, to animate our perseverance and our prayers. First, among these, I have always regarded, I still regard, with undiminished confidence, the Missionary organization of 1835. It was my lot in Providence to be much connected with the transactions out of which it sprung. I believed then, I believe now, that it was of God's special favour to this branch of the true Vine, which His right hand hath planted, that the thoughts of men, without the opportunity for previous concert, were turned, at the same time, to the same thing. I believed then, I believe now, that had not some efficient substitute for the old Missionary Society been then adopted, this chiefest charity would have become the occasion of conflicting and discordant efforts in the Church. I believed then, I believe now, that the direct Missionary results of the arrangement then effected were as nothing, compared with the union of heart and hand, as one man, before God. What I then believed, I now assuredly know, that the Church has been united and compacted incalculably by its adoption, and the efforts in connection with it. I believe more firmly every day, that, with modifications which may easily be made, the present organization is the best incorporation of the Missionary principle of which our case admits. I believe more firmly every day, and risk my judgment on the issues of this day, that the chief defect is in the want of general and vigorous co-operation. I believe more firmly every day, and rely, as better than all arguments, on the answer to our prayers this day, that that co-operation will from this time be vouchsafed; and that it will effect, with ease, and speedily, whatever may be needed to fulfil the plan. There is no bond of union like engagement in a holy cause; and, whatever diversities there may be in matters of opinion, the hands that are combined in works of charity, will knit the hearts together that impel and animate them.

Let no one think, as adverse to this conclusion, of the discussions that go on, from day to day, among us, upon points of history, or questions in mere speculative theology. Let no one think, as adverse to this conclusion, of the disagreement as to the working of the Missionary Constitution, or of the necessity for this or that reform. Let no one think, as adverse to this conclusion, of the exhaustion of our Treasuries, the almost desertion of the Missionaries, the impending danger to our Missionary stations. I find my answer to all that in the transactions of this day. I look back to the special meeting of the Board of Missions, in last Christmas week. I call to mind the little company of zealous friends that gathered there. I follow the trumpet blast, which was then lifted up, as it rolls onward, on the breeze,

* "The Church upon her Knees;" a Sermon in St. Mary's Church, Burlington, on Quinquagesima Sunday, A. D. 1843.

to the remotest altar in the distant West. In every direction, I hear the Bishops of the Church adopting it as theirs. The utmost influence of every press is lent to give it circulation and acceptance. From every desk, its exhortation has been uttered in the ears of all the people. And, from the Penobscot to the Missouri, and down the Valley of the Mississippi, and across to Florida, and up along the Atlantic Shore, and at every intermediate point in all the land, the tribes to-day are gathered, to bring up to the Lord's house their oblations; the free-will offerings, that acknowledge, with devout and fervent gratitude, the mercies of redeeming love. I do not ask what thousands, or what tens of thousands, will to-day be heaped upon our altars; the rich man pouring forth his plenty, the widow not withholding her "two mites." I am not careful to be told what new and nobler movements in the field of Missions shall be provided for by this day's alms. I SEE—I ask no more—THE CHURCH UPON HER KNEES. I hear, from all her myriad worshippers, one prayer. That prayer, the prayer for love; that God would "send" his "Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues." I know that that prayer will be answered. I know that that love will be shed abroad. I know that it will melt all hearts. I know that it will kindle every tongue. I know that it will be in every hand more than a sword of fire. A Church upon her knees can never be overthrown. A Church upon her knees can never be divided. A Church upon her knees has her whole way with God. "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." The prayer for love, poured from united hearts, will certainly gain love: love, to conform them more and more, in righteousness and holiness, to His dear image, who loved, and washed them from their sins; love, to devote themselves anew, as living sacrifices, acceptable to Him; love, to embrace, as brethren, for the Father's sake, whoever was included in the purchase of the suffering Son; love, to submit to inconveniences, and to make the best of disadvantages, and to wait for opportunities, and to count nothing as a hardship, that can make for the Redeemer's glory, or the salvation of the souls which He redeemed; love, that seeks not her own, but lays all down before the Cross; love, that is kind, and envies not, and is not easily provoked, and thinks no evil; love, to bear all things, to believe all things, to hope all things, to endure all things, and never fail; in one word, love, to appropriate and realize the prayer of Jesus Christ, "that they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

Dear brethren, it is not my purpose to attempt to reason with you, or persuade you, to contribute, of the ability which God giveth you, and, as in His sight, to-day. You have heard the Address, which the Board of Missions has sent forth to all the Churches. You know, as well as I, your duty. Let me rather say, you know, as well as I, your privilege, to be the fellow-helpers of the Gospel of the Son of God. The world is all before you. Our Western

regions, with their teeming population, becoming every day the prey of some new sect, more rampant than the rest, and prepared in ignorance, and sensuality, to be, at last, the victim of insatiate Rome. The ancient Eastern Churches, holding the faith and clinging to the ministry of the Apostles, but overgrown, like the rank moss that mats their temples, with superstitious errors, which they know not how to cast away; and left to follow, in their helplessness, guides, who, whatever be their will, have not the power to lead them to the truth, or keep in it themselves. Three hundred heathen millions now laid open to the Cross, in China, and but one voice to bear from us its gracious message, and to strive together, with the Missionaries of our true Sister Church, to win them for the Lord. Africa, benighted, degraded and oppressed, the wretched sufferer by our unrelenting love of gain, lying, through all her vast extent, in darkness and death's shadow; and our only effort to make tardy compensation for her sweat, and tears, and blood, a little struggling band, without a Bishop, without an adequate support, unable, in their feebleness and want of confidence in our protection, to venture out of sight of their first foot-hold, on Cape Palmas. Whether these things answer to the just responsibilities of a Church that numbers now a thousand ministers, the Lord judge between them and you! From Him, your privileges come. He it is who has made you to differ from them. He knows the measure of your just ability. To Him, you must account for your employment of it all. If these considerations fail to move you, none of mine could be availing. If the Collect for Quinquagesima Sunday open not your hearts, all my entreaties would be vain. If the plain language of the Offertory, in the words of God himself, its solemn warnings, its emphatic admonitions, its affectionate exhortations, its conclusive arguments—if these are lost upon you, of what use my words? “Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?”

* A heathen could attain the magnanimity to say, “I am a man; no human thing to me is foreign!” And yet Christians, put in trust, in their baptismal covenant, with the gospel of the grace of God, presume to speak, for difference and disparagement, of sendings forth of its inestimable riches, to the souls of distant lands, as “*Foreign Missions*.” I would to God the treacherous term had never been invented! I would to God the low consideration of convenience had never been allowed to tempt the selfish nature that is in us, to a false and dangerous distinction! I would to God that we could banish, from our speech and from our thoughts, the odious, the absurd discrimination: and go out from God, as God Himself has sent us, not to people here or there, but to “all nations,” to baptize them in the name of names; not to this country or to that, as men shall map them, or as miles shall estimate their nearness, but into “all the world” of ruined souls—the single thought in that divine geography, which angels know, and Jesus came from heaven to teach—to “preach

* The Church a Debtor to all the World. The Rector's Christmas Offering to the Parishioners, 1845.

the gospel to every creature !” The Apostle, as you see, knew nothing of it. “I am debtor,” he writes to the Roman Christians, “both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians ;” the phrase in use, at that time, as all scholars know, to comprehend the race. While, in the new creation wrought in baptism, he teaches his Colossian converts, that distinctions of all kinds are done away in Christ, “where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all, and in all ;” and the Galatians, in like manner, that, in God’s eye, even the difference of sexes is abolished, there being “neither Jew nor Greek,” “neither bond nor free,” “neither male nor female, for ye are all *ONE in Christ Jesus*.”

It is my object in this sermon, if not to do away with the distinction between Foreign and Domestic Missions—which, would to God, I could!—to disabuse your minds and hearts of its unjust and most injurious influence : the partiality, on either side, created or encouraged by it, unknown to the Gospel of Jesus Christ ; unrecognized by His apostle ; inconsistent with our name and claim as Catholic Christians ; and—I bless God for it!—not only unauthorized, but, now, of late, distinctly and most pointedly rebuked, by the deliberate legislation, and most solemn action, of the highest Council of our Church.

“I am debtor,” says St. Paul, “both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians.” For both, the Saviour shed His blood. He gave Himself “a ransom for all.” He “tasted death for every man.” He is the propitiation for the sins of the world. The ruin of the fall destroyed the race. The rescue of the Cross was as extensive as the ruin of the fall. No foreseen merit in the holiest saint, that glorifies the ransom of its blood. No predetermined curse on the most desperate of the damned, who heaps his hopeless execrations on its spurned and trampled love. All “guilty before God.” All pardoned for the merit of His Son. All welcome to the riches of His grace. “Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and besides Me there is no Saviour.” “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters ; and he that hath no money.” “The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ; and let him that heareth say, Come ; and whosoever will, let him drink of the water of life freely.” “Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.”

My brethren, when the gracious dying Lord, that paid that fearful debt, and paid it with His own heart’s blood, thus makes the purchase free alike to all, shall the Trustee of these, His mercies, make distinctions in the offer of them ? Was the Apostle debtor to the Greeks more than to the Barbarians, or to the Barbarians more than to the Greeks, or to his kindred of the stock of Abraham more than to either, or to both ? No, but alike to all. “Brethren, my heart’s desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved.” And then, in the very same Epistle, “I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians ; both to the wise and to the unwise. So as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ : for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that

believeth ; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." No thought in him of Foreign and Domestic Missions. One only Mission from the throne and bliss of heaven, the life-long exile of the suffering, dying Son. One only Mission for the guilty, ruined world, love's message of entreating pardon from the bleeding, agonizing Cross. Different, indeed, in form and manner, as it addressed itself to Gentile or to Jew, to rude Barbarian or to philosophic Greek ; but still, one Gospel of the grace of God, one motive in the love of Christ, one ground of hope, the crucified Redeemer of the world ; often "to Jews, a stumbling-block," often "to Greeks" but "foolishness:" but still, unto believing hearts, of Jews or Greeks, "the power of God unto salvation."

My beloved brethren, that which God has joined together, not the Church herself may separate, if she would. Nor would she, if she could. The sacred spouse has but one will with her incarnate Lord. His children, all her own. To bear them to Him in the new and heavenly birth of baptism, her chief joy. To bring them up in the true nurture of His holy will, her most endearing office. To present them to Him perfect at the last, her glory and her crown. How can she make distinctions, where her Lord does not distinguish ? How can a mile or more, ten thousand miles or more, make any difference in her equal love ? How can she bare to some, whom her dear Saviour died to save, the fulness of her bursting breast, and be to others a dry nurse ; to those, the mother of their birth, a step-mother to these ? It never has been, and it never can be so.

PASTORAL LETTER, ON THE MISSIONS OF THE CHURCH.

DEAR BRETHREN,—The Missionary Treasury of the Church, in both departments, Foreign and Domestic, is far behind its just supply : to the discouragement of further enterprise, not only ; but to the serious distress of many of the devoted servants of the Cross, who have gone into the Vineyard, in reliance on our Christian faithfulness. In this emergency, the Board of Missions, at their late triennial meeting, unanimously resolved, to request the Bishops of the Church, to recommend, that special offerings be asked, in aid of Domestic and Foreign Missions, at the approaching seasons of Advent and Epiphany. To this request, the Bishops, on the last day of the General Convention, the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, responded favourably ; and promised such encouragement as might comport with their several obligations.

I therefore earnestly request, that the Offerings in every Church in the Diocese of New Jersey, on *the first Sunday in Advent*, November 28, and on *the first Sunday after Epiphany*, January 9, be appropriated, the former to the DOMESTIC, and the latter to the FOREIGN, Missions of the Church : the sums received on the former day, to be transmitted, at once, to Thomas N. Stanford, Esq., New York, and those on the latter, to Dr. John Smith Rogers, New York. Of the justice of this claim on every Churchman's heart, I need not say a word. If any should be tempted to the thought, that applica-

tions, such as these, are made too often, the remedy is obvious—to give in more abundance. Does God shut out our prayer for “bread,” because we make it “daily?” Who that professes to rejoice in the bright beams of the Epiphany, who that expects with trembling hope the trumpet of the Advent, will grudge of the ability, which God has given him for the relief and comfort of the souls, for which Christ died? “Whoso hath this world’s good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?” “Be merciful after thy power: if thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou a good reward, in the day of necessity.”

Affectionately and faithfully, your Bishop and Pastor,

GEORGE W. DOANE.

RIVERSIDE, *All Saints’ Day*, 1847.

PASTORAL LETTER, IN BEHALF OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—The joyous season of Epiphany, on which we are soon to enter, invites us, with a natural eloquence, to the consideration of the Foreign Missions of the Church. It is for us to light anew, with annual fires, that sacred star, which brought the Eastern wise men to the cradle of Emmanuel. Millions upon millions, on whom its sacred light has never fallen, grope darkling through a world, which has for them no God, and, so, no hope. Little as we have undertaken for their rescue, from the gloom in which they perish, that little lags and languishes. The children of the light are but as dark lanterns, to the souls that know not God. “The contributions for the Missions at *Constantinople and Athens*,” since the last Epiphany collection, a Circular from the Foreign Committee, dated, December 1, states, “have not sufficed to cover the first quarter of the present financial year. The Committee are yet in debt, for the whole amount of the annual shipment, made to the *African Mission*, in August. The contributions to the Mission in *China*, which sufficed to meet the last two quarters of 1848, have not yet enabled the Committee to authorize drafts, for the quarter, due January 1; so that the Missionary Bishop must necessarily be left, at least three months, in arrears for his remittances.”

And yet, brethren, these faithful servants of the Lord, went forth, upon their self-denying errand, at our bidding. We all concurred, by those who duly represent us, in marking out the Missions, and in sending out the men. And, is it for us to hug ourselves, at home, and leave them to the misery and shame of actual want? Is it for us to keep the feast of the Epiphany, and care not for the millions of the Gentiles, to whom Christ is not yet manifested? It surely cannot be. I feel the “confidence,” and share the “earnestness,” with which the Committee make their appeal to Churchmen; and I affectionately ask of all my brethren, that this Pastoral Letter be read, in all the Churches of this Diocese, on Sunday next; and that the alms at the Offertory, in every Church, on the first Sunday after Epiphany,

be appropriated, not without prayer, to the support of the Foreign Missions of this Church. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Affectionately and faithfully, your Pastor, and servant in Christ,
 GEORGE W. DOANE, *Bishop of New Jersey.*

RIVERSIDE, *Christmas Day*, 1848.

PASTORAL LETTER.

There is no fitter accompaniment of thanksgiving than the giving of alms. When Naaman was cleansed of his leprosy, he would have the prophet take a blessing of his servant. A happy occasion presents itself to us to offer gifts with our giving of thanks; to send up our prayers and our alms, as Cornelius did, "for a memorial before God." At the late Annual Meeting of the Board of Missions, it was unanimously resolved, that the contributions be asked, in all our Churches, in aid of DOMESTIC MISSIONS, on *the first Sunday in Advent*, which will come on *the second day of December*, the Sunday following the day of thanksgiving. I affectionately request that this "reasonable service" be cheerfully rendered in all the congregations of the Diocese. Think what that Advent brought us! Think, with what an offering more precious than of gold or silver, its blessings were procured for us! Think to how little purpose, if we "have not charity!" "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

E.

Not with any thought of making up all the omissions, in a work of such wide and varied range, and a subject of such very great importance; but merely, as saving a few of the crumbs from the full table, spread with a haste as unavoidable as it was unfortunate, I throw together these fragments. And I have not thought it right, not to add, to the tributes to my Father's memory quoted in the Memoir, two or three others from the hundreds that lie about me, selected not merely as among the best, but as among the truest delineations of him.

The first of these letters is a pleasant indication, of his unforgetting love, that never lost sight of his boys; and the others, the free outpourings of his heart, to one of his most faithful and intimate friends, have characteristic features, that will be recognized at once.

RIVERSIDE, *Circumcision*, 1856.

MY DEAR W.:—I know not when I have been come over, as yesterday, by the notice of your admission to the Bar. Another of my sons launched into the great deep!

What an old man I am getting to be. God direct you and preserve you!

My Christmas love to your most excellent father and mother; and to your most excellent master.

We count on the pleasure of your dining with us on Sunday. On Monday, W. goes away for a fortnight.

God bless you, dear boy. Most lovingly yours,
G. W. DOANE.

RIVERSIDE, *Thursday before Easter*, 1856.

DEAR, FAITHFUL, GENEROUS, FRIEND:—Thanks upon thanks for your hearty letter. I see all these things. But, a Bishop has no power in the premises. He must take what comes. I do; and try to make the best of them. Of the gentleman of whom you write, I know nothing. That he was a Low Churchman, I knew. That he was not a malignant, I hoped. I can get along with any thing but that.

If I had patronage, or its exponent, money, Mr. ——— would not go away. But, alas, I have neither. Still I hope he will not go.

On the whole the Diocese has gained by the changes. ——— and ——— are gone. In the place of the former is an amiable Low Churchman. A fine fellow of a high mark, in the place of the latter. Mr. ——— was in the wind; and wrong, if any way. His successor, I hope, may be influenced by his older brother. I have a fine young priest at the new Church in ———. After all “the long run” brings things round about right. It is my rule to suppose that every one means to do right; and to throw the burden of proof on that side.

I have heard with great regret of your having had so much sickness in your family. I hope the voice of joy and health is in your dwelling. I now and then get glimpses of your noble boys, whom I love for their parents’ sakes and for their own.

RIVERSIDE, *Sept. 17*, 1856.

Certainly, my dear friend, you did exactly right, and you stand before my sight in greater nobleness than ever. Your letter has paralyzed me. I had never seen ———; and knew nothing of her but her poverty and sorrow. What needs one more? The opium seems to be a fact. Without being certainly a crime, it *is* certainly destruction. I give no credit to any of the evil reports as to the past. I consider Mr. ——— one of the most careful men in the world; and I know he acted with great carefulness in this matter. I have already written to him. I need offer no apology to you. If it is needed in any other quarter, you will know how to make it. Her only claim on me is the only claim which the best have on God, that they are sinners and in sorrow. For what you have done God will bless you. My love to all yours. Ever yours most lovingly.

RIVERSIDE, *Nov. 14*, 1856.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—If the letters which G. has from me give half the pleasure to him and his friends that I had in writing them, I am greatly overpaid. He is a boy of rare excellence. I love him and bless him. He has written me a beautiful letter.

* I was very sorry not to record my vote for mercy against wrath.

* The vote removing the suspension of the late Bishop H. U. Onderdonk; from which my Father was absent, as it was taken at the time of my Mother’s sailing for Europe.

But the claim which called me away was of the home and of the heart. God be praised for this gleaming of the Charity, "without which who-soever liveth is counted dead before God."

Be not discouraged, my dear L. There are signs of better things. Our late Convention witnesses that God is with us of a truth. It is in our patience that we are to possess our souls.

Present me most affectionately to the dear ones of your hearth and heart, and believe me ever yours,
G. W. DOANE.

In his copy of Johnson's dictionary, a little instance of his love and knowledge of English Poetry appears, in an annotation, to the illustrations of the word "freak."

"The Pansy freakt with jet."—*Milton*.

It is a little singular that such authority as that of Milton, and in a poem, so delightful as the *Lycidas*, should have been overlooked by the great lexicographer. But, "*aliquando bonus Homerus dormitat*—" and "*fas est, in longo opere, obrepere somnum*."

Of the memorials to my Father, beside those already quoted, of the Bishops of Missouri, Alabama, and Illinois, the Rev. Drs. Mahan, Ogilby and Van Rensselaer, the Rev. Mr. Hills and the Editors of "the Church Journal," I can find room for only three; the first, from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Upfold, his old and constant friend; the second, from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Southgate; and the third, from an editorial in the *New York Churchman*. The Latin verses, from the most faithful of men, the Rev. Adolph Frost, brought fresh, across the ocean, the remembering love of years and years.

* Within a few brief weeks, another distinguished Bishop has been suddenly stricken down by the relentless hand of death, in the very midst of active, energetic and aboundingly useful labours, the Right Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D., LL. D., the Bishop of New Jersey. He was nearly my contemporary in the ministry, and my beloved and valued friend of forty years. I assisted in the services at his ordination as Deacon, and for a considerable period we were associated in pastoral duties, in St. Luke's Church, New York, of which I was the Rector, and in the parish of Trinity Church, in which we jointly supplied the position of one of its Assistant Ministers, vacant by the removal of our mutual friend, the late lamented Bishop, then the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, to the Rectorship of Grace Church in that city. Our intercourse for a time was almost daily. I knew him well and intimately. He had his faults—and who has not?—great faults, as some even of his friends thought and lamented; but they were faults of natural ardent temperament, faults of manner, faults growing out of the depth and strength of his convictions, combined with an iron will and resolute determination in following out those convictions, and the exalted sense he entertained of official position, duty and responsibility. They were, however, thrown into shade,

* Bishop Upfold.

and more than compensated, by his generous impulses, his affectionate disposition, and his brilliant, domestic, social and Christian virtues. I take a melancholy pleasure in bearing this public testimony to his noble, unselfish, self-sacrificing spirit, his warm and loving heart, his burning zeal and untiring labours in the cause of God and His Church, and in every enterprise promising in any, even in the smallest way, to promote her weal and extend her influence. His superior natural talents, his richly cultivated mind, his brilliant genius, his profound and diversified learning, commanded my admiration. His moral worth, his deep and ardent piety, and his genial social virtues, won my high esteem and strong affection. His work for God's Church, particularly in the cause of Christian education, was wise in conception, extensive in character, and eminent in success. No man of his day has done so much for the religious training of the children of the Church, and done it so well. His episcopate of twenty-seven years was equally distinguished for its signal efficiency and its glorious results. Amid much misapprehension of the purity of his motives, the honesty of his purposes, and the wisdom of his plans, by some even who were apparently personally friendly; and constant and cruel misrepresentation, malicious opposition, and unmerited reproach from others, who taking counsel of their passions and prejudices, were pertinacious in their machinations and denunciations, he, strong in the "*mens conscia recti*," and in the faith and fear of God his Saviour, fearlessly pursued the great work conceived by his great heart, and planned by his sagacious wisdom, unmoved by pragmatismal opposition, and undaunted by reproach and calumny. What his zealous and far-seeing spirit prompted, his judgment approved, and his conscience commended as duty, that he did, and persisted in doing, regardless of personal consequences. Right onward was his principle and practice. He lived an honest man, with no deceit in his tongue, no reservation of his convictions, no double dealing, and no mean subterfuges in his conduct.—He lived a true man, true to his noble instincts, true to the high and holy principles which prompted his acts and concentrated his energies, true to his official responsibilities, true to the Church which he loved, true to his God. He lived a devoted Christian man, an affectionate, sympathizing, faithful shepherd of the flock committed, in the Providence of God, to his chief pastoral supervision, and which, under his laborious, acceptable, and efficient ministrations, had grown from comparative feebleness to extraordinary strength, "the little one" he found, having under his assiduous nurture "become a thousand." He died as he had lived. The summons to depart was sudden, but it found him with his armour on, the Christian soldier clothed in the panoply of God, and ready for the final conflict, as he had ever been for the many and grievous conflicts, which seemed to cluster about his course from earliest manhood until the day of his death. His last words were a truthful and impressive epitome of the faith in which he had lived; they embodied the principles which had ever actuated his proceedings, and sustained him amid his many trials and accumulated sorrows. "I die," said he, "in the faith of the Son of God, and in the confidence of His One,

Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. I have no merits: no man has: but my trust is in the mercy of Jesus." Thus he "fell asleep in Jesus;" for "so He giveth His beloved sleep."

* I was one of the crowd which, last Saturday, attended the burial of Bishop Doane, at Burlington, New Jersey. The concourse was the largest that I ever saw on such an occasion; and there were other features of it which were still more remarkable. It was the most sorrowful assemblage which I ever witnessed; nor was the sorrow confined to the women and children. I never before saw so many *men* bowed with grief. I do not believe, that, in all my life, I have seen so many men shed tears as I saw on that single day. Nor were they all men of the softer mood. Some of them were venerable judges, practiced lawyers, and men of business, from whom one would have expected only the serious and respectful demeanour suited to the solemn circumstances. I saw the heaving breast, the manly struggle to repress the signs of emotion, and, in some instances, the complete breaking down under the force of the inward grief. For example, one elderly gentleman, whose name, were I at liberty to mention it, would be familiar to many of your readers, a man used to public life, and inured, one would think, to all the "changes and chances of this world," approached the grave, after the body was lowered, to take a last look at the coffin which contained the mortal remains of the departed. His lip quivered, his eye moistened, he exerted himself strongly to retain his composure. But it was in vain. He was forced to yield to his emotion; and, his gray hairs stooping over the grave, his tears streamed freely down upon the coffin beneath.

I witnessed many such scenes during the day, and especially at the grave. The whole town seemed in mourning. Persons no way connected with the deceased by kindred, were in full black. Shutters were closed on the streets, and badges of grief were hanging from different parts of the houses. Nor did the sorrow seem to be confined to those who were of the same religious communion with the departed. Men of other names were as deeply affected by the sympathies of the occasion. I have often seen great burials before. I have often marked the sobriety and general decorum which attend them. But I have never until now seen such an assembly pervaded with the grief that is felt when one has lost a near and beloved relation. If a stranger had happened there who had learned nothing of the cause of the gathering, it would have seemed to him as if almost every one present must have been of the family of the dead man.

My own feeling, (and I knew Bishop Doane well, though not with the intimacy of closest confidence,) was, that none but a very remarkable man would be followed to the grave by such a manifestation. And he *was* a remarkable man; in some respects, one of the most remarkable of the men who rank among the historical personages of America; for such, undoubtedly, will be the position which posterity will assign to him; *he will be a historic person*. Let me sketch his character, as briefly and summarily as I may.

* Bishop Southgate.

Bishop Doane died within one month of sixty years of age. How any physical constitution could have endured so long the labors which he performed, and the manner in which he performed them, the trials which he suffered, and the "wear and tear" of mind which was incessant with him, is a marvel. I never knew his equal in labor. He was a mighty workman. Day and night, without sleep, often without food, with no other rest than a change of toil, and with a boundless elasticity of temperament, which seemed as fresh at the end as at the beginning, with no care of himself, and with no thought of himself, he would work, work, work, with sanguine and exultant energy. There was more life in him than enters into the composition of twelve ordinary men. To me he was always, in this respect, a living miracle.

Hence arose much of his greatness; and hence arose almost all his faults. His native endowment of intellect was large; not so much profound as various and strong. He was an accurate theologian, exact in his definitions of doctrine, and broad in his survey of truth; yet he seemed not to reach and embrace truth by slow processes, but by sudden and rapid intuition. This quality of his mind was marked in every thing. His judgments were intuitive. He leaped to his conclusions with startling energy, and held them afterwards with perfect clearness of perception. His will was indomitable; the rush of his speech and action irresistible. This made him seem to many arbitrary; but it was, only the vividness of his convictions and the lightning-like rapidity of his thought and motion. He was no cool calculator. If he had been, his life would have been an easier and a safer one. It was not in his nature to be otherwise than he was. It was an impossibility for him, with his ardent and glowing temperament, his fertile imagination, his swiftness of thought, his exuberance of physical energy. It is useless to attempt to trim such a character down to the staid rules of formal judgment. It is unfair, it seems to me, to judge such a man at all, without a large and generous allowance for the peculiarities of his mental constitution. He was a great man; and, like most great men, his faults sprung from the very elements which created his greatness.

*The most careless observer of passing events must have noticed that Bishop Doane has occupied a large place in the history of the Church for many years past. Prominent in her general councils, forward in all great schemes for her advancement, the fearless champion of all her distinctive principles, an active Diocesan, a laborious parish priest, the founder and President of two great institutions of education, constantly addressing the public through the Press, he was of necessity an object of much attention, and became a conspicuous mark for censure or praise. Add to this the unpleasant notoriety of which he was made the object by the ill-advised action of others, and you can hardly imagine a position of sterner and severer trial in which a fallible man could be placed.

A Bishop who stood upon such an eminence of life and action before the world, whose history is so interwoven with that of the Church, who exercised such an influence upon her interests, claims a more ex-

tended notice in our columns than the passing one we gave last week. The notice of his death came at the time in which our paper usually goes to press, and we could only set forth the leading facts of this prelate's life. Our present design is to read, in the calm and sober light of truth, the lessons which this life addresses to the living. We desire to place on record a just estimate of the character of this distinguished Bishop of the Church, and while we shall strive not to be misled by the partiality of love, we hope that all personal and party prejudices will now be buried in his grave.

An ordinary common-place individual, whose qualities are not so positive as to excite hatred or love, may pass quietly through the world with that general and vague reputation of being a good sort of a man. The world thinks well of him because he has never given it any trouble by disturbing its prejudices or self-complacency. The world is no wiser nor better because he has lived in it, but the world is satisfied with him and with itself. Not such a man, thus to win the negative esteem of men, was Bishop Doane. His qualities were almost all positive. Those which were not so, were either comparative or superlative. There was nothing negative about him. He boldly challenged the positive regard of men. Consequently, more than almost any man we have ever known, the extremes of opposite judgments were pronounced upon him. His fast and firmest friends, among them men and women of the highest station and character, were those who knew him best and whose intimacy was of closest and longest standing. His opponents were mostly those who never saw him near at hand, who knew least or nothing of him, and whose prejudices and passions were excited by evil reports. Of his real character his nearest neighbours were his truest witnesses, and we are fully satisfied with the testimony borne by the citizens of Burlington in the general outpouring of their love and sorrow around his death-bed and his grave. * * * * *

We trust we may, without irreverence, refer to that fine distinction made in God's Word between a living soul and a quickening spirit. In one class of men, like the first Adam, there seems to be a mere capability of existence. They have just life enough, and no more, to live for themselves. Their vitality hardly animates the dull, sluggish, clay of their earthly mould. You have to feel their pulse to find out they are living. The atmosphere of life is not around them. Why they live, or what they live for, is as much a puzzle to themselves as to others. In them every affection, and every principle, and every energy is lukewarm, with just enough, and none to spare, of the heat of life to save them from the coldness of death. They extend no life, no warmth, no influence around them. There is another class of men, and these are the mighty of the earth, in whom life is not merely a self-animating principle, but a vivifying influence. Their vitality pervades soul, body, and spirit with all their powers and faculties, glows in their affections, breathes in their principles, and energizes their actions. In all these it is not only a living power, but a quickening influence, animating all within its reach.

To the latter of these classes of men, Bishop Doane, we need

hardly say, belonged. Here was the secret of his power, of his greatness and his goodness. All that came within his reach shared the quickening power of his own vitality. His affections, his principles, his energies, were so instinct with life, that they had a quickening power which animated all within their influence. We need hardly add that this vital energy gave its secret power to his preaching and to all his writings, equally manifest in his charges to his Convention, or his sermons, or his addresses to his beloved children of St. Mary's Hall, or Burlington College. There is a living spirit quickening them all, which will keep them alive, when most of what is now living shall be dead and forgotten. This is especially true of Bishop Doane's poetry, in which the creative and quickening power is most conspicuous. Had he not been a great Bishop, his spirit oppressed with the burden of duty which falls upon such greatness, he had been a great Poet. Or if he had sought mere worldly renown, it is hard to say in what sphere of earthly distinction he had attained most greatness. All that he had of life, of power, was consecrated to his high ministry. Few men, who have not attained a martyr's crown, have suffered more or given more for Christ and His Church, than Bishop Doane.

His untiring activity, his almost superhuman labour, in fulfilling all the proper duties of his office, are known to all. To these he added cares and labours, which no man would voluntarily assume, whose heart and soul were not animated by a devoted zeal in his Master's work. Bishop, Rector, President of two institutions, on his right hand and on his left, it might be thought he had no time or thought to spare for other interests. But his large, loving heart went out into all the interests of the Church, and none more constant, more vigilant in all that concerned her welfare. His spirit was truly a Catholic and a missionary one, going forth to the utmost extremities of the Church's great field. And while he was so attentive to all its public duties, the interests of private life, the claims of kindred love, the calls of friendship had no more prompt, more faithful minister. Let a friend be sick, let a child be ill, in some beloved household, and he was soonest at the bedside. Affliction never entered a friend's home, without bringing the Bishop, or some dear token of his love. With his loving, gentle wisdom, with his tenderness of spirit, he was the most powerful human comforter we have ever known.

He was the most disinterested, the most unselfish of men. All he had was at the disposal of his friends. The warmth of his fireside seemed more cheerful to him when its brightness lent cheer to his hospitality. And what a host he was—and how pleasant to be his guest! And how little children loved him, as he made himself their play-fellow! How his living love drew the hearts of the young to him, will be told by a thousand voices of his sons and daughters, of the Hall and College, scattered throughout the land. We have often thought, when enjoying with him the calm and quiet repose of River side, what a temptation, with such a home and all the means of making it an abode of luxury, to make life a season of ease and enjoyment. Then we have gone forth with him into the restless scenes of his toiling life, beheld him heaping on his own shoulders, the weary load

of care, burdening his life with sorrows, and bearing reproach, and censure, and shame, for his Master's sake, and to build up the Church of the living God on earth, and our conviction has grown stronger in the power of faith and love to rule the human heart.

Not one object to which Bishop Doane devoted his life, and sacrificed his earthly peace and comfort, had in it the taint of selfishness. Had he been a self-seeking, ambitious man, of a worldly mind and heart, he would have fled from the objects he pursued with such steadfast purpose. His truly Christian spirit was also shown by the manner in which he bore his peculiar trials, and the temper in which he met the worst of calumnies. He was no reviler, though too often reviled. He was never heard to speak evil of others, and his most severe rebukes were directed against this evil habit in others. As there has seldom been one more unjustly and injuriously spoken against, so twenty-six years of closest intimacy enable us to say, before God, that we never knew a man, who spoke less evil, or delighted more to speak well, of others.

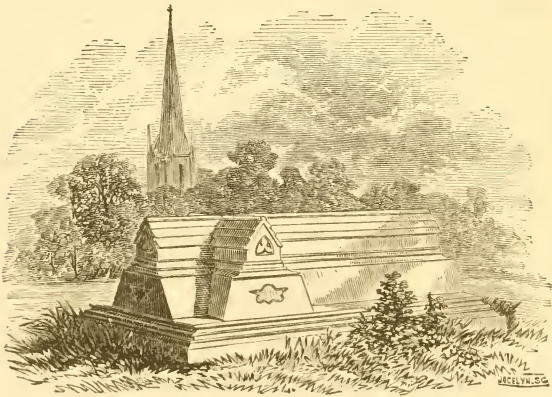
IN
MEMORIAM
REVERENDISSIMI

✠ GEORGII WASHINGTON DOANE, D.D., LL.D.,
EPISCOPI NEO-CÆSARÆ, IN AMERICA.

Nuntia Fama tulit—vix credo tale loquenti—
Pastoris mortem trans maria alta gravem.
Pastoris primi, quem nunc Ecclesia plorat :
Cui fuit in vitâ lucida stella suâ.
Quis laudet repetens vel dicta vel omnia facta,
Quæ sunt sexcentis optime nota, viri ?
Te potius video, moerens, in pace beatâ,
Quæ populo remanet—ultima dona—DEI.
Contemplans faciem mitem—memor usque manebo,
Portasti auxilium tu miseris quoties.
Te video *vivum*, quamquam tua lumina clausa ;
Credidit in Christum.—Lux sine fine Fides !
Pectora nunc instar scuti Crux sancta renitet,
Quâ tibi victoris palma fuit toties.
Sanguine te Jesu salvum nisi candida cingunt.
Candida sunt pacis optima signa piis.
Curvatum video baculumque insigne decorum,
Quo olim duxisti per loca blanda gregem.
In lacrymis video Cunctos prope fluminis oras
Et senem et liberos funera mœsta sequi.
Stant adaperta tibi magnifica templa Mariæ,
Quæ tua—nunc silens—vox modo clara replet.
Genuflectentes en Fratres—ultima pro te
Vota ferunt Jesu propitianda Patrem !
Quidquid erat tandem de terrâ—redditur illi ;
Donec te quondam tuba suprema vocat.
Ad dextram Winslow requies tibi dulcis in ævum !
In Christo Jesu sic Valedico tibi !

ADOLPH FROST,
Presb. Neo-Cæs.

IN. MEMORIAM.
EPISCOPI. NEO-CÆSARIENSIS.
HUIUS. ECCLESIE. SANCTÆ. MARIE.
CONDITORIS. ET. RECTORIS. COLLEGII. BURLINGTONIENSIS.
ATQUE.
AULÆ. SANCTÆ. MARIE. FUNDATORIS.
PASTORIS. ΜΕΓΑΛΗΤΟΡΟΣ.



✠ JESU MERCY.
GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D.D., LL.D.,
FOR XXVII YEARS, BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY:
BORN, MAY 27, A.D. MDCCXCIX;
FELL ASLEEP, APRIL 27, A.D. MDCCCLIX:
IN PACE.

"I have waited for Thy salvation, O LORD."

“SONGS BY THE WAY.”

THE

POETICAL WRITINGS

OF THE RIGHT REV.

GEO. WASHINGTON DOANE, D.D., LL.D.;

ARRANGED AND EDITED

BY HIS SON,

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE.

“Cantantes licet usque, (minus via laedet) eamus.”

“—— Sometimes a listless hour beguile,
Framing loose numbers.”

“Where perfect sweetness dwells, is Cosmos gone,
But his sweet lays, to cheer the Church, live on.”

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D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
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1860.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN an old wood, stands a great oak tree. It braves the winds, and courts the fury of the storm, and challenges the forked points of the lightning ; and keeps off, from the young trees and the new grass and the dear flowers, what would kill *them*, at the risk of its own life. This is its work. And, yet, it has time to shade the little children, and give them acorns for their play ; and time to make a winter home for squirrels, and a hive for the wild bees ; and time, to throw its leaves out, for coolness and for beauty ; and time, to change them, in the autumn glory, for our eyes to look on ; and time, to give its dry and withered leaves to God's great winter wind, to play its solemn music. And the leaves crown all. It is mighty in its roots, gnarled in its trunk, great in its branches. It can be a ship to carry the world's treasures, or a nation's armies ; it can be the arched roof of a cathedral. And yet, its Spring leaves are as tender as a sapling's ; its Summer emeralds, as green as the grass blades ; its Autumn colours, as deep, as though its only care were beauty. And the leaves are the crown of all. So God glorifies strength with beauty ; as, in the old fable, Venus was the wife of Vulcan ; and the highest human glory, of the greatest life, is God's adorning of a brave, great soul, with the loveliness, of grace and beauty. Such greatness, did He give my Father. And with the earnest seal, which death sets, on reverent and abiding love, this crown of the oak's own leaves—the beauty of a strong, enduring soul—hangs round the arms of the Cross, that marks his first and final rest.

My Father's poems were not the labour of his life. His own name for them, "Songs by the Way," is the best and truest name. Poems are creations. And in the truest sense, the creations of his

life are poems, permanent and beautiful, in all their usefulness and strength. His poems either bloomed, out of the deep valleys of suffering, which duty made in his life ; or were the graceful vine, that grew, unsolicited, over the rough rocks, of his steep pathway into glory. His heart was full of them ; and when the rod smote the rock ; when he was touched by kindness, or by suffering, by a child's gift of a violet, or some heroic deed of a man ; they just flowed out, in the force and fervour, of nature and necessity. And like all his life, they were all tributary streams, of that great ocean of worship, that gathers round the Church's Altar, and dashes its eternal waves against the very Throne of God. The hard workman, beguiled the weariest task, setting its labour, to the music of his soul.

Many of these verses were published, in A. D. 1824, in a volume now out of print ; bearing the title of this book. Many others, from time to time, have appeared in newspapers,—and there are many, beside these, whose echoes linger round his beautiful home, and in our loving hearts ; that will not go beyond those sacred shrines.

RIVERSIDE, *May* 15, A. D. 1859.

P O E M S .

M O R N I N G .

“My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning.”

To Thee, O Lord, with dawning light,
My thankful voice I'll raise,
Thy mighty power to celebrate,
Thy holy Name to praise ;

For Thou, in helpless hour of night,
Hast compass'd all my bed,
And now, refresh'd with peaceful sleep,
Thou liftest up my head.

Grant me, my God, thy quick'ning grace,
Through this, and every day,
That, guided and supported thus,
My feet may never stray.

Increase my faith, increase my hope,
Increase my zeal and love ;
And fix my heart's affections, all,
On Christ, and things above.

And when, life's labours o'er, I sink
To slumber, in the grave,
In death's dark vale, be Thou my trust,
To succour and to save ;

That so, through Him who bled and died,
And rose again, for me ;
The grave and gate of death, may prove,
A passage, home, to Thee.

N O O N .

“ At noon will I pray.

FATHER of lights, from Thee, descends,
Each good, and perfect gift ;
Then hear us, while our thankful hearts,
In songs of praise, we lift ;

We praise Thee, Maker, that Thou, first,
Didst form us, from the clay ;
And gav'st us souls, to love Thy name,
To worship, and obey.

We praise Thee, that the souls Thou gav'st,
Thou, still, in life dost hold :
Preserver, noon would fade to night,
Ere half Thy love, were told !

We praise Thee, Saviour, that Thou didst
Our souls, from death release,
And, with Thine own atoning blood,
Procure us, endless peace.

Maker, Preserver, Saviour, God !
What varied thanks, we owe
To Thee, howe'er addressed ; from whom,
Such varied blessings flow :

To Thee, who on a darken'd world,
Celestial light, hast pour'd ;
And told of heav'n, and taught the way,
In Thy most holy Word.

Wide as the blaze of noon, is spread,
Spread Thou, that Word abroad :
We ask it, Saviour, in Thy name ;
Maker, Preserver, God.

EVENING.

Psalm cxli. 2.

* SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee :

Thou, whose all-pervading eye,
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever, pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow, free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee :

Thou, who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

MIDNIGHT.

"God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night."

At midnight hour, O Lord, I wake,
To think upon Thy name ;
To call to mind Thy gracious acts,
And all Thy praise, proclaim ;

* Since inserted among the hymns in the Prayer Book.

And though no friendly ray should shine,
Nor single eye should wake, but mine,
My spirit knows no startling fear,
Convinced that Thou, my God, art near.

Thou, in my time of deep distress,
Didst aid me, from on high ;
Didst wipe the starting tear, away,
And still the bursting sigh :
Life cannot throw so deep a gloom,
There is no darkness in the tomb,
Can e'er disturb my breast with fear,
For Thou, my God, wilt still be near.

THE VOICE OF RAMA.

“ Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted.”

HEARD ye from Rama's ruined walls,
That voice of bitter weeping ?
Is it the moan, of fetter'd slave ;
His watch, of sorrow, keeping ?
Heard ye, from Rama's wasted plains,
That cry of lamentation ?
Is it the wail of Israel's sons,
For Salem's devastation ?

Ah, no, a sorer ill, than chains,
That bitter wail, is waking ;
And deeper woe, than Salem's fall,
That tortured heart is breaking :
'Tis Rachel, of her sons bereft ;
Who lifts that voice of weeping ;
And childless are the eyes, that there,
Their watch, of grief, are keeping.

Oh ! who shall tell, what fearful pangs,
That mother's heart, are rending ;
As o'er her infant's little grave,
Her wasted form, is bending ;

From many an eye, that weeps to-day,
Delight may beam, to-morrow ;
But she, her precious babe is not !
And what remains, but sorrow ?

Bereaved One ! I may not chide
Thy tears, and bitter sobbing ;
Weep on ! 't will cool that burning brow,
And still that bosom's throbbing ;
But, be not thine, such grief as theirs,
To whom, no hope is given,
Snatched from the world, its sins and snares,
Thy infant rests, in Heaven.

"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life." *

THOU art the Way ; to Thee alone,
From Sin, and Death, we flee ;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone,
True wisdom, can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb,
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death, nor hell, shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us, that Way to know,
That Truth, to keep ; that Life, to win ;
Whose joys, eternal flow.

* Since inserted among the hymns in the Prayer Book. A few nights before Bp. White died, as my Father was watching at his bedside, he asked him to read this hymn.

THE WATERS OF MARAH.

“ And Moses cried unto the Lord ; and the Lord showed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.”

By Marah's stream of bitterness,
When Moses stood and cried,
Jehovah heard his fervent prayer,
And instant help, supplied :
The Prophet sought the precious tree,
With prompt, obedient feet ;
'Twas cast into the fount, and made
The bitter waters sweet.

Whene'er affliction, o'er thee sheds
Its influence malign,
Then, sufferer, be the Prophet's prayer,
And prompt obedience, thine :
'Tis but a Marah's fount, ordained,
Thy faith in God, to prove ;
And prayer and resignation shall
Its bitterness, remove.

“ Our Father, who art in Heaven.”

“ OUR Father—” such Thy gracious name,
Though throned above the starry frame,
Thy holy name, be still adored,
Eternal God, and Sov'reign Lord :
Spread far and wide, Thy righteous sway ;
Till utmost earth, Thy laws, obey ;
And, as in Heaven, before Thy throne,
So here, Thy will, by all, be done :
This day, Great Source of every good,
Feed us, with our convenient food :
As we, to all, their faults forgive,
So bid us, by Thy pardon, live :

Let not our feeble footsteps stray,
Seduced by sin, from Thy right way :
But, saved from evil work, and word,
Make us Thine own, Almighty Lord :

For Thine the sceptre is, and throne,
That shall be crush'd, or shaken, never ;
The glory Thine, O God, alone,
And power that shall endure, for ever.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

“ Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? ”

SHALL tribulation's deep distress,
Or fear, or want, or nakedness,
Or cruel foe, or conquering sword,
Divide us, from thy love, O Lord ?

No, vain alike, were death, and life,
And powers of hell, and Satan's strife,
And things that are, and things to be,
To separate us, Lord, from Thee !

So shall we, Saviour, through Thy love,
In all things, more than conquerors prove ;
Nor grave shall hold, nor hell shall harm,
The ransom'd of Thy holy arm.

THE SINNER CALLED.

RETURN, and come to God,
Cast all your sins away,
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Repent, believe, obey.

Say not, ye cannot come,
For Jesus bled, and died,
That none, who ask in humble faith,
Should ever be denied.

Say not, ye will not come,
'Tis God, vouchsafes to call,
And fearful, shall their end be found,
On whom, His wrath shall fall.

Come, then, whoever will,
Come, while 'tis called to-day,
Flee to the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Repent, believe, obey.

THE FAITHFUL SAYING.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus, came into the world, to save sinners."

Yes, it is a faithful saying,
Christ, the Saviour, died for me:
Haste my soul, without delaying,
To His great atonement, flee.

Shall the Lord of earth and heaven,
Sojourning with sinful men,
Die, that they may be forgiven,
Yet his death, be all in vain?

No, by every drop, that's streaming
Down, from that accursed tree,
By Thy death, my soul redeeming,
Saviour, I will come to Thee!

Worldly riches, honours, pleasures,
Shall no more, my soul detain;
Dearer, Thou, than all the treasures,
Earth can give, or life can gain.

“Lord, I believe : help Thou mine unbelief.”

“LORD, I believe,” the father cried ;
“Help Thou mine unbelief :
O ! if Thou canst, have mercy now,
And give my child relief !”

The father’s fervent prayer was heard,
Fulfill’d, the father’s joy ;
The Saviour pitied, spake, and healed
His poor demoniac boy.

Sinner, this Lord is still the same,
Still waiting, to forgive ;
Seek, then, His cleansing, saving blood,
Believe, obey, and live.

Sufferer, it is thy Father smites,
Thy Father’s chastening love :
The hand that gives, will heal the wound,
In fairer realms above.

Christian, ’tis there thy Saviour reigns,
Enthroned above the skies,
And thither, freed from death’s dark thrall,
Thy ransom’d soul shall rise.

Believer, press undaunted on,
Nor heed earth’s dull delay,
While angels wait, to welcome thee,
To realms of ceaseless day.

Sinner, no more, nor sufferer then,
Life’s painful journey o’er,
Thine is the Christian heritage
Of joy, for ever more ;

And crowns of quenchless glory thine,
Thy constancy’s reward ;
Believer, thine, in Heaven to dwell
Forever, with the Lord.

“In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment.”

MY God, when nature's frame shall sink,
And totter on destruction's brink,
Be Thou my portion, and my cup,
And bear my fainting spirit, up.

For Thou didst form me first, from clay ;
Hast led me, through life's devious way ;
Then take, O God, my parting breath,
Support me in the hour of death.

And when before the throne I stand,
And wait Thy judgment's dread command,
Do Thou, my strong supporter, be,
And save the soul, that trusts in Thee.

Thou, Saviour, for my sins hast died,
Thy grace alone, my strength supplied ;
Then cast me not, O Lord, away,
But save me, in the judgment day.

THE PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

“But all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.”

WHEN darkness erst, by God's command,
Enveloped haughty Egypt's land,
Throughout that long and fearful night,
In Israel's dwellings, all was light.

So, to the righteous, light shall rise,
Though clouds and tempests wrap the skies,
And faith, triumphant, mock the gloom,
That gathers round the silent tomb.

Then grant us, God, while here we rove,
Thy will to know, Thy ways to love,
To prove the riches of Thy grace,
And share the brightness of Thy face ;

Till, guided, so in all our way,
And cheered by Thy celestial ray,
We reach, at last, that heavenly height,
Where all is peace, and joy, and light.

“Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.”

Lord, should we leave Thy hallowed feet,
To whom should we repair?
Where else, such holy comforts meet,
As spring, eternal, there?

Earth has no fount of true delight,
No pure, perennial stream;
And sorrow's storm, and death's long night,
Soon wrap life's brightest beam.

Unmingled joys, 'tis Thine to give,
And undecaying peace;
For Thou canst teach us, so to live,
That life shall never cease.

Thou, only, canst, the cheering words
Of endless life, supply,
Anointed, of the Lord of Lords,
The Son of God, most High.

“The fashion of this world passeth away.”

In careless childhood's sunny hours,
When all we love, is nigh,
No thorn, amid life's opening flowers,
No cloud, in all its sky;
We fear no ill, nor dream of care,
But deem, each following day,
Shall light us, on, to fairer scenes,
And beam, with brighter ray.

And childhood's vernal season past ;
And shunned youth's thousand snares,
When manhood's autumn comes at last,
With sorrows, fears, and cares,
Still, autumn-like, its skies are bright,
And still, the world seems young,
And still, we love its mellow light,
Its bowers, with fruitage hung.

But autumn's golden skies must fade,
And autumn's fruits decay,
And soon, 'mid snows and storms, must come
Old age's wintry day.
A wintry day at best, as short,
As gloomy, and as cold,
Till the worn body yields at last,
And life lets go its hold.

And when its earthly hold is gone,
The world's brief fashion past,
Are there no hopes, that shall survive,
No pleasures, that shall last ?
Yes, Christian, it is thine to know,
Life's but a weary way,
A short, though painful, pilgrimage,
To realms of endless day ;

Where Faith, her crown of life, shall wear,
And Hope, be lost in joy,
And meek-eyed love, be paid with bliss,
That time can ne'er destroy :
For thither, has the Lamb gone up,
Who suffered, and was slain,
That, risen with Him, His followers might
With Him, for ever, reign.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

“Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”

Ho ! all that thirst, draw nigh,
And drink of that pure fount,
Which issues forth eternally,
From Zion's holy mount.

Haste to that blessed fold,
Which Jesus first ordained,
And which, His hand and holy arm,
Have ever since maintained.

There, shall the sacred Fount,
Wash all your sins away,
And fit you, so your faith be firm,
For realms of endless day.

There, is that Word dispensed,
By which alone, we live,
Which only can our hopes confirm,
And joys eternal, give.

There is that Feast prepared,
For those in Christ who live ;
Rich banquet ! where the contrite heart
True comfort shall receive.

Come, then, the Spirit cries,
And she, the heavenly Bride,
Come, all that are athirst, nor fear
That one shall be denied.

Come, whosoever will,
Nor price, nor money bring ;
Come to that fount, whose streams of life
Through endless ages, spring.

LIFE'S LITTLE LINES.

"Noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday."

LIFE'S "little lines;" how short, how faint,
How fast they fade away;
Its highest hopes, its brightest joys,
Are compassed, in a day.

Youth's bright, and mild, and morning light,
Its sunshine, and its showers,
Its hopes and fears, its loves and tears,
Its heedless, happy hours;
And manhood's high and brightened noon,
Its honours, dangers, cares,
The parents' pains, the parents' joys,
The parents' anxious prayers;
Fade in old age's evening gray,
The twilight of the mind;
Then sink, in death's long, dreamless night,
And leave no trace, behind.

Yet, though so changing, and so brief,
Our life's eventful page,
It has its charms, for every grief,
Its joys, for every age.

In youth's, in manhood's, golden hours,
Loves, friendships, strew the way
With April's earliest, sweetest flowers,
And all the bloom of May;
And when old age, with wintry hand,
Has frosted o'er, the head,
Virtue's fair fruits, survive the blast,
When all beside, are fled;

And faith, with pure, unwavering eye,
Can pierce the gathered gloom ;
And smile upon the spoiler's rage,
And live, beyond the tomb.

Be ours, then, virtue's deathless charm,
And faith's untiring flight ;
Then shall we rise, from death's dark sleep,
To worlds of cloudless light.

TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND.*

“——Friendship, I owe thee much.”

DARK to the soul, and desolate,
Life's sunniest hours would be,
And cheerless, fortune's best estate,
Fair Friendship ! but for thee.
And oh ! when tempests wrap the skies,
How comfortless, their gloom,
Did not thy radiant visions rise,
Our darkness to illumine !

Friend of my heart ! in hours of joy,
I've listened to thy voice ;
And felt, in each inspiring tone,
New motive, to rejoice ;
And oft, with anxious cares oppressed,
And griefs, thou didst not know,
Thy kindness has relieved my breast,
And lightened every woe.

Oh ! I have loved, with thee to rove,
In Spring's reviving hour,
Ere verdure yet, had clad the grove,
Or fragrance filled the flower ;

* The venerable Rector of Trinity Church, New York.

And joyed, when Summer found us laid,
 Beneath some aged oak,
 Where, save the streamlet's bubbling tale,
 No sound, the stillness broke.

With thee, when Autumn's mellowing hand
 Has tinged the woods with gold,
 How dear, to mark each varied tint
 Successively unfold !
 And e'en in Winter's sullen hour,
 To roam, delighted, on,
 And feel, that not in Summer bower,
 Is nature wooed, alone.

Those happy hours, those happy hours,
 Have flitted on the wind ;
 But many a dear remembrance lives,
 Deep in my heart, entwined ;
 And oft, the chords with which they're bound,
 Shall fancy wake again ;
 And memory love to linger long,
 Delighted, on that strain.

THE R M O P Y L Æ .

*Σᾶς περὶ, παρθένε, μορφῆς
 Καὶ θανεῖν ζαλωτὸς ἐν Ἑλλάδι πότμος.*

'Twas an hour of fearful issues,
 When the bold three hundred stood,
 For their love of holy freedom,
 By that old Thessalian flood ;
 When, lifting high each sword of flame,
 They called on every sacred name,
 And swore, beside those dashing waves,
 They never, never, would be slaves !

And Oh ! that oath was nobly kept :
 From morn, to setting sun,
 Did desperation urge the fight,
 Which valour had begun ;

Till, torrent-like, the stream of blood
Ran down, and mingled with the flood,
And all, from mountain-cliff, to wave,
Was Freedom's, Valour's, Glory's grave.

Oh, yes, that oath was nobly kept,
Which nobly, had been sworn ;
And proudly, did each gallant heart
The foeman's fetters spurn ;
And firmly, was the fight maintained,
And amply, was the triumph gained ;
They fought, fair Liberty, for Thee ;
They fell ; to die is to be free.

F R A G M E N T .

'Twas night—and winds were raving round,
With stern December's surly sound ;
The well-swept hearth was burning bright,
And shed on all its cheering light ;
The doors were closed, the curtains drawn,
The floor-cloth smooth as verdant lawn,
And all was joy, and sportive mirth,
Around the dear domestic hearth.

Domestic love ! what holier shrine,
Save One, is reared on earth, than thine ?
Where, as when clustered round thy feet,
Does heart meet heart, in concord sweet ?
Star of our souls where'er we roam,
We turn to thee, delightful home !

'Twas night—the feather-footed hours
Had fled, as if they “ stepped on flowers ; ”
Had noiseless fled, yet left behind
In happy hearts, mementos kind
Of hours, in social converse spent,
When every look is eloquent

Of moments passed, with those we love,
 Prized by the heart, long years, above :
 Moments, which shall for ever be,
 Embalmed in fondest memory.
 The jest, the laugh had circled round,
 Mingled with music's silver sound ;
 That wild and witching melody
 Which moves, at once, and melts the soul,
 And bids, from out the unconscious eye,
 The involuntary tear-drop roll.
 Such notes as oft, at midnight hour,
 The sad enthusiast, ravish'd, hears ;
 Far echo of some angel's song,
 Sweet harmony of circling spheres.
 Those notes, those notes, they linger yet,
 Oh ! who that heard them, could forget !
 Speech shall be lost, and thought, as soon
 As that sweet voice, and "Bonny Doon."

H O M E .

"The music of Carrol was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant, but mournful to the soul."—*Ossian*.

HOME of my careless infancy,
 How dear, each well-remembered scene,
 Where every rock, and every tree,
 Is eloquent, of what has been.

 How dear, yet ah ! how painful too ;
 That joy, how near to grief, allied,
 When thoughts of loved ones, now no more,
 Come rushing on me, like a tide.

 Departed joys, of days gone by,
 As slowly on, your visions roll,
 My heart is softened, and subdued ;
 Ye soothe, and tranquillize my soul.

Like music, wafted on the gale,
 When midnight stillness wraps the land,
 So sweet, the far-off strains ye breathe,
 So sad, when waked by memory's hand.

THE HEART'S TRIBUTE,

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.*

"Wi' melting heart, an' brimfu' eye,
 "I'll mind you still, tho' far awa."

WHEN friends are met, and beaming mirth
 Is throned in every eye,
 Why wanders oft, the absent thought,
 And starts, the secret sigh?
 'Tis the silent tribute, of heart to heart,
 Which affection loves to pay,
 And 'tis wafted off, on that secret sigh,
 To the friends that are far away.

And why, amid its wreathéd smiles,
 Turns pale that cheek, with fear?
 And why, beneath that joyous brow,
 Lurks oft, the gushing tear?
 'Tis to wet the graves of departed joys,
 That the heart, that big tear, sends;
 And the fear, that pales that anxious cheek,
 Is the fear, for absent friends

There's ONE, his name's in all our hearts,
 For whom, where'er he be,
 Our kindest thoughts, our fondest prayers,
 Are wafted o'er the sea:
 May the spirit of health, be on every breeze,
 And of joy, in every ray,
 And may God, in mercy, protect the friend
 Whom we love, while far away!

* The Rt. Rev. Bp. Hobart.

THE MOURNED—THE LOVED—THE LOST.

WHY, on the vanished look, the by-past tone,
 Loves the fond heart, devotedly to dwell?
 Why, reckless of that *now* which is its own,
 Of hours that *were*, delights it still to tell?

Why, for her pillaged nestling mourns the dove,
 With all her living loves, still all unblest?
 Why dotes the fond, bereaved mother more,
 On her dead infant, than on all the rest?

Why is it, that around the loved and lost,
 Her most enchanting radiance, fancy throws,
 While all the past is robed in richer green,
 And fresher fragrance breathes, from every rose?

Mysterious Sympathy! thy secret source,
 Thy deep, embosomed springs, we cannot tell,
 Nor scan thy subtle, undetected laws,
 Though each effect, we feel and know so well.

'Tis thine, the withered floweret, most to prize,
 To mourn the music flown, the odour shed;
 And, in the hallowed tomb of buried love,
 To twine life's best affections, round the dead.

ON A VERY OLD WEDDING RING.

The Device—Two hearts united.
 The motto—"Dear love of mine, my heart is thine."

I LIKE that ring, that ancient ring,
 Of massive form, and virgin gold,
 As firm, as free from base alloy,
 As were the sterling hearts of old.

I like it, for it wafts me back,
Far, far along the stream of time,
To other men, and other days,
To men and days, of deeds sublime.

But most I like it, as it tells
The tale of well-requited love ;
How youthful fondness persevered,
And youthful faith disdained to rove.

How warmly *he* his suit preferred,
Though *she*, unpitying, long denied ;
Till, softened and subdued at last,
He won his "fair and blooming bride."
How, till the appointed day arrived,
They blamed the lazy-footed hours ;
How, then, the white robed maiden train,
Strewed their glad way, with freshest flowers ;
And how, before the holy man,
They stood, in all their youthful pride,
And spoke those words, and vowed those vows,
Which bind the husband to his bride :
All this it tells ; the plighted troth,
The gift of every earthly thing,
The hand in hand, the heart in heart ;
For this, I like that ancient ring.

I like its old and quaint device ;
"Two blended hearts,"—though time may wear
them ;
No mortal change, no mortal chance,
"Till death," shall e'er in sunder tear them.

Year after year ; 'neath sun and storm,
Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,
These two the world's rough pathways trod.
Age might impair their youthful fires,
Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather,
Still hand in hand, they travelled on ;
Kind souls ! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy too :

“ Mine own dear love, this heart is thine ! ”

Thine, when the dark storm howls along,

As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.

“ This heart is thine, mine own dear love ! ”

Thine, and thine only, and for ever ;

Thine, till the springs of life shall fail,

Thine, till the cords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long ;

Emblem of plighted troth unbroken ;

Pledge of devoted faithfulness ;

Of heartfelt, holy love, the token ;

What varied feelings, round it cling !

For these, I like that ancient ring.

SONS OF THE GREEKS:

Δεύτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.

“ Sons of the Greeks, arise ! ”

And gird your armour on ;

Your bleeding country's rights assert,

Avenge your fathers' wrong.

Sons of the helméd brave

Who held Thermópylæ,

Dare, as they dared, the turbaned slave,

And Greece shall yet be free.

Shades of the brave, who bled

Along Cithaeron's steep,

And still, round glory's hallowed bed,

Your watch of ages keep ;

Say—shall yon tower-crowned hill

No more be Freedom's home ?

Her flag, no more, in triumph float,

Amid yon ocean's foam ?

Yes ! soon again as pure,
 Ilissus' wave shall flow,
And soon, on famed Hymettus' hills,
 As fragrant flowers shall blow ;
For freedom's sun shall rise
 On Attica once more,
And wind and wave, shall lash and lave,
 The *free* Ægean shore.

Shades of the mighty dead,
 Whose ashes still repose,
Where Ceta rears his star-girt head,
 Where cold Eurotas flows,
Inspire each patriot's heart,
 To dare, as you have dared,
Till nerved, be every manly arm,
 And every falchion bared.

Light, light the quenchless flame,
 In every warrior's eye ;
Rouse, rouse the glorious battle-cry,
 For Greece—for Victory !
Nor let the combat cease,
 While Moslem shall remain
To mar fair Freedom's festal rites,
 Her heritage, to stain.

Hark ! 'tis the trumpet's clang,
 The squadron's tramp, I hear ;
Clashes, the bright broadsword, again,
 And ring, the shield and spear :
See ! 'tis the pluméd helm,
 The banner streaming wide ;
The Athenian horsemen mount again,
 And Spartan, side by side.

'Tis up—the glorious strife,
 By field, and tower, and town ;
And palace, mosque, and minaret,
 And frowning fort, are down :

The Ottoman retreats,
 The Crescent veils its ray,
 And holy hands, in Stamboul's streets
 The Cross of Christ display.

"Sons of the Greeks arise !"
 Rise in your fathers' might,
 With sword girt on, and spear in rest,
 Wage Freedom's holy fight ;
 Swear—'twas the father's oath,
 And well befits the son—
 Swear, free to live, or firm to die,
 "By those in Marathon !"

"FORGET ME NOT."

FORGET thee ! how could I ? each morn would remind me,
 Of days, which thy presence has hallowed and blest,
 And each night, in its visions and dreams, would restore thee,
 All pureness and beauty, mine angel of rest.

Forget thee ! why should I ? since with thee, is blended,
 Each scene of delight, that my fancy e'er drew,
 And the hopes, that on thee, and thy love, have attended,
 Were those of my life, I most wished to find true.

No, trust me, that fervent and fond recollection,
 Those hopes, even fonder, can never depart,
 Till the holiest fount of my earthly affection
 Shall ebb, with the warm tide of life, from my heart.

THAT SILENT MOON.

THAT silent moon, that silent moon,
 Career'ing now, through cloudless sky ;
 Oh ! who shall tell, what varied scenes
 Have passed beneath her placid eye ;
 Since first, to light this wayward earth,
 She walked, in tranquil beauty, forth !

How oft has guilt's unhallowed hand,
And superstition's senseless rite,
And loud, licentious revelry,
Profaned her pure and holy light :
Small sympathy is hers, I ween,
With sights like these, that Virgin Queen !

But dear to her in summer eve,
By rippling wave, or tufted grove,
When hand in hand is purely clasped,
And heart meets heart in holy love,
To smile in quiet loneliness
And hear each whispered vow, and bless.

Dispersed along the world's wide way,
When friends are far, and fond ones rove,
How powerful she, to wake the thought,
And start the tear, for those we love,
Who watch with us at night's pale noon,
And gaze upon that silent moon !

How powerful, too, to hearts that mourn,
The magic of that moonlight sky,
To bring again the vanished scenes—
The happy eves of days gone by :
Again to bring, 'mid bursting tears,
The loved, the lost of other years !

And oft she looks, that silent moon,
On lonely eyes that wake to weep,
In dungeon dark, or sacred cell,
Or couch, whence pain has banished sleep :
Oh ! softly beams her gentle eye
On those who mourn and those who die !

But beam on whomsoe'er she will,
And fall where'er her splendours may,
There's pureness in her chastened light,
There's comfort in her tranquil ray ;
What power is hers to soothe the heart—
What power the trembling tear to start !

The dewy morn let others love,
Or bask them in the noontide ray ;
There's not an hour but has its charm,
From dawning light to dying day :—
But oh ! be mine a fairer boon,
That silent moon, that silent moon !

M O R N I N G H Y M N .

“Rex sempiternæ cœlitum.”

MAKER of all in Heaven and earth,
Lord of the hosts on high,
Thou Son, who, with the Father, art
From all eternity,
'Twas Thou, who, when the world was new,
Creating man, of earth,
Didst give him, in Thine image made,
A soul of heavenly birth.

And when by spite and fraud of hell,
That image was decayed,
Veiled in the flesh, 'twas Thou restor'dst
The soul Thyself hadst made.

Great Shepherd, who Thy flock dost wash
In Baptism's sacred wave ;
Be this the pool, to cleanse our souls,
Of all our sins, the grave ;
That, buried there with Thee, we may
With Thee our life resume,
Who, of a Virgin born, wast made
The first-fruits of the tomb.

Redeemer, Thou, who, to the cross
Due to our sins, wast led,
And there, salvation's countless price,
Thy precious blood didst shed ;

Do Thou, our souls, renewed to life,
From sin and death, set free,
That thus Thy endless joy, O Lord,
Our heritage may be.

Then to the Father and the Son,
Who rose, and reigns in Heaven,
And to the blessed Comforter,
Shall ceaseless praise be given.

H Y M N .

FOR THE SEASON OF LENT.

“Audi, benigne Conditor.”

FATHER of Mercies, hear !
Thy pardon we implore,
While daily, through this sacred fast,
Our prayers, our tears, we pour.

Searcher of hearts, to Thee,
Our helplessness is known ;
Be then, to those who seek Thy face,
Thy free forgiveness shown.

Our sins have numerous been,
We own it, Lord, with shame ;
Yet spare, and heal the broken heart ;
Spare, for Thy glorious name.

Grant us, the body so,
By fasting, to restrain,
That sinful thoughts, and vain desires,
Our souls no more may stain.

Thus, to Thy contrite ones,
Thy mercy shall be shown ;
We ask it, blessed One in Three,
We ask it, Three in One.

M O R N I N G H Y M N .

“ *Eccc jam noctis tenuatur umbra.* ”

THE shades of night are flitting fast,
The golden east is streaked with day,
And now, O Lord of life and light,
With thankful hearts, to Thee we pray.

Sinners we are, yet hear us, Lord
In pity hear, and send us peace ;
Thy saving health to all afford,
And bid each sin and sorrow cease.

Grant it, eternal Trinity,
The Father, Son, and Spirit blessed,
Whose glory is, and still shall be,
Through all the world with joy confessed.

M O R N I N G H Y M N .

“ *Jam lucis orto sidere.* ”

WITH dawning light, O Lord, to Thee,
On bended knee, we pray,
That Thou, from every hurtful thing,
Wouldst keep us, through this day.
Guard Thou from guile our froward tongue,
Lest sinful strife arise ;
Guide Thou our feeble, erring sight,
Lest vanity entice.

Cleanse, Lord, our hearts from every sin,
Free them from folly too,
And let continual temperance
Each carnal lust subdue :

That so, when days shall dawn no more,
 Nor nights their shadows fling,
 Free from the world, and all its stains,
 Thy praises we may sing.

For Thou, O God ! and Thou alone,
 Art worthily adored,
 Who, with the Son, and Spirit, art
 But one Almighty Lord.
 To Him, therefore, be glory given,
 Whom virgin mother bore,
 With Father, and with Holy Ghost,
 Both now, and evermore.

M O R N I N G H Y M N .

“ *Consorts Paterni luminis.*”

BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
 Light of Light, unclouded day,
 Lo ! we rise, to sing Thy praises ;
 Hear us, help us, while we pray.

Lighten Thou our mental darkness,
 Bid each hellish tempter flee,
 Rouse our dulness, lest it deaden
 Our devotions, Lord, to Thee.

Saviour, deign to each believer,
 These, Thy favours, to extend ;
 Answered thus, our prayers and praises
 Shall, for evermore, ascend.

Hear us, Father, we entreat Thee,
 Hear us, Saviour, we implore,
 Hear and help us, Holy Spirit—
 Thou, that reignest evermore.

* * * These five are translations of old Latin hymns.

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

FROM THE LATIN OF CATULLUS.

“Peninsularum, Sirmio, insularumque.”

FAIREST of all Peninsulas,
*Eyelet** of islands, Sirmio !
 Of all the wide wave bathes, the best,
 Where'er its varied waters flow :
 So glad, so joyful my return,
 So fondly I revisit thee,
 I scarce can feel, that, Thynia left,
 That, from Bithynia's valleys reft,
 Thee, once again, I safely see.

Oh ! feels the heart a happier hour,
 Than when, its every sorrow fled,
 Thrown now aside, its painful load,
 Accomplished now, its weary road,
 Reached now, the land that gave it birth,
 Its native home, its holy hearth,
 It rests upon its own, its long, long, wished-for bed ?
 Oh ! this for toilsome road and rough,
 And labour hard, is meed enough.

Hail, then, lovely Sirmio !
 Smile once more, upon your lord ;
 Lydian waves, that round me flow,
 Your murmuring welcome now afford :
 Every smile you have, my home !
 Sport it now ; the wanderer's come.

Oeelle, little-eye,—a term of endearment. So Cicero ; villulæ meæ, ocelli Italiæ.

TO GROSPIUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

"Otium divos rogat in patenti."

WHEN tempests turn the day to night,
 And clouds obscure pale Luna's light,
 The sailor, 'mid Ægean seas,
 No star to guide him, prays for *ease*,
 For *ease* the warring Thracian prays,
 And Media's quiver-bearing race—
Ease, that no gems nor gold can buy,
 Nor robes, my friend, of Tyrian dye.
 For, not the hoarded wealth of kings,
 Nor state that titled office brings,
 Can drive those carking cares aloof,
 Those vultures of the mind,
 That riot unconfined,
 And flit unscared, untamed, around the vaulted roof.

How happy he, though small his hoard,
 Whose plate ancestral decks his board,
 Whose tranquil sleep no fears molest,
 Nor lawless love deprives of rest!

Rash, short-lived beings, that we are,
 Why cast we still our schemes afar?
 Why haste, from clime to clime, to range?
 Himself, did exile, ever change?
 No; *care* will climb the brazen poop;
Care still pursues the mounted troop;
Care; that is swifter than young hind,
 Or clouds, that scud before the wind.

Blest then to-day, seek not to borrow
 One anxious moment from the morrow;
 But soothe each grief with gentle mirth;
 Unmingled bliss dwells not on earth.

Each has his lot. Achilles died,
 'Mid all his fame, in manhood's pride,
 While old Tithonus pined away,
 Year after year, in dull decay ;
 And I, though poor, perhaps may see
 Long years, denied to wealth and thee :
 Thee, purple-robed, whose heifers low,
 Whose well-trained steeds delighted neigh,
 Whose countless flocks securely stray,
 Where'er Sicilian waters flow ;
 While, for my share (so fate ordains),
 This little farm alone remains.
 Enough ! since with it, I inherit
 Some sparklings of the Grecian spirit ;
 A mind not always slighted by the muse—
 A soul that spurns the mob, and virtue's path pursues.

S O N N E T.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

“ Donna, crudel fortuna a me ben vieta.”

FATE binds me here : beloved one, farewell ;
 Yet binds not all ; the fond and faithful heart
 Bursts all restraint, and wheresoe'er thou art,
 Its best affections still delight to dwell.
 To deem thee pensive now, now light of heart,
 Now on the wave, and now along the shore,
 Amid earth's stillness deep, or ocean's fitful roar ;
 Is faithful Fancy's never-tiring part.
 And when the circle of rejoicing friends
 Greet thee with many a smile, and sportive kiss ;
 Half pleased, half envious of that lavished bliss,
 One jealous pang, swift messenger, she sends :
 Home to the heart, the pained affections turn,
 And mingled grief and love, the throbbing bosom burn.

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,"

How blest is he, who, free from care,
As once, 'tis said, even mortals were,
Unknown to brokers, bonds, or bills,
His own paternal acres, tills.
No midnight storm along the deep,
Nor brazen trump, to break his sleep;
Far from the Forum's pompous prate,
And thresholds of the lordly great;
The wanton vine, 'tis his, to wed,
To poplar trim, with lofty head;
And, pruning off each worthless shoot,
Engraft the slip, from choicer root.
Sometimes, where yonder vale descends,
His lowing herds, at ease, he tends;
Shears, now, his sheep, with tottering feet;
Now, stores the hive's delicious sweet;
And now, when autumn smiling round,
Erects his head, with fruitage crowned,
Plucks, with delight, the melting pear,
Or purple grape, of flavor rare;
What thanks, and offerings then recall
His care, who gives, and guards them all!

Sometimes, where streams are gliding by,
Stretched on the grass, he loves to lie,
Beneath some old and spreading oak,
Where rooks reside, and ravens croak,
While crystal fountains murmur round,
And lull his senses, with their sound,
But, when the raging winter god
Has sent his snows, and storms, abroad,
He scours the country, round and round,
To rouse the boar, with horse and hound;

With subtle art, his traps and nets,
To catch the tender thrush, he sets ;
Lays for the crane, some stouter snare,
Or takes, delicious treat ! the hare.
'Mid sports like these, unknown to ill,
What love, can cross ! what cares, can kill !

But happiest then, if while he roam,
His wife and children dear, at home—
(A modest matron she, and fair,
Despite alike of sun and air)—
The swelling udder, duly drain,
And close the sheltering fold, again :
Pile high, with seasoned wood, the fire,
To warm and dry, their wearied sire ;
Then, filled one small, but generous cup,
The unbought banquet, quick serve up.

Such fare be mine ! I ask no more ;
No shell-fish, from the Lucrine shore ;
No turbot rare, nor, driven from far,
By eastern winds, the costly char.
Oh ! not the fowl, from Afric shore,
Nor grouse, from Asiatic moor,
Were half such luxury, to me,
As olives, plucked from mine own tree ;
A dish of dock, that grows in fallows ;
A dainty mess, of wholesome mallows ;
A joint, on high and holy days,
Of roasted lamb, my board to grace ;
And, now and then, a rescued kid,
Which ravening wolf, had stolen and hid.

'Mid feasts like these, to sit, and see
My flocks wind homeward o'er the lea ;
The sober ox, returning first,
With languid neck, and plough reversed ;
And men and maids, the farm-house swarm,
Around the hearth-stone, gathered warm.

“What life so blest !” cried wealthy B——,
 “I’m done with stocks. A farm for me !”
 Cash, loaned at *five*, called in ; he went,
 And—put it out, at *six* per cent !

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

FROM THE GREEK OF CALLISTRATUS.

Εν μέρτον κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω.

I’LL wreathe my sword with myrtle ; as the brave Harmodius did,
 And as Aristogeiton, his avenging weapon hid,
 When they slew the haughty tyrant, and regained our liberty,
 And breaking down oppression, made the men of Athens free.

Thou art not, loved Harmodius, thou art not surely dead,
 But to some secluded sanctuary, far away art fled,
 With the swift-footed Achilles, unmolested there to rest,
 And to rove with Diomedes, through the islands of the blest.

I’ll wreathe my sword with myrtle ; as Aristogeiton did,
 And as the brave Harmodious, his avenging weapon hid.
 When on Minerva’s festval, they aimed the glorious blow,
 And calling on fair freedom, laid the proud Hipparchus low.

Thy fame, beloved Harmodius, through ages still shall brighten,
 Nor ever shall thy glory fade, beloved Aristogeiton,
 Because your country’s champions, ye nobly cared to be,
 And striking down the tyrant, made the men of Athens free.

TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

“Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.”

THE man, my friend, whose hands are pure
 Needs not the shaft of tawny Moor ;
 Nor, armed with innocence of heart,
 Asks he, the bow or venom'd dart.

His way may lie o'er sandy plains,
 'Mid hills, where desolation reigns,
 By fabled stream, or haunted grot,
 Secure in all, he needs them not.

For me, as, musing, late I strayed
 In yonder Sabine forest's shade ;
 And, casting to the winds all care,
 Thought but of Lalagé my fair ;
 A wolf ; such horrid portent roves
 Not all Apulia's warlike groves ;
 Not such, fierce Mauritania's coast,
 Dry-nurse of monsters, e'er could boast ;
 Lone as I was, and quite unarmed,
 Took flight and left me all unharmed.

Place me henceforth, 'mid polar fields,
 Where earth no vegetation yields ;
 'Neath cloud-wrapt skies, where not a breeze
 Wafts health and fragrance through the trees ;
 Or, where the tropic's ceaseless blaze
 Blasts all that basks beneath its rays ;
 I'll fear no ill ; but think the while,
 Of Lalagé's bewitching smile ;
 Dear to my heart, she still shall be,
 My sweetly-speaking Lalagé.

S O N N E T .

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

"I'vo piangendo i miei passati tempi."

OH ! I must ever weep the years I've spent,
 Years, whose whole business and delight was love,
 When, not an effort stirred those pinions, lent
 To spurn the ignoble crowd, and soar above.
 Thou, who my errors and my crimes hast known,
 Great King of Heaven, eternal and unseen,

Aid my frail spirit, wandering here alone,
 And cleanse it, graciously, from every sin.
 Grant that my life, 'mid storm and battle, spent,
 In peaceful haven, may at last repose ;
 If this be vain, whate'er its brief extent,
 Vouchsafe at least no ignominious close :
 And oh ! in death, do Thou, my portion, be,
 For, Lord, Thou knowest, my hopes are all in Thee.

TO THE SPRING.

AN IDYL.

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

χειματος ἡνεμόεντος ἀπ' αἰθέρος οἰχομένοιο.

SEE, waked by stormy Winter's parting wing,
 Smiling, 'mid flowers, comes on the purple Spring,
 While verdant herbage crowns the dusky earth
 And new-leaved plants are joying, in their birth ;
 While fertilizing dews refresh the ground ;
 And early roses bloom and blush, around.
 Glad, o'er the hills, the shepherd's pipe we hear,
 Where snow-white flocks, in frolic mirth, career ;
 Cheerly, his ocean-path, the seaman hails,
 While favouring zephyrs fill his swelling sails ;
 The Bacchantes now, with clustering ivy, crowned,
 Invoke the genial god, with jocund sound :
 Their cells of purest wax, prepared with skill,
 The careful bees, with dripping nectar, fill :
 Now, wake the feathered tribes, their tuneful notes ;
 The queen-like swan, as down the stream she floats ;
 The halcyon, hunter of old Ocean's coves ;
 The swallow twittering from the roof he loves ;
 And Philomel, enchantress of the groves.
 And say, while leaves, and buds, and flowers rejoice,
 And teeming earth lifts up her glorious voice ;
 While shepherds warble their delighted lay,
 And well-fleeced flocks their sportive gambols, play ;

While seamen shout, and Bacchants joyous throng,
 And bees their labour ply, and birds their song:
 Shall I no strain to earth's glad chorus bring?
 Shame to the Son of Song that hails not thee, O Spring!

INSCRIPTION,

FOR THE TOMB OF A LITTLE GIRL, EIGHT YEARS OLD.

“Οὐκ ἔθανες, Πρώτη, μετέβης δ' ἐς ἀμείλινα χῶραν.”

No—I will not deem thee dead, my love, but parted far away,
 Through fairer scenes than earth can yield, for evermore to
 stray;

To dwell where ceaseless pleasures reign, in undecaying rest,
 Amid the quiet shades of some far island of the blest.

And there, I ween, thy little feet from every ill removed,
 In frolic mirth now wander as in infancy they loved;
 And still thy little heart exults amid Elysian bowers,
 And still thy little fingers pluck the sweetest, fairest flowers.

Oh! winter comes not there, to chill, with short and cheerless
 day;

Nor summer suns are there, to scorch, with fierce and sultry
 ray;

Nor hunger there, nor thirst, is known, to mar thine hours of
 ease;

Nor, raging in his thousand shapes, the tyrant, fell Disease.

And shall I, though thou'rt torn from me, my precious one,
 repine?

Alas! how poor life's best estate appears compared with thine—
 With thine, who, far removed from all that dims its darkened
 ray,

Dweldest amid the splendours pure of heaven's unclouded ray.

LOVE AND DEATH.

FROM THE LATIN OF ALCIATUS.

“Errabat socio Mors juncta Cupidine.”

Love and Death, odd cronies they,
Met once, on a summer's day :
Death, his wonted weapons bearing,
Little Love his quiver wearing ;
This to wound and that to slay,
Hand in hand, they took their way.

Night came on. The self-same shed
Furnished both with board and bed ;
While beneath a wisp of hay,
Heads and points, their arrows lay.

Ere the morning's faintest dawn,
Each had girt his armour on :
But with too much haste arranged,
Luckless chance ! their darts were changed.

Little space our heroes ran,
Ere their archery began.
Love, a whizzing shaft let fly
At a youth with beaming eye :
The aim was true ; one shriek he gave,
And sunk, into an early grave.
Death shot next ; he pierced the core
Of a dotard, past threescore :
The cankered earle, his crutch threw by,
A lover now, with amorous eye.

“Ho !” cried young Love, “here's some mistake ;
These darts of mine, sad havoc make.”
“And mine,” said Death, “instead of killing,
Serve but to set these bald-heads billing.”

Reader, oft will *wanton age*
 Bring to mind, our sportive page ;
 Oh ! that *youth's untimely fall*,
 Its sadder strain, should e'er recall !

TO DELIUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis."

THOUGH adversity should harm thee,
 Still thy equal mind maintain ;
 Though prosperity should charm thee,
 Be not insolently vain :
 For whether clogged with sadness, life's brief moments pass
 us by,
 Or winged with wine and gladness, still, my Delius, we must
 die.

Where the pine and poplar blending,
 Fling their hospitable shade,
 And the limpid stream descending,
 Gently murmurs through the glade,
 Bring the wine and perfume rare, with the rose's short-lived
 flower,
 While the fatal sisters spare, and life lends a summer hour.

For soon the world resigning,
 Thou shalt leave thy house and lands,
 And the well-piled treasures shining,
 To thy heir's delighted hands.
 Nor shall fields, dear bought, avail thee, lashed by Tiber's
 yellow wave,
 Nor thy noble birth preserve thee, from the dark and narrow
 grave.

Oh ! think not then 'twill matter thee,
 How low soe'er thy lot ;
 Nor deem that death would flatter thee,
 Though royally begot !
 Whether palace, rich and rare, should receive thy every breath,
 Or it flit in open air ; it is all the same to Death.

To his rule, we all are destined
 Whether soon or late our turn :
 Nor may its lot be questioned—
 That inexorable urn ;
 Nor the boat that wafts us over, to that undiscovered shore,
 From whose eternal exile, we return again no more.

W H Y W I S H F O R L I F E ?

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

“ *Perché bramar la vita.*”

W H Y wish for life ? has this vain world,
 One source of pure delight,
 Whose every fortune has its pang,
 And every age, its blight ?

Trembling, in childhood, at a look,
 In youth, with love's vain fears,
 Man walks awhile, the sport of fate,
 Then sinks, oppressed with years.

'Tis now the strife to win, that racks
 His inmost soul with pain ;
 And now, far worse, the fear to lose
 What cost so much to gain.

Thrones have their thorns, eternal war
 Must gain them, and must guard ;
 And envy, still, and scorn are found,
 Fair virtue's best reward.

Vain world ! whose dreams and shadows mock,
Whose follies cheat the eye,
Till age, the base delusion, shows,
Just time enough—to die.*

1819—1825.

“ Since, where thou art, I may not dwell,
'Twill soothe to be, where thou hast been.”

FARE thee well, dearest, peace be thine,
Though my lone day be dark, with sorrow,
May each of thine, more brightly shine,
And happier still, thy every morrow.
Yes—round thy heart, may joy and peace,
Contentment's garland, greenly wreath,
Its buds of peace, each day, increase,
And every floweret, sweeter breathe.

Farewell—thou goest to spread delight,
Where'er thy peaceful presence beams ;
And tho' the light, that blessed my sight,
With warmest ray, no longer gleams ;
Yet, fare thee well ; in joy and woe,
The heart, that long has loved thee dearly,
No change can know, where'er it go,
But still must dote on thee, sincerely.

And, when no more, that soft blue eye,
Light of my way, life's beacon-star,
With cheering rays, around me plays,
Nor throws its moonlight smile, afar ;
Oh, then, each loved and lonely scene,
I'll haunt, where thou wert wont to dwell ;
And sweetly dream, and fondly deem ;
I hear thee say, “ Farewell,—Farewell ! ”

Sept. 4, 1819.

* These poems, in the order in which they are here (with a few others), appeared in the first edition of “ Songs by the Way ” published in New York, by E. Bliss and E. White, 128 Broadway, in A. D. 1824.

“ A glove, a shoe-tie, or a flower let fall,
What tho' the least—Love consecrates them all.”

AND canst thou ask me, why this rose
Is held, so precious, by my heart ?
And knowest thou not, that Love bestows
On slightest gifts, the faded flower,
The severed lock, a mystic power,
Can ne'er depart ?

And canst thou ask me, what the charm,
That makes this withered rose, so dear ?
And why, preserved from hurt or harm,
While other flowers have fallen, unwept,
Like sainted relic, this is kept,
Year after year ?

And canst thou ask me, what the worth,
Which can attach to thing, like this ?
And why, what seems like merest earth,
What finds no grace, in eye of thine,
Should be so doted on, by mine,
In secret bliss ?

Then thou hast never felt the power,
Of ceaseless, solitary love ;
Hast never known, how every hour,
Spent with that one beloved alone,
Will still be prized, when years have flown,
All hours, above.

Aye prized ; though that were idle word,
To speak the fond and fixed delight,
Which hangs on each soft accent heard,
Each look dwelt on, as if the last,
Each well remembered moment, passed,
In her loved sight.

Then hast thou never known, what charm,
Love, to least relie, can impart ;
Nor how, like vine that's sheltered warm,
It spreads its tendrils more and more,
And twines still closer, than before,
Round the fond heart.

Years may roll on. Stern fate may blight
The loveliest visions of the heart ;
Then, as such relie, meets the sight,
Fond memory, on the past, will dwell,
And hope, of happier hours, will tell,
Hours, ne'er to part.

Oh ! not the flower in blooming pride,
At times like this, will most delight :
Gazed on, by many an eye beside,
Admired by some, and praised by all,
Its common charms, but cheaply fall,
On Love's sad sight.

Then, emblem of his own sad lot,
The heart that loves, and loves unblessed,
Will prize the flower by all forgot,
Wrest it from elemental strife,
And press it, like a thing of life,
To his own breast :

And keep it there ; that faded rose,
Shut from the cold, and common world ;
Till cherished long, at last it grows,
Part of his life, his fondest care,
Like magic word, which none may hear,
None, e'er hath heard.

But oh ! if once, in happier hours,
When life was young, and earth seemed heaven,
When every step was stepped on flowers,
And all, to his delighted eyes,
Seemed fair, as primal Paradise,
That flower was given,

By her, who shed on all this scene,
Its light, and life, and loveliness ;
Whose eye, his star of hope, had been,
Her smile, the mild and mellowed ray,
That cheered his heart, and lit his way
To happiness :

Think then, how round his heart of hearts,
Relic of love, that flower would twine ;
Nor, dearest, ask, tho' time departs,
Though wavelike, year is rolled on year,
Why cherished still, and still, more dear,
This rose of thine.

1823.

“ To say—I've thought of thee.”

AND is it so ? and hast thou thought,
Beloved one, of me—
Deep, in my bosom's inmost cells,
That thought shall treasured be :
And often, to that secret haunt,
Shall memory repair,
To watch, with more than miser's joy,
The wealth, that's buried there.

At midnight, shall that blessed thought,
Compose my throbbing heart,
And bid the spectre-cares, that haunt
That holy hour, depart ;
And when the morn, rejoicing, brings
Its glad and golden ray,
That recollected thought shall lend,
New lustre, to the day.

Yes, Mary ! deep within my breast,
It shall forever lie :
Like sacred relic, unprofaned,
By cold, or common, eye :

And often, shall my pilgrim thoughts,
 Frequent that hallowed shrine,
 For hallowed, must I deem the spot,
 That harbours aught of thine.

Thither, shall fond affection, oft,
 Her choicest offerings bring ;
 And ardent Hope, oft linger there,
 To plume her weary wing ;
 And thence, her strains be wafted, oft,
 The syren Memory ;
 And this, the sweetest of them all,
 " To say, I've thought of thee."

1824.

 1825—1828.

L I N E S O N A S E A L .

The device, a leaf.

The motto, " Je ne change, qu'en mourant."

IN bower and garden, rich and rare,
 There's many a cherished flower,
 Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance flits,
 Within the flitting hour.
 Not so the simple forest leaf,
 Unprized, unnoted lying,
 The same, thro' all its little life,
 It changes, but in dying.

Be such, and only such, my friend,
 Once mine, and mine for ever :
 And here's a hand, to clasp in thine,
 That shall desert thee, never.
 And thou, be such, my gentle love,
 Time, chance, the world, defying ;
 And take, 'tis all I have, a heart,
 That changes, but in dying.

1825.

TO ———.

WHEN compelled, to rest or rove,
Far away, from her I love,
What shall clear the clouded eye?
The mellow light of memory!
Oh! in such an hour, how dear,
Scenes of other days, appear,
Beaming, ever fair and bright,
In magic memory's golden light.

When the tones, I love to hear,
Fall not, on the charmed ear,
What, their music shall supply?
The gentle voice of memory!
Oh, in moments, such as these,
How each treasured tone will please;
Not a pulse, that is not stirred,
By each dear remembered word.

As along the purpling west,
When the sun has sunk to rest,
Many a lengthening line of light
Lingers still, and charms the sight:
So from thee, where'er I roam,
Beaming memories shall come,
Lighting, with their blessed rays,
To brighter hopes, of better days.

1825.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

WHAT is that, Mother?

The lark, my child!

The morn has but just looked out, and smiled;
When he starts, from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out, in his Maker's ear:

Ever my child, be thy morn's first lays,
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, Mother ?

The dove, my son !

And that low sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out, from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return :

Ever, my son, be thou, like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, Mother ?

The eagle, boy !

Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm, on his own mountain vigour, relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on :

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, Mother ?

The swan, my love !

He is floating down, from his native grove ;
No loved one, now, no nestling, nigh,
He is floating down, by himself, to die ;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song, is the last, he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swanlike and sweet, it may waft thee home !

1825.

F A R E W E L L .

FAREWELL ! a little magic word,
Which hath been, and which must be, heard,
So long as change and chance shall be
Entwined, with human destiny :
The varied feelings, who can tell,
That mingle in that word, Farewell !

It breathes of joys ; but they are gone ;
Of peace and love, forever flown ;
Of hopes, so faint, they seem but fears ;
Of griefs, that lie, too deep, for tears ;
Of friends, of loved ones, forced to part,
Hand torn from hand, and heart, from heart.

It breathes of joys, that shall again,
With peace and love, resume their reign ;
Of hopes, beneath whose fervent ray,
Each frost-work grief shall melt away,
Of loved ones, met, no more to part,
Hand clasped in hand, and heart, to heart.

Farewell ! there's not a thought of mine,
That does not turn to thee, and thine ;
There's not a wish, a hope, a prayer,
But thine, and thou, art whispered there,
The hopes, the fears, oh who can tell,
That mingle, in that word, Farewell !

WILD BIRDS.

WILD birds, wild birds ; ye rejoice mine eye,
For ye tell, that the rose-wreathed Spring is nigh ;
And your warblings fall, on my charmed ear,
Like the wafted notes, of some happier sphere,
Where all, beneath, around, above,
Is breathing of peace, and joy, and love.

Wild birds ! ye come in the year's young prime,
That "greenest spot," on the waste of time,
And when, in the bloom of our summer bowers,
Ye have sported away, the sunny hours ;
It is but to lift the light wing, and away,
To a milder clime, and a brighter day.

So from the clouds of earth, and time,
Be it ours, to pass to that better clime,

Where night never gathers, and storms never blight,
For God, and the Lamb, are its joy and light.
Who, from that bosom of boundless bliss,
Would return, wild birds ! to a world like this ?

D I R G E .

To the beloved memory of my friend and Brother,
the Rev. Cornelius R. Duffie.

THOU art gone from us, my brother ; there is dust upon thy brow,
And coldness, in that kindly heart, which ne'er was cold, till
now ;
And sweet and undisturbed, thy sleep, beneath that chancel
stone,
Where pious hands, thy couch, have spread ; and thou art left
alone.

Thou art taken from us, brother ; all thy cares, and labours, done,
When, to our short-reaching vision, they had seemed, but just
begun ;
And long before its noon was reached, thy heaven-enkindled ray,
Was lost, as stars, by sunlight fade, in cloudless, endless day.

Thou art torn from us, my brother ; and our hearts are bleed-
ing still,
Yet, taught by thee, in silence, bow to Heaven's all-righteous
will,
And bless the grace, which, to thy life, such heavenly radiance,
gave,
To cheer us, while on earth we walk, and light us through the
grave.

Thou art gone before us, brother ; yet we have no tears to shed,
For we know, that thou art numbered, with the blessed, holy
dead ;
And in that " continuing city," to which we *may* never come,
Hast found, through faith in Christ our Lord, a welcome and
a home !

E A R L Y P I E T Y .

“The first fruits—shalt thou give Him.”

YOUNG and happy, while thou art,
Not a furrow, on thy brow,
Not a sorrow, in thy heart,
Seek the Lord, thy Maker, now !
In its freshness, bring the flower,
While the dew, upon it, lies ;
In the cool and cloudless hour,
Of the morning sacrifice.

Life will have its evil years ;
When its skies are overcast,
All the present, thronged with fears,
And, with vain regrets, the past ;
Let him tremble, who, his heart
In an hour like this, would bring,
Lest Jehovah say,—“ depart !
'Tis a worn, and worthless thing.”

As the first fruits of the year
Have been chosen of the Lord,
So the first fruits of the heart,
On His altar, should be poured :
Thus, the blessing, from above
On life's harvest, shall be given ;
Sown in tears, perhaps on earth,
Reaped, in joyfulness, in Heaven !

Sept. 1827.

T H E T W O A D V E N T S .

HE came not, with His heavenly crown, His sceptre clad with
power,
His coming, was in feebleness, the infant of an hour ;
An humble manger cradled, first, the Virgin's holy birth,
And lowing herds companioned there, the Lord of heaven and
earth.

He came not, in His robe of wrath, with arm outstretched to slay ;
 But, on the darkling paths of earth, to pour celestial day,
 To guide in peace, the wandering feet ; the broken heart, to bind ;
 And bear, upon the painful cross, the sins of human kind.

And Thou hast borne them, Saviour meek ! and therefore, unto
 Thee,
 In humbleness, and gratitude, our hearts shall offered be ;
 And greenly, as the festal bough, that, on Thy altar, lies,
 Our souls, our bodies, all be Thine, a living sacrifice !

Yet once again, Thy sign shall be, upon the heavens, displayed,
 And earth, and its inhabitants, be terribly afraid,
 For, not in weakness, clad, Thou com'st, our woes, our sins, to
 bear,
 But girt with all Thy Father's might, His vengeance to declare.

The terrors of that awful day, Oh ! who shall understand ?
 Or, who abide, when Thou in wrath, shalt lift Thy holy hand ?
 The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar, the sun in heaven
 grow pale,
 But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change, Thy faithful shall
 not fail !

Then grant us, Saviour ! so to pass our time, in trembling, here,
 That when, upon the clouds of heaven, Thy glory shall appear,
 Uplifting high our joyful heads, in triumph, we may rise,
 And enter, with Thine angel train, Thy temple, in the skies !

Dec. 1827.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

THERE was a voice of wailing
 In Bethany, that day ;
 And darkly on that mournful home,
 The cloud of sorrow lay :
 And deeply was the fount of grief
 In woman's bosom stirred ;
 And thickly fell its bitter drops,
 In each low-murmured word.

For never, from that blessed source,
Of perfectness above,
Was shed on earth, a purer joy,
Than in a sister's love ;
And never pours the bursting heart,
A deeper, darker flow,
Than, o'er a brother's wasted form,
A sister's sacred woe.

There was a voice of joyfulness,
In Bethany, that day,
And brightly, on that happy home,
The sun of gladness lay ;
And deeply was the fount of joy
In woman's bosom, stirred,
And fervent rose its grateful praise,
In each exulting word.

For purer, fuller, holier stream,
Than, in a sister's love,
Flowed never, from that blessed fount,
Of perfectness, above ;
And deeper, warmer, gushing tears,
On earth, were never shed,
Than fell, that day, upon his neck,
The rescued from the dead.

Oh, ever thus, on those who love,
And humbly serve, the Lord,
His blessings, and His chastisements,
In mingled stream, are poured :
His chastisements, to bring to earth,
Each thought and purpose high ;
His blessings, to lift up our hearts,
To Him, above the sky.

Then who, whate'er betide, will doubt,
That all-disposing arm,
Which guides our feet to every good,
And guards, from every harm ?

Since sorrow, like that darkest hour,
That just precedes the day,
Is only sent, to fit our hearts,
For joy's unclouded ray.

1828.

LINES ON A SEAL.

The device.— A Sunflower.
The motto—" Je vous suis, partout."

I FOLLOW thee, always,
By night, and by day ;
Tho' rude, be the weather,
And rugged, the way ;
Thro' field, and thro' forest,
My heart is with thee ;
Nor mountain, nor fountain
Can keep thee, from me.

The sunflower thus,
To her bright idol, turns,
But turns, to him only,
While brightly he burns ;
And the shadow, that follows,
All day in the sun,
Will linger, no longer,
When daylight is gone.

The clouds may come o'er thee,
In sorrow's dark hour,
But my spirit unshrinking,
Above them shall tower ;
On wings, as of eagles,
Exultingly rise,
And play, in the ray,
Of thy love-speaking eyes.

And tho' grief should encompass thee
 Round, like the night,
 Still, my love shall be with thee,
 Thy joy, and thy light ;
 Nor leave thee, thou dear one,
 Till, lost in the gloom,
 Of that blackness of darkness,
 Which broods o'er the tomb.

1828.

“THE DEAD IN CHRIST.”

LIFT not thou the wailing voice ;
 Weep not, 'tis a Christian dieth ;
 Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
 Ransomed now, the spirit flieth ;
 High in heaven's own light, she dwelleth,
 Full, the song of triumph swelleth :
 Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
 Lift for her, no voice of wailing.

Pour not thou, the bitter tear ;
 Heaven, its book of comfort, opeth ;
 Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
 But as one, who always hopeth :
 Humbly, here, in faith relying,
 Peacefully, in Jesus dying,
 Heavenly joy, her eye is flushing :
 Why should thine, with tears, be gushing ?

They, who die in Christ, are blest ;
 Ours, then, be no thought of grieving ;
 Sweetly, with their God, they rest,
 All their toils, and troubles, leaving :
 So, be ours, the faith that saveth,
 Hope, that every trial, braveth,
 Love, that to the end endureth,
 And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

1830.

TO ONE "BROKEN IN HEART."

BROKEN-HEARTED, weep no more !

Hear what comfort, He hath spoken,
Smoking flax, who ne'er hath quenched,

Bruiséd reed, who ne'er hath broken,—

"Ye who wander here, below,

"Heavy laden, as you go,

"Come, with grief, with sin, oppressed,

"Come to me, and be at rest."

Lamb of Jesu's blood-bought flock,

Brought again, from sin and straying,

Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice,—

'Tis a true and faithful saying ;—

"Greater love, how can there be,

"Than to yield up life, for thee ?

"Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh,

"Turn and live ! why will ye die ?"

Broken-hearted, weep no more !

Far, from consolation, flying :

He, who calls, hath felt thy wound,

Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing ;

"Bring thy broken heart, to me,

"Welcome offering, it shall be,

"Streaming tears, and bursting sighs ;

"Mine accepted sacrifice !"

A CHERUB.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation ?"

BEAUTIFUL thing, with thine eye of light,
And thy brow, of cloudless beauty bright,
Gazing for aye, on the sapphire throne,
Of Him, who dwelleth in light, alone ;

Art thou hasting now, on that golden wing,*
 With the burning seraph choir, to sing?
 Or stooping to earth, in thy gentleness,
 Our darkling path, to cheer and bless?

Beautiful thing! thou art come, in love,
 With gentle gales, from that world above;
 Breathing of pureness, breathing of bliss,
 Bearing our spirits, away from this,
 To the better thoughts, to the brighter skies,
 Where heaven's unclouded sunshine lies:
 Winning our hearts, by a blessed guile,
 With that infant look, and angel smile.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in joy,
 With the look, with the voice, of our darling boy,
 Him that was torn, from the bleeding hearts
 He had twined about, with his infant arts,
 To dwell, from sin and sorrow far,
 In the golden orb, of his little star—†
 There he rejoiceth, while we, oh! we,
 Long to be happy, and safe, as he.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in peace,
 Bidding our doubts and fears to cease,
 Wiping the tears, that, unbidden, start,
 From their fountain deep, in the broken heart;

* Yet far more faire, be those bright Cherubins
 Which all with *golden wings*, are overdight,
 And those eternall *burning Seraphins*,
 Which, from their faces, dart out fierie light."

Spenser—Hymne of Heavenly Beautie.

† "Dear Sir,—I am in some little disorder by reason of the death of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad; but *now he rejoices in his little orbe, while we thinke, and sigh, and long to be as safe as he is.*"

Jer. Taylor to Evelyn, July 19, 1656.

"Remember, sir, your two boys are two bright starres, and their innocence is secured, and you shall never hear evil of them agayne."

Jer. Taylor to Evelyn, Feb. 17, 1657.

Cheering us still, on our lonely way,
Lest our hearts should faint, or our feet should stray,
Till, crowned for the conquest, at last we shall be,
Beautiful thing, with our boy, and thee !

Boston, 1828.

TO A DEAR ONE IN DEEP SORROW.

Dove, whom the Lord hath wounded,
Return to Him, and live ;
For He, alone, who aimed the shaft,
The remedy, can give.

Dove, whom the Lord hath wounded,
The bolt was sped in love ;
To win thee, from earth's fleeting scenes,
To better things, above.

Dove, whom the Lord hath wounded,
He bares for thee, his breast,
And bids thee enter in, and be,
For evermore, at rest.

Dove, whom the Lord hath wounded,
Yet waiteth to revive,
Return to Him !—He wounds and heals,
He kills, and makes alive.

Dove, whom the Lord hath wounded,
Break through all dull delay :
His strength will bear thy pinions up,
His goodness, guide thy way.

Dove, whom the Lord hath wounded,
Though soiled, with sorrows, here,
With silver wings, and plumes of gold,
In heaven, thou shalt appear.

Dove, whom the Lord hath wounded,
No more, let earth delay,
But onward, upward, be our flight,
To realms, of cloudless day !

THE BLESSED SUN WILL SHINE.

“Tis cloudy now. *Sing while the clouds are thick.*
THE BLESSED SUN WILL SHINE !”

“SING, while the clouds are thick,
“The blessed Sun *will* shine ;”
Far up above the lowering sky
He pours his flood divine :
Careering thence, the mighty wave
Will urge its onward way,
And o’er the loneliest spot of earth
Pour heaven’s benignant ray.

“SING, while the clouds are thick,
“The blessed Sun *will* shine ;”
The God who hears the infant’s cry,
Will surely answer thine :
Before the beaming of His smile,
All forms of sorrow pass,
Like summer clouds, that float at noon,
Athwart the waving grass.

“SING, while the clouds are thick,
“The blessed Sun *will* shine ;”
A few short years, and from the sky
Beams forth the Saviour’s sign :
Above the brightness of the Sun,
It flames, with living light ;
And heaven and earth, through endless days,
Their songs of joy, unite.

H Y M N .

For the Fatherless and Widows' Society.

GOD of grace, in glory reigning,
Far above the eternal sky,
Hear the orphan's sad complaining,
See the widow's tearful eye.
Thou, all strength and power, possessing,
Health and comfort, canst impart,
Crown the orphan's cup, with blessing,
Fill with joy, the widow's heart.

Lord, they were thine own possession,
In that old Mosaic day,
When, to Judah's favoured nation,
Thus, thou bad'st, the prophet say ;
“ When the ripened harvest, brought in,
“ Fills thy barns, with golden grain,
“ Seek not thou, the sheaf forgotten ;
“ 'Tis the homeless stranger's gain !

“ When thine olive yields its treasure,
“ Search not every bough, with care ;
“ God will give thee, fuller measure,
“ If thou leave the orphan's share !
“ When the land, with purple staining,
“ Thou shalt bring thy vintage, in,
“ Grudge not, then, the grapes remaining ;
“ Which the widow's hand may glean ! ”

Lord, whose mercy never changes,
Whose uprightness, still is sure,
Still the widow's cause avenges,
Helps the fatherless and poor,
Now, Thine Holy Ghost, outsending,
From Thy glorious throne, above ;
Fill the hearts, before Thee bending,
With Thine own exulting love !

THE CLOUD BRIDGE.

Saw ye that cloud which arose in the west,
As the burning sun sank down to rest,
How it spread so wide, and towered so high,
On the molten gold, of that glowing sky,
That it seemed, oh it seemed, like some archéd way,
As it beamed and gleamed, in that glorious ray,
 Where the spirit freed,
 From its earthly weed,
 And robed, in the white,
 Of the saints in light,
Might pass, from the realms of sin and woe,
To that world, where ceaseless pleasures flow.

Ye saw that cloud ; how it towered alone,
Like an archéd path, o'er the billows thrown ;
How its pillars of purple and azure, stood
And mocked at the dash of the angry flood ;
While it beamed, oh it beamed, from its battlements high,
As it gleamed and streamed, in that western sky,
Such a flood of mellow and golden light,
As charmed and fixed, the ravished sight,
And shed, on earth's benighted way,
The peace and joy, of celestial day.

Such, as we haste to our better home,
Saviour, such, be the sights that come ;
Thus, while the visions of time flit by,
And the fashion of earth, grows dim to our eye,
Then let the light, oh the light, of Thy love,
Beam bright, on our sight, from the mansions above,
 Rending the gloom,
 That enwraps the tomb,
 And guiding our eye,
 To that world on high,
Where the people that love Thee, forever shall share,
The rest, Thou hast purchased, and gone to prepare.

THE DILEMMA.

I'VE tried, in much bewilderment, to find,
Under which phase of loveliness, in thee,
I love thee best ; but, oh, my wandering mind,
Hovers o'er many sweets, as doth a bee,
And all I feel, is contradictory.

I love to see thee gay ; because thy smile,
Is sweeter than the sweetest thing, I know ;
And, then, thy limpid eyes, are all the while,
Sparkling and dancing ; and thy fair cheeks glow,
With such a sunset lustre, that e'en so,
I love to see thee gay.

I love to see thee sad ; for then, thy face
Expresseth an angelic misery ;
Thy tears are shed, with such a gentle grace ;
Thy words fall soft, yet sweet as words can be,
That, though 'tis selfish, I confess, in me,
I love to see thee sad.

I love to hear thee speak, because thy voice,
Than music's self, is still more musical,
Its tones make every living thing rejoice ;
And I, when, on mine ear those accents fall,
In sooth, I do believe, that, most of all,
I love to hear thee speak.

Yet, no ! I love thee mute ; for, then, thine eyes
Express so much, thou hast no need of speech,
And there's a language, that in silence lies,
When two full hearts look fondness, each to each,
Love's language, that I fain to thee, would teach,
And so, I love thee mute.

Thus, I have come to the conclusion sweet,
Nothing thou dost, can less than perfect be ;
All beauties and all virtues, in thee meet ;
Yet one thing more, I'd fain behold in thee,
A little love, a little love, for me.

1830—1840.

BISHOP RAVENSCROFT.

THE good old man is gone !
He lies in his saintly rest,
And his labours all are done,
And the work, that he loved the best :
The good old man is gone,
But the dead, in the Lord, are blessed !

I stood in the holy aisle,
When he spake the solemn word,
That bound him, through care and toil,
The servant of the Lord :
And I saw, how the depths of his manly soul,
By that sacred vow, were stirred.

And nobly, his pledge he kept ;
For the truth, he stood up alone,
And his spirit never slept,
And his march was ever, on !
Oh ! deeply and long, shall his loss be wept ;
The brave old man, that's gone.

There were heralds of the cross,
By his bed of death, that stood,
And heard, how he counted all but loss,
For the gain of his Saviour's blood ;
And patiently waited his Master's voice,
Let it call him, when it would.

The good old man is gone !
An apostle's chair is void,
There's dust, on his mitre, thrown,
And they've broken his pastoral rod !
And the fold of his love, he has left alone,
To account for its care, to God.

The wise old man is gone ;
His honoured head lies low,
And his thoughts, of power are done,
And his voice's manly flow,
And his pen, that, for truth, like a sword, was drawn,
Is still, and soulless, now.

The brave old man is gone !
With his armour on, he fell ;
Nor a groan, nor a sigh, was drawn,
When his spirit fled, to tell ;
For mortal sufferings, keen and long,
Had no power, his heart to quell.

The good old man is gone !
He is gone, to his saintly rest ;
Where no sorrow can be known,
And no trouble can molest ;
For his crown of life is won,
And the dead, in Christ, are blessed !

Boston, *March* 15, 1830.

LINES BY THE LAKE-SIDE.

THIS placid lake, my gentle girl,
Be emblem of thy life,
As full of peace, and purity,
As free from care and strife ;
No ripple, on its tranquil breast,
That dies not, with the day ;
No pebble, in its darkest depths,
But quivers, in its ray.

And see, how every glorious form,
And pageant of the skies,
Reflected, from its glassy face,
A mirrored image lies ;

So be thy spirit, ever pure,
To God, to virtue, given ;
And thought, and word, and action, bear
The imagery of Heaven.

1831.

TO MY DEAR GEORGE HOBART.

My beauty and my blessing,
A year ago, to-day,
Thy little eyes first opened,
To the morning's blessed ray ;
And, as I saw thee lying,
On thy gentle Mother's breast,
I felt, what only Fathers feel,
And cannot be expressed.

My beauty, what strange wonders,
Since that day, have been wrought ;
Thy life, how wreathed with sunny smiles,
Thine eye, how full of thought !
How many a queer and quaint device,
How many a guileless art ;
Thine infant nature's eloquence,
To win a parent's heart.

My blessing, such I feel thee,
With each returning day,
A fountain heaven-opened,
To refresh life's dusty way ;
To cheer, with love, and hope, the path,
Else, ah ! how lonely trod,
And lift the heart's affections, up,
In prayers, for thee, to God.

My beauty and my blessing,
For thee, my prayers shall rise,
With morning's dawn, and evening's fall,
Unfailing, to the skies ;

That He, who gave thee, to us,
Would guard and guide thy way,
Through life, in peace and purity,
To Heaven's eternal day.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING HOME.

I LEAVE thee, dearest, for a while,
Yet leave thee, with our God ;
His sheltering wing, is o'er us still,
At home, and when abroad.

I leave with thee, our little ones,
The lovely, and the loved ;
And if, for only joy I sought,
My feet had never roved.

But He who gave, and guards them, still,
Has called me, as His own,
To bear His word, to sinful men,
And lead them, to His throne.

Thus must the Master's work be mine,
Till life's brief hour, is o'er ;
I dare not "love thee," dear, so well,
Loved I not Jesus, more.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED IN THE CHURCH.

WITHIN the Church, a fountain springs ;
It started, from the Saviour's side ;
Peace, pardon, joy, to all, it brings,—
The life-blood of the Crucified.

Its living streams, forever flow,
Forever pure, forever free ;
The spirit's solace, here below,
Its succour, for eternity.

“Ho, every one that thirsts, draw nigh—”
Belovéd, hear the voice divine !
The broken heart, the contrite sigh,
Are welcome there ; and these are thine.

Come, then—the Spirit calls,—come near,
In humble faith, in trembling love :
Drink comfort, for thy sorrows here,
And taste, before, the bliss above.

SPIRIT OF SPRING.

SPIRIT, that from the breathing south,
Art wafted hither, on dewy wing,
By the softened light, of that sunny eye,
And that voice, of wild-wood melody,
And those golden tresses, wantoning,
And the perfumed breath, of that balmy mouth,
We know thee, Spirit of Spring,
Spirit of beauty, these thy charms, Spirit of Spring.

Spirit of Spring, thou comest to wake,
The slumbering energies of earth,
The zephyr's breath, to thee, we owe,
Thine is the streamlet's silver flow,
And thine, the gentle floweret's birth ;
And their silence, hark ! the wild birds break,
For thy welcome, Spirit of Spring.

Spirit of Spring, when the cheek is pale,
There is health, in thy balmy air,
And peace, in that brow of beaming bright,
And joy, in that eye of sunny light ;
And golden hope, in that flowing hair ;
Oh ! that such influence e'er should fail,
For a moment, Spirit of Spring,
Spirit of health, peace, joy, and hope, Spirit of Spring.

Yet fail it must, for it comes of earth,
And it may not shame its place of birth,
Where the best can bloom, but a single day,
And the fairest, is first to fade away.

But oh ! there's a changeless world above,
A world of peace, and joy, and love,
 Where, gathered from the tomb,
The holy hopes, that earth has crost,
And the friends, so dear, we have loved and lost,
 Shall enjoy immortal bloom.

Who will not watch, and strive, and pray,
That his longing soul may soar away,
 On faith's untiring wing,
To join the throng, of saints in light,
In that world, forever fair and bright,
 Of endless, cloudless, Spring.

1833.

THE AMULET OF GRACE.

Written in "the Amulet."

DEAREST, could thy husband get,
With his blood, an amulet,
That could charm away thy woe,
From his heart the stream should flow.

But from mortal misery,
Such redemption may not be ;
Vain before the holy God,
Oceans filled with human blood.

Yet let heaven and earth resound,
Such a ransom has been found,
God's atoning Lamb has died,
Jesus has been crucified.

Dearest, let that fountain be,
Opened, not in vain, for thee :
It alone can soothe, can save ;
Seek, by faith, its precious wave.

Seek it, sweet one, while you may,
Seek it, while 'tis called to day.
Seek the Lamb, for sinners slain—
None who seek Him, seek in vain.

January 1, 1833.

TO MY DEAR SISTER.

MY sister, I remember,
How lonely was my heart,
Till thou, in all its joys and griefs,
Wert born, to bear a part :—
And well do I remember
The pleasure and the pride,
That filled my boyish bosom,
When thou wert by my side.

My sister, since you joined me,
Upon life's rugged way,
Through what vicissitudes, we've passed,
Of darkness and of day.
Yet still, thy love has steadfast been,
Unchanged in cloud, or shine,
And thy own sorrow, been forgot,
To sympathize with mine.

My sister, to repay thee
Is only, with the Lord,
And He can make thy love, its own
Exceeding great reward.
O ! ever may His sheltering shield,
Outstretched above thee, lie,
And brightest beams of light, direct
Thy footsteps, to the sky.

PHILADELPHIA, *March 2, 1834.*

TO WILLIAM CROSWELL.

“Perennis et Fragens.”

WILLIAM, my brother and my bosom friend !
For thrice ten years, the sun, this blessed day,
Has lighted thee along life's chequered way,
Serene and placid, towards thy journey's end.
One third the distance, we have trod together,
Hand grasping hand, and heart enclosed in heart,
Each of the other's life, breath, being, part ;
Breasting as one, time's rough and rugged weather.
Poet and Priest, as in thy face I look,
So full of thought, so tranquil, so benign,
With pride of soul, to hail thee friend of mine,
I greet thee, with the legend of this book :—
“Fragrant and lasting,” be thy memory here,
And then a fadeless crown, through heaven's immortal year !

BURLINGTON, *Nov.* 7, 1834.

A P R A Y E R .

GRANT me, great Lord, Thy graces three,
Faith, and Hope, and Charity ;
Faith, that on the cross relies,
And trusts, but in Thy sacrifice.
Hope, that, when by woe opprest,
Points upward to a heavenly rest ;
And last, the greatest of the three,
O ! give me gentle Charity :
To suffer all ; to know no pride ;
To strive, another's faults to hide ;
To answer with a soothing smile,
When men, with angry words, revile ;
To envy not that happiness,
Thy hand denies me, to possess ;
The rich man's wealth to covet not,
Though poverty should be my lot.

Teach me, through every earthly ill,
To be submissive, to Thy will ;
And let me of Thy grace, receive,
As I, my enemies, forgive.
Then Faith, and Hope, and Charity
Will lead me on, to Heaven, through Thee.

THE GERANIUM LEAF.

“ It grew and blew, in my little room, and I pressed it in my Bible.”

TEN thousand thanks, my dearest, for this precious little leaf,
Henceforth, to bear me company, in pleasure and in grief ;
Still breathing to my heart, its fragrant memories of thee,
And consecrating all the past, with natural piety.

I gaze upon its greenness, and I think of where it blew,
Till all that charmed atmosphere grows radiant to my view,
And I felt it was a happy lot, to live, and grow, and bloom,
Beneath thy light of loveliness, in that enchanted room.

Be ever thus, my gentle one, the Bible at thy side,
And every joy and every grief, shall thus be sanctified ;
Nor trust the love, that only drinks at fountains of the earth,
To satisfy the longings, of a soul of heavenly birth.

1838.

SPRING THOUGHTS.

DEAREST, those purple flowers,
They seem to me to spring,
From the grave of him, whose loving breast
Was wont to be the living nest
Of each beautiful thought and thing.

Dearest, those early flowers,
They speak to me of him,
With the youthful mind, so richly stored
With loftiest thoughts, and as freely poured,
As from fountain's bubbling brim.

Dearest, those fragrant flowers
Are odours of his life,
The gentle-hearted, the heavenly-willed,
With the choicest grace of the Holiest, filled,
Where loveliest deeds, were rife.

Dearest, they breathe, those flowers,
Of the land, where he takes his rest,
Where the river of immortality flows,
With our White, and Hobart, and Jebb, and Rose,
And all, that he loved, the best.

Dearest, they say, those flowers—
Earth's winter womb's first born—
"So shall the dead in Christ arise,
Heirs of the world, beyond the skies,
On the resurrection morn."

1839.

TO MY WIFE.

My only, and my own one,
How dark and drear, the day
That drags its lingering hours along ;
When thou art far away,
The loveliness, that lighted up
My life, no longer nigh,
And hushed the voice, that used to fill
My soul with melody.

High, in the broad blue firmament,
Among those worlds of light,
The faithful witness holds her place,
Constant, serene, and bright ;
My aching heart in sadness sinks,
For so, her placid eye
Looked down, when heart to heart, we walked,
In hours of joy, gone by.

I sit among my silent books,
 And think, with what a pride,
 I scanned their hoarded treasures o'er,
 When thou wert by my side ;
 I listen, for thy gentle step,
 I watch the opening door ;
 The page is marked, the pen laid down,
 Alas ! thou comest no more.

By day or night ; at home, abroad,
 Where'er I roam or rest,
 The thought of thee, my absent love,
 Thus fills my faithful breast ;
 Nor bitter, bitter, though it be,
 As pang of parting life ;
 Has earth a joy, my soul so craves,
 While thou'rt away, my wife.

TO MY WIFE.

"It is well." *

BELOVED, "it is well !—"
 God's ways are always right ;
 And love is o'er*them all,
 Though far above our sight.

Beloved, "it is well !—"
 Though deep and sore, the smart,
 He wounds, who skills to bind,
 And heal the broken heart.

Beloved, "it is well !—"
 Though sorrow clouds our way,
 'Twill make the joy more dear,
 That ushers in the day.

* In a little book of Dr. Bedell's, having this title.

Beloved, "it is well!—"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home, to heaven, and God.

March 2, 1833.

TO MY DEAR SISTER.

ON HER 19TH BIRTHDAY.

My gentle sister, if the love,
My bosom bears for thee,
Were poured, like running waters, out,
'Twould be a surging sea.
But fullest streams, are ever those,
Most silently which run,
And the deep earth has deeper founts,
Than ever see the sun.

My gentle sister, could the thoughts,
That throng my heart, of thee,
Be coined in ducats, what a shower,
Of minted gold, 'twould be !
But richest ores, lie farthest down,
And, ripening in the mine,
Sleep gold and jewels, costlier far
Than all, on earth, that shine.

Then, gentle sister, think not hard,
Nor count it, loss of love,
That ne'er for thee, in idle hours,
One idle rhyme I've wove ;
That fitful harp, whose sleeping strings,
The wild wind, wakes at will,
The soul of music harbours yet,
Though all its strings are still.

Then, sister dearest, with the year,
That newly dawns to-day,

To light thee on, in gentleness,
Thy pure and peaceful way ;
Take deeply, warmly, from the heart,
The silent prayer of love—
God's blessing be thy portion here,
His blessedness, above !

TO MY DEAR SISTER.

My gentle sister, twenty years,
To day, have flitted by,
Since first thou camest, a helpless thing,
Among our hearts to lie.
We welcomed thee, as best we might,
With mingled smiles and tears ;
And poured, we could no more, our prayers,
For blessings on thy years.

And, sister sweet, our prayers were heard,
God's blessed one thou art :
Not, with the rich, or proud, or gay,
But, with the pure in heart :
His gifts, to thee, in gentleness
And piety, are given ;
The treasures that endure, on earth,
And never fail, in heaven.

My gentle sister, thou hast been,
Even as a child to me,
Since first, thy new-born helplessness
Was tended on my knee ;
And stretched upon the shaded bank,
Whole summer days, I lay,
And watched, as with a parent's joy,
Thy happy, infant play.

And still, the holy bond endures,
And still, a father's care

Makes tenderer, deeper, more intense,
The love, for thee, I bear.
It grows with years, with cares it grows,
Unchanged by change of lot ;
In joy and sorrow, hope and fear,
Still failing, faltering not.

My gentle sister, may the years,
That yet remain to thee,
Be spent, as all the past have been,
In tranquil piety :
May Heaven, in mercy, spare thee long
To all who share thy love ;
And faith and peace, prepare thee here,
For endless joy above !

1840—1850.

THE SMELL OF SPRING.

The first violets of the year 1840, seen this day, 4th March, Ash Wednesday.

THE smell of Spring ! how it comes to us,
In those simple, wild-wood flowers,
With memories sweet, of friends and home,
When never a cloud on our sky had come,
In childhood's cheerful hours.

The smell of Spring ! how it comes to us,
In that cluster of purple bloom,
With thoughts of the loved and loving one,
Not lost, we know, but before us gone,
Whom we left, in his wintry tomb.

The smell of Spring ! how it comes to us,
In the violet's fragrant breath,
With beaming hopes of that brighter shore,
Where flowers and friends, shall fall no more,
“ And there shall be no more death.”

ON THE LITTLE URN IN THE GARDEN.

"H. T. *Jan.* 16, 1815. M. T. *Oct.* 12, 1815."

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

WIND, graceful clematis, around the urn,
Where filial love, a Mother's name has traced,
Type of her loveliness, whose loss we mourn,
With every charm, with every virtue, graced.

Wave, tall acacia, o'er the sacred stone,
Which bears inscribed a Father's honoured name ;
So was his sheltering shadow, round us, thrown,
So fresh, so full, the verdure of his fame.

Blend thus your leaf and tendril, vine and tree,
And waft, as one, the fragrance of your flowers ;
So they, in fond communion, full and free,
Passed their sweet lives, amid these happy bowers.

Sweet sainted ones, thus lovely in your life,
Nor, in your peaceful death, divided long,
Saved from the world, its sin, its care, its strife,
May we but join you, in that white-robed throng.

BATTERSEA RISE, 1841.

"SO HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

"Your boy is looking as peaceful and happy, asleep in his cradle, as you can desire."

SLEEP lies like dew about thee,
The sleep, which God bestows ;
Nor pain, nor care, nor sorrow, yet,
Thy peaceful spirit knows :
Washed, from the first transgression,
In that baptismal flood ;
God makes thee, His beloved,
Through the Beloved's blood.

Sleep sweetly on, and safely,
 Mine own baptismal child ;
 Calm, as the stream in Eden's bower,
 While yet Jehovah smiled ;
 The heavenly Dove hangs o'er thee,
 With blessed, brooding wing,
 To shelter and to shield thee,
 From evil thought and thing.

LONDON, *August 24, 1841.*

THE BEAUCHAMP MONUMENT,

In the Choir of Warwick Church.

"Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
 Te teneam moriens deficiente manu."*
Tibullus Eleg., i. 59, 60.

"LOVE, let me take thy hand,
 That tenderest, truest one,
 The same I held, when we did stand,
 Before the altar-stone :
 There, let me hold it so ;
 It stays my fluttering heart :
 Nor, till its pulses cease to flow,
 Permit that grasp to part.

"Nay,—when thy breast, my bride,
 Mingles its dust with mine,
 And sweetly sleeping, side by side,
 We rest beneath the shrine ;
 So let the Sculptor's art,
 Our love perpetuate :
 The grasp, that life could never part,
 Death shall but consecrate !"

* Thee let me gaze on, with my dying breath,
 And clasp thy hand, when mine relents in death.

Thus dying Beauchamp spake ;
 His will was strictly done ; *
 Sweetly they sleep, as once they stood,
 Before the altar-stone ;
 He, in his mailéd coat,
 She, in her bridal vest ;
 In sculptured beauty, side by side,
 And hand in hand, they rest.

I've stood among the tombs,
 In many an ancient fane,
 Where mitred head, and sworded hand,
 Call ages up, again :
 But all the stone seems here
 Instinct with vital breath ;
 And this, its lesson to the heart—
 LOVE, OVERMASTERING DEATH.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, 24th *July*, 1841.

THE BEAUCHAMP MONUMENT.†

HAND in hand, we stood together,
 At the altar-stone ;
 Hand in hand, in roughest weather,
 Life-long, we have gone :
 Hand in hand, in hours of gladness,
 Cheerily we strayed ;
 Hand in hand, in hours of sadness,
 Knelt to God, and prayed.

* In the centre of the choir is a fine table monument, supporting the recumbent effigies of Earl Thomas Beauchamp, the founder of the choir, and Catharine, his Countess, daughter of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. The Earl is represented in armour covered with a surcoat, a dagger on his right side, spurs on his heels, his left hand gauntleted, resting on his sword, *his right hand uncovered, clasping that of his Countess*, his helmeted head supported by a cushion, his feet resting on a bear. His Countess is habited in a mantle and petticoat, laced down the front, below the girdle, and very rich, her sleeves reaching to the wrists, and buttoned, her headdress reticulated, her head supported by a cushion, and her feet resting on a lamb. *Her right hand is clasped in that of the Earl*, her left hand reposes on her breast.

† This was written 12 years later ; the impression still fresh and strong.

Hand in hand, we went, my own love,
For a little while ;
Hand in hand, we'll sleep, in stone, love,
In the sacred aisle :
Hand in hand, the trumpet sounding,
Saved through Christ, we'll rise ;
Hand in hand, through grace abounding,
Soar beyond the skies.

THE BREAKERS, *9th June*, 1853.

H O C E R A T I N V O T I S .

THIS was in all my prayers, since first I prayed,
A parsonage in a sweet garden's shade ;
The Church adjoining with its ivied tower ;
A peal of bells ; a clock to tell the hour ;
A rustic flock to feed from day to day ;
And kneel with them, at morn and eve, and pray.

He, who doth all things well, denied my prayer,
And bade me take the apostle's staff, and bear ;
The scattered sheep, o'er hill and dale, pursue,
Tend the old flocks, and gather in the new ;
Count ease, and health, and life, and all things, loss,
So I make known, the blessed, bleeding Cross.

These quiet scenes, that never can be mine,
This home-bred happiness, dear friend, be thine ;
Each choicest gift, and influence from above,
Descend on thee, and all that share thy love ;
Peace, which the world gives not, nor can destroy,
The prelibation of eternal joy.

NORTHFIELD VICARAGE, *August 3*, 1841.

TO MY ENGLISH GOD-SON,

JAMES WILLIAM DOANE FORSTER,

ON HIS BAPTISMAL DAY.

God's blessing rest upon thee,
My precious little boy ;
Make thee thy mother's comfort still,
And still thy father's joy ;
Conduct thee, through life's pilgrimage,
In purity and peace ;
And take thee, to that blessed world,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

Long time, I've loved thy father,
Thy gentle mother, too ;
And tenderest cords, have twined our hearts,
Across the waters blue ;
And now, I sit beside their hearth,
An honoured, happy guest,
And feel, how truly Christian home
Is type of heavenly rest.

Dear child, how opportunely,
Thy coming has been timed,
And providential orderings,
With human wishes, chimed ;
That hearts, which long in unison,
Have beat, beyond the sea,
Should flow together, at the font,
And blend themselves, in thee.

Dear child of dearest parents,
I take thee to my heart,
To be, as they, so long have been,
Its parcel and its part ;

To grow, like sweetest flower, beside
 That sainted Bishop's * tomb.
 And give, its sweetest memories,
 New fragrance and new bloom.

Dear child, with Thornton,† Forster, Jebb
 My name is knit in thee,
 All written in that Blessed Book,
 One Christian family.
 So, when the dead shall all come forth,
 At that clear trumpet's sound,
 May each dear name, recorded in
 The Lamb's own Book, be found.

STISTED RECTORY, *August 15, 1841.*

B A T T E R S E A R I S E .

THE THORNTON FAMILY RESIDENCE, CLAPHAM COMMON.

OLD house, how long I've known thee,
 By high, historic fame,
 By Thornton, Inglis, Wilberforce, ‡
 Each loved and sainted name ;
 And now, my pilgrim feet have trod
 Thy consecrated ground,
 And underneath thy sacred roof,
 A pilgrim's rest, have found.

* Bishop Jebb, "the good Bishop of Limerick." Mr. Forster was his Domestic Chaplain, and his "own familiar friend."

† The excellent Henry Thornton, M. P., his maternal grandfather ; Miss Isabella Thornton was a god-mother

‡ Battersea Rise, Clapham Common, a few miles from London, was the residence of the late Henry Thornton, Esq. M. P. At his death, it became the residence of his friend, and the faithful guardian of his children, Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M. P. It is now occupied by the eldest son, Henry Sykes Thornton, Esq., and his family. In this House, Mr. Wilberforce wrote his "Practical View." Sir Robert Inglis' edition of Mr. Thornton's Family Prayers, bears date from this house. It was the resort, besides these, of Hannah More, the Grants, the Bowdlers, Macaulay, Babington. The excellent Dr. Dealtry is the rector of Clapham. The late Rev. Charles Thornton, who translated S. Cyprian's Treatises, for the Library of the Fathers, at Oxford, was the son of Mr. Henry Thornton.

Home of each heart-attraction,
 Of manly piety,
 Of lovely woman's gentleness,
 Of childhood's artless glee ;
 A tenderer tie, than history, now
 Shall hold thee, to my heart,
 And make thy blessed memory,
 Of every pulse, a part.

My children shall be told of thee,
 And every dearest name,
 In every murmured orison,
 Their lips, shall learn to frame ;
 And fervent prayers, shall daily rise,
 From far beyond the sea,
 That God, His blessings, still may pour,
 Sweet Christian home, on thee !

BATTERSEA RISE, *August 20, 1841.*

THE CATHOLIC'S ASSERTION OF THE CROSS.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Gal. vi. 14.

"We do sign him with the sign of the Cross."—*Baptismal Office.*

LIFT up the Cross, lift up the Cross !
 Let it surmount each loftiest spire,
 And beam, the beacon of the world,
 To warn it, from eternal fire.
 Lift up the Cross, lift up the Cross !
 Let every eye the token see,
 And look, through it, to Him, whose blood
 Streamed, for them, from the atoning Tree.

Lift up the Cross ! Through all the storms
 Of more than eighteen hundred years,
 Its changeless beauty, clear and calm,
 The radiant signature uprears ;

Unharm'd it stands, undimmed it shines,
And sheds its glory, near and far ;
God's pillar-light, to guide His Church,
Salvation's " bright and morning star."

Lift up the Cross ! Rome shall not have
Our birthright, in that blessed sign :
We still will bear it, on the brow,
We still will rear it, on the shrine.
So that be ours, and we be His,
All other things, we count " but loss ;"
Our single hope, the Crucified,
And all our glory, in the Cross.

RIVERSIDE, TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK, 1843.

TO MY DEAR WILLIE,

ON HIS TWELFTH BIRTH-DAY.

MY second born, my gentle,
My sweet and precious boy,
Sent to us, in our darkling day,
To be our bosoms' joy ;
How like a sunbeam, to our hearts,
Thy beauty, in our eyes,
Dispelling every cloud, that spreads
Its sackcloth, on the skies.

Be ever thus, my blessing,
So patient and so meek ;
So careful always, what to do,
So thoughtful what to speak ;
Till grown in wisdom, as in years,
Through His abounding grace,
He take thee,—'tis my fondest prayer—
To fill a deacon's place.

How sweet, should He permit it,
To lean on thy stout arm !

Thy silver-voicéd litany,
 Mine ear, how it will charm !
 And, when my days are numbered all,
 And all my labours, done ;
 My death-bed, with the Church's prayers,
 Console and cheer, my son !

March 2, 1844.

“How often little lucid intervals of the most golden light, fall in upon our path ; as you have seen it, through a trellised vine.”

Look, dearest, how the golden glow,
 Gleams, through the trellised vine ;
 Chequering with light and shade, the way,
 Before thy feet, and mine :
 So, on our path of parted life,
 When clouds shut out the day,
 Love's lucid intervals fall in,
 As here, the sunbeams play.

And could our linked and loving feet,
 Together, walk through life,
 This beating breast, these clasping arms,
 Thy home, my more than wife ;
 How would the clouds, about our path,
 Be fleckered with the day ;
 And gleams of love's own golden light,
 Chequer life's trellised way !

THE SELF-FLOWING.

“The grapes are collected late in the season, and picked one by one. The juice runs, from its own pressure, over a grooved table, into earthen jars. The quantity is small, and very precious. It is called, *Ausbruch* ; the self-flowing.”

SWEETEST, in the Rhine-land,
 Famous, as a vine-land,
 When the golden clusters burst with juice,

They hang them by the stems,
All gleaming, there, like gems ;
To let the luscious, limpid, liquor loose :
And these sweet, spontaneous, streams,
Every Rhinelander still deems,
The choicest, that the vintage can produce.

So my verses, dearest,
Sprung from love sincerest,
Filling all my spirit, full of thee,
Gushing out, like fountains,
Down the side of mountains,
Flow, forever full, and fresh, and free ;
Or breathe, like scent, from flowers,
In Spring's first, dewy, hours,
When violets and roses tempt the bee.

MY BEST OF BLESSINGS.

My best of blessings, when from thee,
I turn, my feet, away,
My heart dies down, as children's do,
From hearth and home who stray :
The heart, that fears no face of man,
Nor shrinks, from shape of ill,
All melted, like a weaned child's,
Is swayed, at thy sweet will.

Upon the stern and stormy sea,
When tempests foam and frown,
The gentle moon, serene and still,
In loveliness, looks down :
Silent and sweet, her tender eye
The heaving mass controls,
And the whole world of water sleeps,
Till not a ripple rolls.

My best of blessings, in my heart,
Subdued, to love and thee,
Thy gentle beauty sinks, as soft
As moonlight, in the sea :
Its waves and billows heave no more,
Its storms and tempests cease :
And all its troubled depths are lulled,
In placidness, and peace.

TO MY HEART.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF SAVONAROLA.

MY heart, if thou at peace wilt be,
Thou canst no longer, live with me ;
Fly to Jesus, there to stay,
From this false world, far away ;
Favour here, can only be,
At the cost of treachery.

While on earth, thou art with me,
Bitter all thy life must be.
Faith and peace, are fled afar ;
Everywhere, there is but war.
If thy life is dear to thee,
To the light of Jesus, flee.

TO A MOURNING MOTHER.

MOTHER weep ! the heart is flesh ;
Wounds will bleed while they are fresh ;
Gentlest hands, the flower, may crop ;
Tears will trickle, drop by drop.

Yet, weep not ! that darling child,
Like a bird, as sweet and wild,
Has but winged her winter flight,
To the land of life and light.

There, she builds her blessed nest,
In the gentle Saviour's breast ;
While, that flute-like voice, she tries,
In celestial symphonies.

Mothers' tears lie near the lid ;
Mothers' tears can not be hid :
This, the thought, to dry their eyes—
One more song, in Paradise !

COME WHEN THOU WILT.

COME, in the sun-glint, or come, in the shower ;
Come, with the snow-flake, or come, with the flower ;
Come, when thou wilt, thou art welcome to me,
As the fragrance of Spring, to the scent of the bee.

Come, at the dawn of day, come, at its close ;
Come, with the violet, come with the rose :
Come when thou wilt, thou art fair, to my eye,
As the first star of evening, that flames from the sky.

Come, at the noon-tide, or come in the night ;
Come, when the skies are black, come, when they're bright :
Come, when thou wilt, thou art dear to my heart,
As the streams of red life, from its fountain, that start.

Come, in the Winter, or come, in the Spring ;
Come, when the birds are still, come, when they sing :
Come, when thou wilt, and thy coming shall be,
For beauty, for balm, and for blessing, to me.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

A CAST FROM GREENOUGH.

CHILD that kneelest meekly there,
Pouring all thy soul in prayer,
Would that I might be like thee,
In unreserving piety !

Such as thou, did Jesus take,
 Model for mankind, to make ;
 Such as thou, in guileless love,
 Nursling of the Heavenly Dove.

Oh, that while on thee, I gaze,
 I might learn thy blessed ways ;
 All thy confidence of heart,
 All thine innocence of art !

Saviour, once Thyself a child,
 Good and gentle, meek and mild,
 Make me such as this to be ;
 Reproduce Thyself, in me !

TO MY WIFE.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATED COPY, OF "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

DEAR, when you and I were young,
 How delightedly, we hung
 On this little story :
 Still its simple beauty charms
 Every age ; the babe in arms,
 Maids, and matrons hoary.
 This the lesson : truth and nature,
 Everywhere, alike prevail ;
 Love and beauty are immortal,
 Trust in God can never fail.

RIVERSIDE, EVE OF THE CIRCUMCISION, 1848.

GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE IN A DARKENED ROOM.

MORNING.

"Joy cometh in the morning."

O, COME with blessings, new-born day,
 To all, my soul holds dear ;
 Or, bring the grace that crowns them all,
 To die without a fear !

N O O N.

“Never give up.”

“Never give up !” It can be of no use,
Tugging and trying, may bring something round again.
Bread, that is cast on the waters, profuse,
Scripture hath told us, shall surely be found again.

“Never give up !” We can make nothing by it,
'Tis but to die, when the breath has gone out from us.
While the last moment lasts, take it, and try it.
“God for the right !” will dispel every doubt from us.

E V E N I N G.

“Light is sown for the righteous.”

Night closes in : but, to the just,
The light of God is sown ;
As seeds, upon the furrowed field,
In opening Spring, are strown.

Through cold, through heat, through calm, through storm,
It works its steadfast way ;
And, at the harvest-time, breaks forth,
In floods of golden day.

RIVERSIDE, *November*, 1848.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

FLING out the Banner ! Let it float,
Sky-ward, and sea-ward, high and wide ;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The Cross, on which, the Saviour died.

Fling out the Banner ! Angels bend,
 In anxious silence, o'er the sign ;
 And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the Banner ! Heathen lands
 Shall see, from far, the glorious sight,
 And nations, crowding to be born,
 Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the Banner ! Sin-sick souls,
 That sink and perish, in the strife,
 Shall touch, in faith, its radiant hem,
 And spring, immortal, into life.

Fling out the Banner ! Let it float,
 Sky-ward, and sea-ward, high and wide ;
 Our glory, only in the Cross ;
 Our only hope, the Crucified.

Fling out the Banner ! Wide and high,
 Sea-ward, and sky-ward, let it shine :
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours ;
 We conquer only in that sign.

RIVERSIDE, 2D SUNDAY IN ADVENT, 1848.

THE SAILOR'S HOME.

The Floating * Church of the Redeemer, for Sailors and Boatmen : built at Bordentown, New Jersey ; and to be moored at a wharf in Philadelphia. The seats are all to be free.

The Jersey woods are tall and green,
 The Jersey mines are broad and deep,
 And cool and pure, the sparkling streams,
 That, down the Jersey mountains, leap.

* Now St. John's Church, Camden, N. J.

Search out, from all the Jersey woods,
The sturdiest oaks, the loftiest pines ;
And gather in the choicest ore,
That deepest lies, in Jersey mines.

And, where the Jersey mountain streams
Fill the deep rolling Delaware,
Lay, broad and strong, the Christian keel,
And fasten every plank, with prayer.

Complete, the sacred structure stands,
And towers, majestic, from the wave :
A floating Church, a Christian ark ;
The sailor's soul, from sin, to save.

Float gently down, thou blessed bark,
To Philadelphia's ship-lined shore ;
And moored 'long side her teeming wharves,
Unfold the Gospel's sacred store.

Show, from the topmast's tallest peak,
The great Redeemer's glorious name ;
Display the blessed, bleeding Cross ;
Its love, its agony, its shame.

Proclaim the life-restoring Word ;
Pour all the energy of prayer ;
Sprinkle the blest baptismal wave ;
The Bread, the Wine, of life, prepare.

Arrest the thoughtless, check the rash,
Win home the wanderer, from his ways ;
The broken-hearted, bind with balm,
And fill the penitent with praise.

Like clouds that scud before the storm,
Like doves that to their windows come ;
Crowd, brothers, to the floating Cross,
And find the Church, the Sailor's Home.

W A L L F L O W E R S .

—“They smell sweetest by night-time, thae flowers ; and they’re maist aye seen about ruined buildings.”—EDIE OCHILTREE, *in the Antiquary*.

Sweetest by night : like gracious words,
That scent the sacred page ;
But freeliest pour their perfumed store,
In sickness, grief, and age.

Seen most by ruins : like the love,
That gave itself for all ;
Yet closest clings to guiltiest things,
As Magdalene, or Saul.

RIVERSIDE, *December*, 1848.

R A S P B E R R Y V I N E G A R , W I T H I C E D W A T E R .

I N E X T R E M E I L L N E S S .

BREATH of Summer, how I feel you,
As you play about my brow ;
Wings of damask roses fan me,
Through that bed of violets, now.

Smell of blossom ; taste of berry ;
Sound of brooklet ; flash of bird :
All the memories of my boyhood
Have, in turn, my bosom stirr’d.

Hand, That holds me ; Eye, That guides me ;
Heart, That loved me, to the death :
New devotion thrills my spirit,
While I breathe this summer breath !

RIVERSIDE, *January 29*, 1849.

“SWEET FROM THE RAIN.”

“The violets are sweet, from the rain, this morning,” my gardener said, “I let it in upon them.”

“SWEET from the rain :” the scentless shower
Upon the earth descends ;
And all Arabia, in the flower,
Its thousand odours, blends.

“Sweet from the rain :” so human hearts
Grow tender, after tears ;
And sorrow, sanctified, imparts
The peace of happier spheres.

“Sweet from the rain :” beloved, so
Thy kindness soothes my heart ;
And joys, I thought no more to know,
Their sympathies impart.

“Sweet from the rain :” the heavenly grace,
On sinful souls, is poured ;
And from the lost and guilty race,
Rise praises, to the Lord.

Στήθι ἐδραυος ὡς ἀκμῶν τυπτόμενος.

ST. IGNATIUS TO ST. POLYCARP. BOTH MARTYRS.

“STAND, like an anvil,” when the stroke,
Of stalwart men, falls fierce and fast ;
Storms, but more deeply, root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

“Stand like an anvil,” when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower ;
Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

“Stand like an anvil,” when the bar,
 Lies, red and glowing, on its breast ;
 Duty shall be life’s leading star,
 And conscious innocence, its rest.

“Stand like an anvil,” when the sound
 Of pond’rous hammers pains the ear ;
 Thine, but the still and stern rebound
 Of the great heart, that cannot fear.

“Stand like an anvil ;” noise and heat
 Are born of earth, and die with time ;
 The soul, like God, its source and seat,
 Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

RIVERSIDE, ST. BARNABAS DAY, 1849.

MALLEUS DOMINI.

“Is not My word, saith the Lord, like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces ?”—Jeremiah xxiii. 29.

Sledge of the Lord, beneath whose stroke,
 The rocks are rent, the heart is broke,
 I hear thy pond’rous echoes ring,
 And fall a crush’d and crumbled thing.

Meekly these mercies I implore,
 Through Him Whose Cross, our sorrows, bore :
 On earth, Thy new-creating grace ;
 In heaven, the very lowest place.

Oh, might I be a living stone,
 Set in the pavement of Thy throne ;
 For sinner saved, what place so meet,
 As, at the Saviour’s bleeding feet.

RIVERSIDE, *September 19, 1849.*

A DAISY,

FROM MY ENGLISH GOD-SON.

WHY should this little withered flower,
So scentless, pale, and dry,
Be dearer than the garden's pride,
That captivates the eye?

It has a beauty for the mind,
A fragrance for the heart,
Which time can no more dissipate,
Than Nature could impart.

A precious little English boy,
My own baptismal child,
An English daisy, sent to me,
Across the waters wild.

And English homes and English hearts,
Through memory's magic power,
And all the blessed English Church,
Live in that little flower.

RIVERSIDE, ST. MATTHEW'S DAY, 1849.

AN ANSWER.

You asked me once, my dearest,
Why infants ever die,
And when I could not answer
You sweetly, told me why—
That so, in heaven, those loveliest things
Of earth, we might not miss;
The radiance of an infant's smile,
The fragrance of its kiss.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA,

WHO HAD NEVER BEEN BEYOND THE SUBURBS.

From the Latin of Claudian, Epigram ii.

" Oh felice che mai non pose il piede
 Fuori della natia sua dolce terra ;
 Egli il cor non lascio fitto in oggetti
 Che di piu riveder on ha speranza,
 E cio, che vive ancor, morto, non piange." *

Pindemonte.

HAPPY the man, who spends his life, 'mid his paternal fields :
 The roof which saw him cradled, to his age its shelter yields ;
 And, where he crawled in infancy, he now, with staff in hand,
 Scores the long tally of his years, upon the sunny sand.
 Not him with strange vicissitudes, has fortune drawn away,
 Nor love of change e'er tempted him, by distant wave to stray ;
 No trader trembling on the sea, no soldier at the drum,
 No lawyer, hoarse and weary, with the forum's ceaseless hum,
 No *quidnunc*, he : † the nearest town, he never yet has seen ;
 Too happy in his broad expanse of heaven, no wall between.
 The years he reckons, not by kings, but by the crops they bring ;
 He names each autumn, from its fruits, and from its flowers
 each spring. ‡
 The plain, which hides his setting sun, brings back its rising
 light,
 And all the world he knows, is that, which circles-in his sight.
 He well remembers each tall oak, since scarce it reached his
 knee,
 And sees the whole coæval wood, grow old, as fast as he.

* Happy the man who never roved
 Beyond his native land, beloved ;
 Whose heart is knit by no sad chain
 To those, he ne'er shall see again,
 Nor weeps the living, as the dead, and knows he weeps in vain.

G. W. D.

† "*Indocilis rerum* ;" a man that does not read the papers. "*Quidnunc* ?"—
 "What news ?"

‡ As we say, "the last *peach year* ;" "this will be an *apple year* ;" "a fine
dahlia season."

Neighb'ring Verona farther seems, than India's sunburnt
strand,
And Lake Benacus is to him, the Red Sea, near at hand.
With vigour, all unbroken, and with shoulders broad and square,
His three times thirty years, still find him "none the worse
for wear."
"Some love to roam;" remotest Spain they seek, in strolling
strife:
They "see the world," perhaps; but *he* has much the most
of life.

1850—1859.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

"Out of Egypt have I called My Son."

MAIDEN mother, meek and mild,
Cherishing that cherub Child,
Why, through wild and weary way,
Should thy feeble footsteps stray?

Herod seeks the Loved One's life;
Glitters now the murderous knife;
Ramah, reeking lies, and red;
Rachel weeps her children, dead.

Maiden mother, meek and mild,
Fear not for thy cherub Child:
Through the wild and weary way,
Angel squadrons, with thee stay.

Hear what God, the Lord, hath done:
"Out of Egypt," called His Son;
Nailed Him to the atoning Tree;
Giv'n Him there, the victory.

LITTLE MARY'S GRAVE.

BORN, AUGUST 18, 1838, DIED, JAN. 13, 1844.

It was a sweet autumnal day ;
The rustling leaves, around me lay ;
The landscape, bathed in golden light,
As heaven itself, was fair and bright.

I waited for a funeral train :
And, sauntering through the Church-yard lane,
My thoughtful feet, instinctive, strayed,
To where a darling child was laid.
Sweet Mary ! I remember well,
How like a blessing, first, she fell ;
And on a joyous summer day,
Sweet flower, sweet bud, together lay.
And, well do I remember, too,
When wintry winds around us, blew,
We bore our summer bud, away,
Its sweetness, in the snow, to lay.

She was a most attractive child :
So gay, so free, so meek, so mild ;
A lovely, little, loving thing,
Among the heart-strings, made to cling.
Her childish fancy took to me :
She loved, to hang upon my knee ;
And win, with many an artless wile,
The kiss, that crowned the sunny smile.
I hear her flute-like accents, now,
I see the beaming, on her brow,
As from her little door-way seat,
She hailed, with glee, my passing feet ,
As bright and glad, as any bird,
Could she but win one kindly word.

Sweet Mary, years have come, and gone,
Since last I heard thy loving tone ;

And time, and toil, and care, have shed
The snows of winter, on my head :
Yet while I stand, beside thee, here,
And brush away the starting tear,
I hear, again, thy bird-like voice,
And, in thy childish love, rejoice.

Sweet Mary, thou art, now, with God !
We linger, yet, along the road :
Oh ! that the echoes of thy speech,
Our struggling hearts, from heaven, might reach ;
To win us, from the things of earth,
To thoughts and themes, of holier birth ;
To teach us, to count all things loss ;
For His dear sake, who bore the Cross :
That, all who loved thee, here, may be,
Through Him, at last, in Heaven, with thee !

1850.

THE MOTHER, AT THE GRAVE OF HER CHILD.

Our little Mary is not dead ; but, sweetly gone before,
She waits, to win, and welcome us, upon that happy shore :
To win us, with the memories, that linger, of her love ;
And welcome us, to share, with her, the blessedness, above.

She is our little Mary, still, and never can grow old ;
As young, as when the angel came, and took her, from our fold ;
Made like unto the Mary-born, the only Undeiled,
She lives, in heaven's unchanging youth, our own immortal
child.

Our dear ones, all, are growing up in beauty and in grace ;
In manhood, and in womanhood, to fill, please God, their place ;
But, whatsoever He may take, of all, that He has given,
One gift of His, we cannot lose, our little one in heaven.

RIVERSIDE, *January 13, 1851.*

* FICUS RELIGIOSA.

THE Banyan of the Indian Isles,
 Strikes deeply down, its massive root ;
 And spreads its branching life, abroad,
 And bends, to earth, with scarlet fruit :
 And, when the branches reach the ground,
 They firmly plant themselves, again :
 Then rise, and spread, and droop, and root ;
 An ever green, and endless, chain.

And, so, the Church of Jesus Christ,
 The blessed Banyan of our God,
 Fast rooted, upon Sion's Mount,
 Has sent its sheltering arms, abroad ;
 And every branch, that, from it, springs,
 In sacred beauty, spreading wide,
 As, low, it bends, to bless the earth,
 Still, plants another, by its side.

Long, as the world, itself, shall last,
 The sacred Banyan, still, shall spread ;
 From clime to clime, from age to age,
 Its sheltering shadow shall be shed ;
 Nations shall seek its "pillared shade,"
 Its leaves shall, for their healing, be :
 The circling flood, that feeds its life,
 The blood, that crimsoned Calvary.

RIVERSIDE, 2d Sunday after Easter, 1851.

WILLIAM CROSWELL,

POET, PASTOR, PRIEST,

ENTERED INTO LIFE, SUNDAY 9 NOVEMBER, 21 AFTER TRINITY, 1851.

I DID not think to number thee, my Croswell, with the dead,
 But counted on thy loving lips, to soothe my dying bed ;
 To watch the fluttering flood of life, ebb languidly away,
 And point my spirit, to the gate, that opens into day.

* Written for the third Jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

My "more than brother" thou hast been, for five and twenty
years,
In storm and shine, in grief and joy, alike in smiles and tears ;
Our twin-born hearts, so perfectly incorporate in one,
That not the shadow of a thought, e'er marred their unison.

Beside me, in life's highest noon, to hear the bridegroom's voice,
Thy loving nature fondly stood, contented to rejoice ;
Nor boon, that ever bounteous Heaven bestowed on me, or mine,
But bore for thee, a keener joy, than if it had been thine.

Thy fingers, at the sacred font, when God my hearth had blessed,
Upon my first-born's brow, the dear baptismal sign, impressed ;
My second-born, thine own in Christ, our loving names to blend,
And knit, for life, his father's son, in with his father's friend.

And when our patriarchal White, with apostolic hands,
Committed to my trembling trust the Saviour's dread commands,
Thy manly form, and saintly face, were at my side again—
Thy voice, a trumpet to my heart, in its sincere *Amen* !

Beside thee once again, be mine, accepted priest, to stand,
And take, with thee, the pastoral palm, from that dear Shepherd's hand ;
As thou hast followed Him, be mine, in love, to follow thee,
Nor care, how soon my course be run ; so thine, my rest may be.

O beautiful and glorious death ! with all thy armour on ;
While, Stephen-like, thy placid face, out, like an angel's shone.
The words of blessing on thy lips, had scarcely ceased to sound,*
Before thy gentle soul, with them, its resting place had found.

O pastoral and priestly death ! poetic as thy life—
A little child to shelter, in Christ's fold, from sin and strife ; †
Then, by the gate, that opens through the Cross, for such as she,
To enter in thyself, with Christ, forevermore to be !

RIVERSIDE, *November* 10, 1851.

* Unable to rise after the closing collect, he said the benediction on his knees.
He died in two hours. A blood vessel was ruptured in his brain.

† He had just baptized an infant ; and his sermon was addressed to children.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

I have, somewhere, met with an old legend, that a robin, hovering about the Cross, bore off a thorn, from our dear Saviour's crown; and dyed his bosom, with the blood; and, that, from that time, robins have been the friends of man.

SWEET Robin, I have heard them say,
That thou wert there, upon the day,
The Christ was crowned, in cruel scorn;
And bore away, one bleeding thorn:
That, so, the blush, upon thy breast,
In shameful sorrow, was impressed;
And, thence, thy genial sympathy,
With our redeemed humanity.

Sweet Robin, would that I might be,
Bathed, in my Saviour's blood, like thee;
Bear, in my breast, whate'er the loss,
The bleeding blazon of the Cross;
Live, ever, with thy loving mind,
In fellowship, with human kind;
And take my pattern, still, from thee,
In gentleness, and constancy.

RIVERSIDE, *Conversion of St. Paul*, 1852.

SARAH WALLACE GERMAIN,

DIED AT ST. MARY'S HALL, ON THE EVE OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS, 1852,
IN THE 15TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

"These are they which follow the Lamb, whithersoever He goeth."

WEEP not for her, the dear lamb we have folded,
Safe from the serpent, secure from the bear;
Gone to the source, where her being was moulded,
She recks not of sorrow, and dreams not of care.
Through the green pastures, with skies ever vernal,
By the still waters, her footsteps now rove;
Led by the Shepherd, whose name is Eternal,
Her loveliness lives in the light of His love.

Weep not for her, the dear lamb we have folded,
 Though sadly we miss her, from out our fond arms ;
 Just when her young life had sweetly unfolded,
 And ours seemed renewed, in the light of her charms.
 Here, for a while she has left us behind her,
 To wander and wait, on life's desolate shore ;
 There, through the Cross, we shall certainly find her,
 And with her, the lambling we folded before.

DE GULIELMO MEO, MORTUO, SUSPIRIUM.

“ Ah, my brother ! ”

ALAS ! how life divides itself,
 The Left and the Departed ;
 Like funeral files, in double row,
 The Dead, the Broken-Hearted !

T H E C R O S S ;

FRAMED IN THE DOOR WHICH FRONTED MY SICK BED.

IN HOC SIGNO.

WRITTEN WITH MY CROSWELL'S PENCIL.

THAT blessed Cross—I bend mine eyes,
 On its atoning sacrifice ;
 And find forgiveness, from my God,
 In its divine, redeeming, blood.

That blessed Cross—I tear my heart,
 To make it, of myself a part ;
 And gain no shelter, from my sin,
 Till Christ be crucified, within.

That blessed Cross—I bow my life,
 To bear its pain, its load, its strife ;
 The way that leads me to my God,
 The bleeding path my Saviour trod.

That blessed Cross, that blessed Cross,
 Welcome, its wounds, its shame, its loss,
 My hope, my help, my victory—
 My Maker bore that Cross, for me !

NEWARK, *October 24, 1852.*

THE BAPTISM OF TEARS.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, AUGUST 15, 1852.

“They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.”

THE lovely day had passed away,
 Its stillness, on the landscape lay ;
 A summer sunset's lingering rays
 Still kept the atmosphere, ablaze ;
 When, gathered in a darkened room,
 Where light just glimmered, through the gloom,
 A sorrowing circle, silent sate ;
 Distressed, but not disconsolate.

But yesterday, and every grace,
 That makes of home, a sacred place,
 The comforts, and the charms of life,
 That blend in Mother, and in Wife ;
 All that the heart of man holds dear,
 Was crowned and consecrated here.
 Serene and beautiful, to-day,
 Decked for the dead, our darling lay ;
 Whose eye, whose soul, whose heart, had been
 The charm of all this sacred scene ;
 So calm, so sweet, our blessed dead,
 We scarce could deem the spirit fled.
 Like infant, tired, that sinks to rest,
 At noon, upon its Mother's breast ;
 Her score of summers scarcely done,
 And yet, her crown of victory won.
 It is her own, her charmed room,
 This ante-chamber of the tomb ;

Her Bible opens, at the day ;
The Book, that taught her how to pray,
Her Taylor, Kempis, Keble, lie
Just where she left them, all, to die.

In western window's deep retreat,
A table stands, in order meet,
With linen cloth, and roses white,
And crystal water, pure and bright.
The lingering beams of parting day,
Upon the trembling waters play ;
Then stretching through the glimmering gloom,
That fills the still, and sacred room,
Upon our dear one's forehead fall,
Like some celestial coronal ;
For sainted Mother, meet array,
To grace her babe's baptismal day.

Upon her fair and pulseless head,
His hand, the kneeling husband laid ;
The honoured father bowed him low,
The mother's tears in silence flow,
From sisters, brothers, loved ones, friends,
The hushed and stifled sorrow blends ;
One heart, one voice, in faltering flow,
Pours the low litany of woe,
"Thou gavest, Thou hast taken, Lord,
We bless Thy Holy name and Word !"

The surpliced Priest, comes gliding in ;
The wave is blessed that saves from sin,
It sparkles on an infant's brow,
The child of grace and glory, now,
The Mother's blessed name is given,
That one may serve for both, in Heaven ;
The cross is sealed, the pledge secured,
The heritage of Heaven, ensured ;
The Mother's arms, the treasure, take,
With Jesu's mark, impressed, to nurse for Jesu's sake.

Scarce was the sacred service done,
And our dear dead one, left alone,
When, whispering through the waving trees,
There came a balmy western breeze,
And strewed the rose-leaves, fair and white,
Upon the water, pure and bright,
As if some angel had been sent,
To certify the sacrament ;
And flowers of love and peace been given,
To strew our darling's path to Heaven ;
And way-marks left along the road,
To bring our baby, home to God.

RIVERSIDE, *August 22, 1852.*

“I HAVE FOUGHT WITH BEASTS AT EPHEBUS.”

“HAVE fought with beasts !” oh, blessed Paul,
How small were that, if that were all !
But harder far, to fight, with men,
Than beard the lions, in their den !

Men, who concert the secret snare,
To take the guileless, unaware ;
Men, who, with “ bated breath,” betray,
And hint the things, they dare not say ;

Men, who their sanctity proclaim,
In libels on a neighbour's name ;
Men, who their nameless letters scrawl,
And chalk their scandal, on a wall ;

Men, who will sit and eat your bread,
Then, lift their heel, to break your head ;
Men, who abuse the holiest garb,
To hide the slanderer's poisoned barb.

But, Saviour, Thou hast known them all ;
Peter, Iscariot, and Saul :
And, worse than all, Thy Father's face
Averted from Thee, for a space.

Why should the servant hope to be,
 From ills, that haunt his Master, free ?
 Who, the disciple, would accord,
 A rule, less rigid, than his Lord ?

Then, Saviour, let me clasp Thy Cross,
 And count all other things, but loss ;
 Nor ask, from foes, to be set free ;
 So, they be, also, foes to Thee !

Welcome the strife with godless men ;
 The fight, with Satan in his den ;
 One only thing, I crave, from Thee ;
 Turn not Thy face, my God, from me !

DELICIIIS MEIS,

G. H. D. ;

IN MARE NAVIGANTI.

WHEN morning streaks the eastern sky,
 And wakes the world for me ;
 To thee, my first affections fly,
 My darling, on the sea.

Through all the close and crowded day,
 What toils, what cares, there be ;
 By thee, my thoughts still find their way,
 My darling, on the sea.

While, from the far and fading West,
 The day dies duskily ;
 With thee, my spirit seeks its rest,
 My darling, on the sea.

The silent watches of the night,
 Still find my soul with thee ;
 And dreams restore thee, fond and bright,
 My darling, on the sea.

By day or night, in toil or rest,
Whate'er my lot may be ;
With thee, my fond heart finds its rest,
My darling, on the sea.

And, come what can, of pains or cares,
Of joys, or griefs, to me ;
I still will shield thee, with my prayers,
My darling, on the sea.

RIVERSIDE, *August 30, 1852.*

“PERFECT, THROUGH SUFFERINGS.”

HEB. II. 10.

“PERFECT, through sufferings :” may it be,
Saviour, made perfect, thus, for me !
I bow, I kiss, I bless the rod,
That brings me nearer to my God.

“Perfect, through sufferings :” be Thy Cross
The crucible, to purge my dross !
Welcome, for that, its pangs, its scorns,
Its scourge, its nails, its crown of thorns.

“Perfect, through sufferings :” heap the fire,
And pile the sacrificial pyre ;
But spare each loved and loving one,
And let me feel the flames, alone.

“Perfect, through sufferings :” urge the blast,
More free, more full, more fierce, more fast ;
It recks not where the dust be trod,
So the flame waft my soul, to God.

THE BREAKERS, *June 1, 1853.*

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS,

(IN ALBANY;)

"A HOUSE OF PRAYER FOR ALL PEOPLE;"

Was Erected by a Childless Man, as the Memorial of his Four Dead Children.

In the Chancel, is a mural tablet, of the purest marble, with the simple record of their names and deaths, in four compartments, surrounded and separated by an exquisite wreath of lilies of the valley, the leaves and flowers, together; the design of a young saint, (the wife of the architect,) who came from a Northern climate, to find, with us, an early grave. At the foot of the tablet, a lamb is sleeping, on the cross.

"Behold the lilies, how they grow." "Of such, is the kingdom of God."

SWEET lilies of the valley, ye have been,
 From earliest childhood, my instinctive joy;
 And still, to meet you in the early Spring,
 My spirit leaps, as lithe, as when a boy!
 The bells that seem to tinkle, with perfume,
 And spring, so jauntily, from those broad leaves;
 The purest white, upon the deepest green,
 That tricksome spring, in her embroidery weaves.

I've twined you, on the breast of blushing bride,
 And strewed you, on the hearse of confined child;
 Till love grew fragrant, with a new delight,
 And childless sorrow kissed the rod, and smiled.
 But, here, within this still and sacred aisle,
 Ye charm, anew, my meditative heart;
 Where mimic nature, in the marble blooms,
 And buried beauty lends a grace, to art.

Four lovely children glide, into the grave;
 A childless father bends beneath the rod:
 He makes their monument, a House of Prayer;
 The gold, he meant for them, he gives to God.
 Upon a tablet of the purest white,
 Enwreathed with lilies, he records his loss;
 Their innocence, he emblems, with his faith;
 A lamb, recumbent, sleeps upon the cross.

“RORES, FLORES.”

WHEN April showers
Wake up the flowers,
From their long winter's sleep,
The crocus starts,
The rose-bud parts,
The fragrant violets peep.

When tear-drops fall,
At sorrow's call,
On penitential heart,
The perfect peace,
That shall not cease,
Like flowers in Spring, will start.

TO ONE OF RAPHAEL'S ANGELS.*

“Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones ; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my FATHER which is in heaven.”

SWEET angel, while I gaze on thee,
So mute, so meek, so mild,
I deem that thou must surely be
The angel of some child ;
To whom the SAVIOUR said, such grace,
For our sakes, has been given,
That they behold the FATHER's face,
Continually in Heaven.

Sweet angel, I would be like thee,
In faith, in hope, in love ;
My heart's affections, constantly,
Engaged with things above ;

* That one of the two at the foot of the *Madonna di S. Sisto*, which is leaning on both arms.

My thoughts, turned off from earth, like thine,
“Commercing with the skies,”
Till all the Majesty Divine
Grow radiant, to mine eyes.

Sweet angel, I will ever pray,
To JESUS meek and mild,
That I may be, from day to day,
Still more, His “little child.”
So, through the Cross, such grace to me,
May graciously be given,
That thou for me, may'st always see
My FATHER's face, in Heaven.

THE BREAKERS, *June*, 1853.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM—BY CRAWFORD.

TO S. P. C.

SWEET maiden, I would be like thee,
As heavenward, eye, and thought, and heart ;
And foot, as lightly, to the earth,
Like greyhound, straining on the start ;
As closely to the Cross, I'd cling,
And lean as simply on its stay ;
The things of earth, all thistle down,
As hindrances, along my way.

Sweet maiden, by that scollop shell,
Thy thoughts are, where the Saviour lay ;
And towards His tomb, thy steps are bent,
To wait, and watch, and weep, and pray ;
And I, my heart, would bury, there,
As dead to self, as dead to sin ;
With thee, His Cross, on earth, to bear,
With thee, His Crown, in heaven, to win.

TO MY SWEET GRAND-DAUGHTER,

ELIZA GREENE DOANE,

ON HER BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY.

SWEET baby, when thy father
Was granted to our love,
We hailed him, as a blessed streak
Of sunshine, from above :
And all his life, he still has shed
His sunshine, on our way :
And cheered us, with his brightness,
Through the dark, and cloudy day.

Now, two and twenty winters
Have heaped on us their snows :
And, down the hill of life, our feet
Are tottering to repose :
When, once again, the love of God,
Upon our path, has smiled,
In the sunshine of our sunshine,
Our Willie's darling child.

Thou meek and gentle Jesus,
We bring her to be Thine :
Baptized into the blessed name,
Of Thine eternal Trine :
And humbly, we implore Thy grace,
To keep her for Thine own ;
And guide us all, to meet, at last,
Before Thy glorious throne.

THE NEW CRADLE.

A very little boy, whose infant brother had died the day before, being asked where he was, sweetly replied, "*Asleep, up stairs, in his new cradle.*"

"ASLEEP, in his new cradle"—
How beautiful the thought,
Thy childhood, in its simpleness,
From nature's heart, has caught :
A reach, our "Sweetest Shakspeare,"
Himself, has failed to win ;
And one, whose truthful tenderness
Must make "the world, all kin."

"Asleep, in his new cradle"—
Sad mother, dry your tears ;
In this, your heart-bereavement,
God's tenderest love appears :
The cradle, you provided,
From death, could not be free ;
Your loveliest has now secured
His immortality.

"Asleep, in his new cradle"—
He wakes in Paradise ;
The lullabies of nature,
Lost, in its symphonies :
Among the holy children,
In pastures green, he plays ;
Or joins, with lisping accents,
In the music of their lays.

"Asleep, in his new cradle"—
He waits for you to come,
From earth, its sins and sorrows,
To his bright and happy home ;
Till the resurrection-breaking,
God's loved ones, all, shall bring,
And the dead in Christ, awaking,
Reign with their Saviour-King.

FANNY'S GRAVE.

"There's pansies, that's for thoughts."—Ophelia, in Hamlet.

"A most unspotted lily."—Cranmer, in Henry VIII.

UPON our darling Fanny's grave,
The Pansies are in bloom :
What sweetest thoughts, unbidden, spring,
Beside her sacred tomb !
Forever, shall my memory dwell,
Upon that peaceful spot :
For one, so loved, my faithful heart
Needs no "forget me not !"

The lilies of the valley wave,
At Fanny's dearest feet :
While she, on flowers immortal, treads,
A thousand times more sweet.
Still may her loveliness attract
Our thoughts, and hearts above ;
Till, through the Cross she clasped, we join
The Lily of our love !

WHITSUNDAY, 1855.

THE EYES OF THE ANGELS.

A little child was disappointed, when her mother told her what the stars were
She said, "I thought they were the eyes of angels."

"MOTHER, what are those little things,
That twinkle from the skies ?"
"The Stars, my child !" "I thought, Mother,
They were the angels' eyes."

"They look down on me, so like yours,
As beautiful, and mild ;
When, by my crib, you used to sit,
And watch your feverish child."

“ And, always, when I shut my eyes,
 And said my little prayers,
 I felt so safe : because I knew,
 That they had opened theirs.”

RIVERSIDE, *Monday* BEFORE EASTER, 1855.

* “ MY LOVE LIES BLEEDING.”

THAT melancholy Amaranth ;
 It haunts me all the day,
 With memories of “ my birdie love,”
 Now “ flying,” far away.
 “ Where is ‘ my precious baby ’ gone ? ”
 Rings out, on all the air ;
 And stillness stuns my ear, the while ;
 Till echo answers “ where ? ”

My Lizzie “ birdie ” nestles, now,
 Upon the sounding shore ;
 Yet, still, her flute-notes sweet, I hear,
 Through all the breakers’ roar :
 And, when she spreads her dovelike wings,
 The foaming surge, to brave :
 With plumes, like “ yellow gold,” she seems
 An angel on the wave.

That melancholy Amaranth,
 With pendant, purple flowers,
 Like weeping-willow, stands to mark,
 The graves, of parted hours.
 Far, far, away, “ my birdie love ”
 Is “ plashing ” in the sea ;
 “ My love lies bleeding,” all that’s left,
 To solitude and me.

August 15, 1856.

* The common name, for the flower, known to botanists, as “ *Amaranthus Melancholicus* ; ” a favourite flower of the little grand-child, to whom these lines were written. The words in quotation, in these two pieces, are the baby language that they used together.

FROM "DANPY" TO HIS "BIRDIE."

WITH A WINTER BLOSSOM.*

My "birdie" love, your little flowers
 Have touched your "Danpy's" heart;
 And made the tears, like April drops,
 From its deep fountains, start.

He laid the fair and fragrant things,
 Between his Prayer Book leaves:
 To look at in his loneliness;
 And cheer him, when he grieves.

So may his "birdie Lizzie" lie
 Safe, in the Church's arms;
 Still guarded, by Her watchful love,
 And kept from sins and harms:

Till, at the gracious Saviour's call,
 She spreads her golden wings:
 And, in the Paradise of God,
 Forever flies and sings!

ASCENSION, 1856.

A PRAYER.

Father, to Thy hands I give,
 Her in whom my soul doth live;
 To her feet be Thou the guide
 Be the buckler by her side:
 All the day from harm to keep,
 All the night to guard her sleep;
 Warding evil from her heart,
 Bidding shapes of ill depart;
 Making truth and innocence
 Still her solace and defence;
 Till, by grace, thro' faith, she be
 Taken home, to dwell with Thee.

* A curl of his hair.

THE HEART NEED NOT GROW OLD.

There are who deem life's afternoon,
 At best a dark and dreary time,
 Too late to yield a second bloom,
 Too chill to keep the flowers of prime;
 That day by day, and step by step,
 While friends of youth, beside us fall,
 The weary heart, grown dull with age
 Responds no more to friendship's call.

Believe them not, my gentle girl,
 Those libellers of love and truth,
 Nor let the clouds of coming years,
 O'ercast the spring-time of thy youth.
 The light of sense may all go out,
 And passion's wild-fire quite grow cold,
 But time chills not the warmth of truth,
 The loving heart grows never old.

TO THE SWEET *DAUGHTERS OF THE CROSS;

WHO WROUGHT, FOR ME, THE† EVERGREEN EMBLEM OF OUR SALVATION.

“Only in the Cross.”

Sweet children, in the Cross, you bring,
 Three lessons, I discern :
 For, though I'm nearly sixty years,
 I'm not too old to learn.

It teaches me, that, for my sins,
 My God was crucified :
 Incarnate as the Virgin's Son,
 The Lord of glory died.

* The pupils of St. Mary's Hall.

† This same Cross, that, for so many years, had told him of his children's Christmas love, was laid on this, “first Christmas without their Father,” among the flowers that bloomed that day upon his grave.

It teaches me, that I must bear
 His painful, shameful Cross ;
 And count, for Him, myself, the world,
 And all things else, but loss.

It teaches me, that fadeless wreaths,
 For faithful ones, are twined ;
 When, through the Spirit's guiding love,
 Their homes, in heaven, they find.

Sweet children, learn these lessons, now ;
 The bleeding Cross, hold fast ;
 Endure its load, in patient love ;
 And wear the Crown, at last.

PRAY FOR YOUR PASTOR.

"DEAREST BISHOP,—Dr. N. preached his first sermon, as our Rector, yesterday; and may I not ask your prayers that his ministry may be blessed to our eternal good."

Pray for your Pastor!—that, I will ;
 That, his great trust, he may fulfil,
 To feed the flock of God :
 The lost, to seek ; the young, to train ;
 The timid, cheer ; the bold, restrain ;
 With pastoral staff and rod.

Pray for your Pastor!—that, I do :
 That all his words be wise and true ;
 And all his prayers sincere ;
 His teachings, what the Church approves ;
 His conduct, such as Jesus loves ;
 His conscience, always clear.

Pray for your Pastor!—certainly ;
 Else, what a Bishop I should be !
 How else, the trial meet ;
 When, at the throne of Christ, I stand,
 Pastors and flocks, on either hand,
 To lay them, at His feet.

Sweet soul, your Bishop needs your prayers,
In all his trials, toils and cares,
His watchings and his tears :
And, ask your Pastor's, for him, too ;
That He may stand, erect and true,
When Christ, the Judge appears.

RIVERSIDE, *September 19, 1857.*

LINES SENT, WITH A BIBLE,

To my Wife.

Go, Holy Book, to her, my soul,
Of earthly treasures, holds most dear,
Go, cheer with joy the sorrowing heart,
With hope, the clouded vision clear.

Be to her fainting spirit, strength,
Be light before her faltering feet,
Give humble faith, give heavenly might,
To seek, to reach the mercy-seat.

And Thou, divine and gentle Dove,
Let not Thy gracious strivings cease ;
Fire Thou her soul with sacred love,
Fill Thou her soul with perfect peace.

Our Father hear thy children's prayer—
Our griefs removed, our sins forgiven,
Build thou again, and bless, our home,
And fit us there for Thee, and Heaven.

TO MISS STANLEY'S SUNDAY-MORNING BIRD ;

For several mornings, a little bird found its way into the saloon at St. Mary's
Hall, where a Sunday class was gathered.

LITTLE wingéd bit of song,
Wheresoe'er thou dost belong,
Come, and go, without a fear ;
Thou art ever welcome here !

Dost thou know the sacred day ?
 Dost thou know where maidens pray ?
 Wast thou won down, from the sky,
 By our Chapel minstrelsy ?

Did the angels tell thee, when
 Thou might'st hear good Bishop Ken,
 In that sweetest Morning Hymn
 Fit for chanting Cherubim !

Did the Saviour, from above,
 In the fullness of His love,
 Send a message down, by thee ;
 " Let the children come to Me ! "

Little wingéd bit of song,
 Wheresoe'er, thou dost belong,
 Come, and go, without a fear !
 Thou art ever welcome here !

August, 1858.

Bishop Ken's " Morning Hymn " is always sung on Sundays, in the Chapel of the Holy Innocents ; also the Evening Hymn.

THE WEDDED FLAGS:

A SONG OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

HANG out that glorious old red cross !
 Hang out the stripes and stars !
 They faced each other fearlessly,
 In two historic wars.

But now, the ocean circlet binds
 The bridegroom, and the bride :
 Old England, young America—
 Display them, side by side.

High up, from Trinity's tall spire,
We'll fling the banners out ;
Hear how the world-wide welkin rings,
With that exulting shout.

Forever wave, those wedded flags,
As proudly now, they wave !
God, for the lands, His love has blessed,
The beauteous, and the brave.

But, see ! the dallying wind, the stars,
About the cross, has blown ;
And see, again, the cross, around
The stars, its folds has thrown.*

Was ever sign so beautiful,
Hung from the heavens, abroad ?
Old England, young America,
For freedom, and for God.

THE FIRST GREEN,

ON MY MOTHER'S GRAVE, IN SWEET ST. MARY'S CHURCHYARD.

“ I went heavily : as one that mourneth for his mother.”

It was wintry, dearest Mother, when we left you to your rest,
In the sweet and sacred shadow, which you always loved the
best ;

The snow lay all about us, in its dreariness and chill,
And your children turned away from you, with hearts more
dreary, still.

Through the flocks my Master trusts me with, I've wandered
far and nigh,
And return, to find, that Spring has set its blueness in the sky ;
And shed its twinkling laughter, on the glad and glancing wave ;
And, dearer to my heart, than all, its greenness, on your grave.

* The English and American flags, displayed together from the spire of Trinity Church, New York, on the day of “ the Cable Celebration,” were blown across each other in mutual embrace.

How well do I remember, the grass-plot that you made ;
 And studded it, with violets, beneath a plum-tree's shade ;
 And led me there, each sweet Spring morn, and watched me
 at my play ;
 And taught me, at the sunset, by your knees, to kneel, and pray.

Almost threescore years, my Mother, have glided by, since then ;
 And, a child, in all but innocence, I kneel, by you, again :
 With violets, and with pansies, I perfume the sacred sod ;
 While I pray for grace, to join you, in the Paradise of God.

ST. MARY'S CHURCHYARD, *April 17, 1858.*

THE ALL SAINTS FLOWERS,

With the Autumn leaves, from the Altar of the Chapel of St. Barnabas, were laid, by
 the Priest, after the service on his grand-mother's grave.

SWEET flowers upon my mother's grave,
 Ye glad my eye and heart ;
 For ye were always her delight,
 And of her life, a part.
 No roses ever bloomed like hers ;
 No lilies were so sweet ;
 And pansy, jasmine, mignonette,
 Ran riot, at her feet.

She treads a fairer garden now ;
 The Paradise of God :
 And, walks, with reverent step, and slow,
 Where Jesu's feet have trod ;
 Reclines, beside the crystal streams,
 On banks of asphodel ;
 And, with the throng of saints, delights,
 The Saviour's love, to tell.

Sweet flowers, to which, the Altar, first,
 Its consecration, lent ;
 By filial hands, in grateful love,
 So beautifully blent ;

Ye mind me of my mother's care,
 Which overflowed on me ;
 And, on my children, shed the grace,
 Of its benignity.

Sweet mother, these Autumnal leaves,
 With hectic beauty, bright,
 Tell how, through long and lingering years,
 You faded on our sight ;
 And, then, they tell, of that bright time,
 When God, His saints shall bring ;
 And heaven's own beauty all, be thine—
 The Resurrection Spring.

ALL SAINTS DAY, 1858.

TO MARGARET HARRISON DOANE,

BAPTIZED ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, MDCCCLVIII.

“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them which shall be heirs of salvation ?”

MARGARET, sweetest—that means, *Pearl*—
 You are, now, a Christian girl ;
 In the pure, baptismal wave,
 Sin and death have found a grave ;
 Through the blood of Him, who died :
 Christ, for sinners, crucified.

Sweetest Margaret, darling girl,
 Be, henceforth, the Saviour's pearl !
 This is all the Angels' day ;
 Excellent, in strength are they ;
 Made, in Christ, salvation's heir,
 You are, now, the Angels' care.

Margaret, darling, sweetest girl,
 Seek, in Christ, the priceless pearl.

Be a pearl, in holiness ;
 Be a pearl, in preciousness ;
 Then, forevermore be set,
 In the Saviour's coronet.

RIVERSIDE, *September 29, 1858.*

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS,

WITHOUT MY MOTHER.

“One who mourneth for his mother.”

SWEET Mother, eight and fifty years,
 Thy Christmas blessings crowned my brow ;
 Thy seat is vacant, by my side ;
 And Christmas comes, without thee, now.

A shadow creeps, across my hearth ;
 The cypress twines the holly-bough ;
 I cannot frame the Christmas phrase :
 For Christmas comes, without thee, now.

Along the line of threescore years,
 In gifts and prayers, like tracks in snow,
 I trace thy ever-living love :
 But Christmas comes, without thee, now.

And yet, sweet Mother, though the thought
 Will choke and tear, my bursting breast ;
 And tears o'ercast this joyous day ;
 I would not call thee, from thy rest.

Safe in the Paradise of God,
 Thy home is with the holy dead ;
 Where Christmas boughs are ever green ;
 And the Christ-feast is always spread.

CHRISTMAS, 1858.

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